

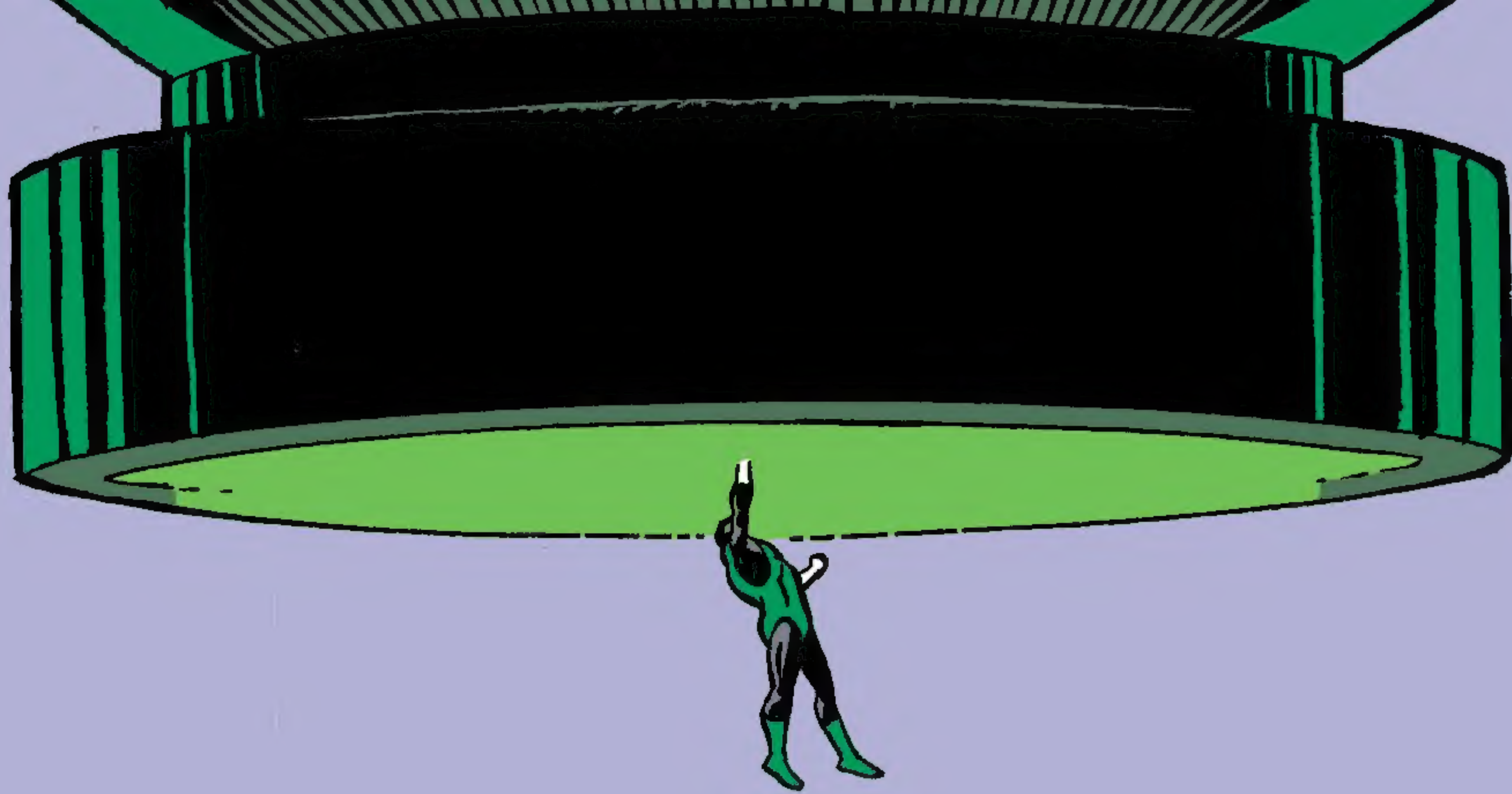


SECTOR 2814

VOLUME 1  
LEN WEIN  
DAVE GIBBONS







# GREEN LANTERN

SECTOR 2814

VOLUME 1



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# GREEN LANTERN

**SECTOR 2814**

VOLUME 1







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**BEGINNING** -- A  
STARTLING NEW CHAPTER  
IN THE EXTRAORDINARY  
LIFE OF THE EMERALD  
CRUSADER !!!

THIS IS HIS ELEMENT--  
THE INFINITE EXPANSE  
OF SWIRLING STARS  
AND HURLING COSMIC  
DEBRIS THAT IS THE  
VASTNESS OF INTER-  
STELLAR SPACE!

HERE, THROUGH THE VERY  
THICK OF THIS SPRAWLING  
MIASMA, HE MOVES WITH A  
NATURAL GRACE AND SENSE  
OF PURPOSE THAT MUST MAKE  
ONE THINK HE HAD BEEN  
BORN HERE --

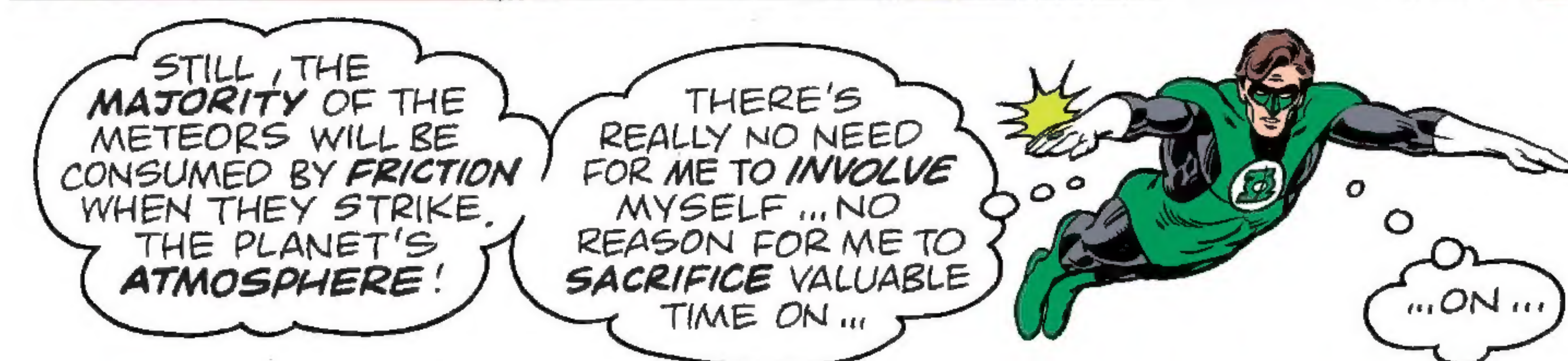
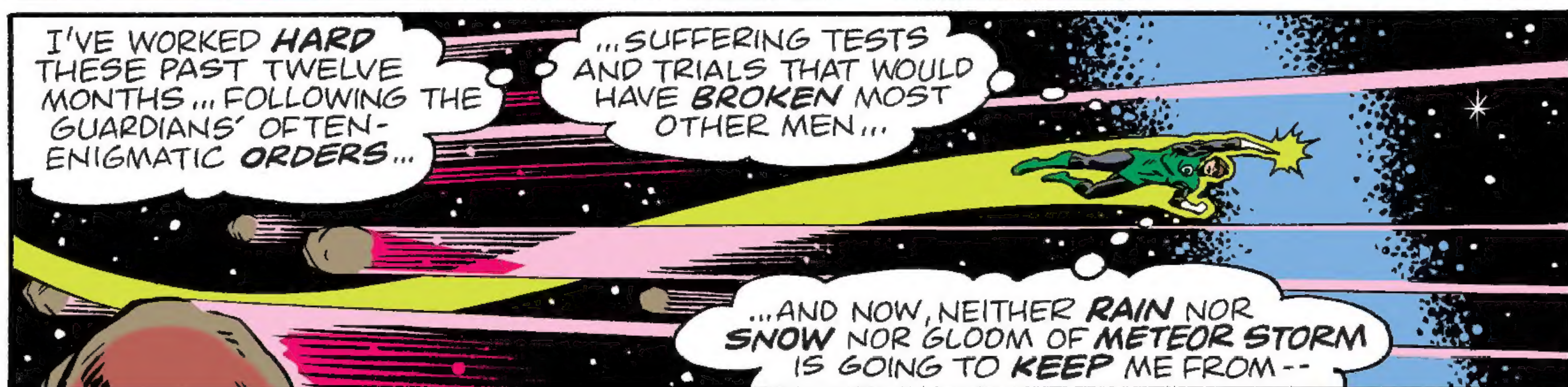
--AND THAT, IN A SENSE,  
IS HIS PROBLEM!

THIS IS INDEED HIS  
ELEMENT...BUT IT IS  
NOT HIS HOME!

# JUDGMENT DAY!

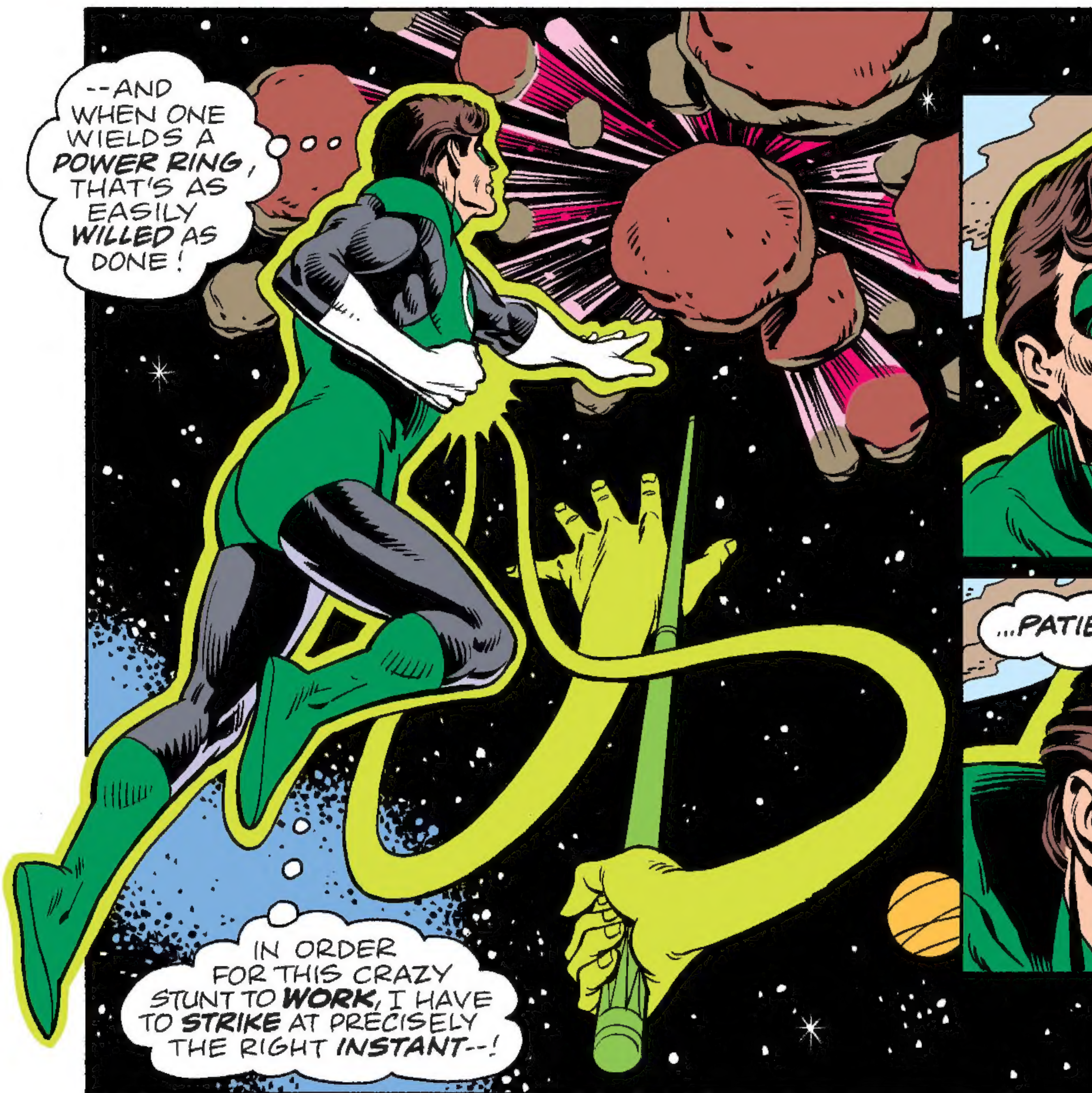
PRESENTED WITH PRIDE BY  
**LEN WEIN \* DAVE GIBBONS**  
WRITER/EDITOR ARTIST  
**ANTHONY TOLLIN : COLORIST**



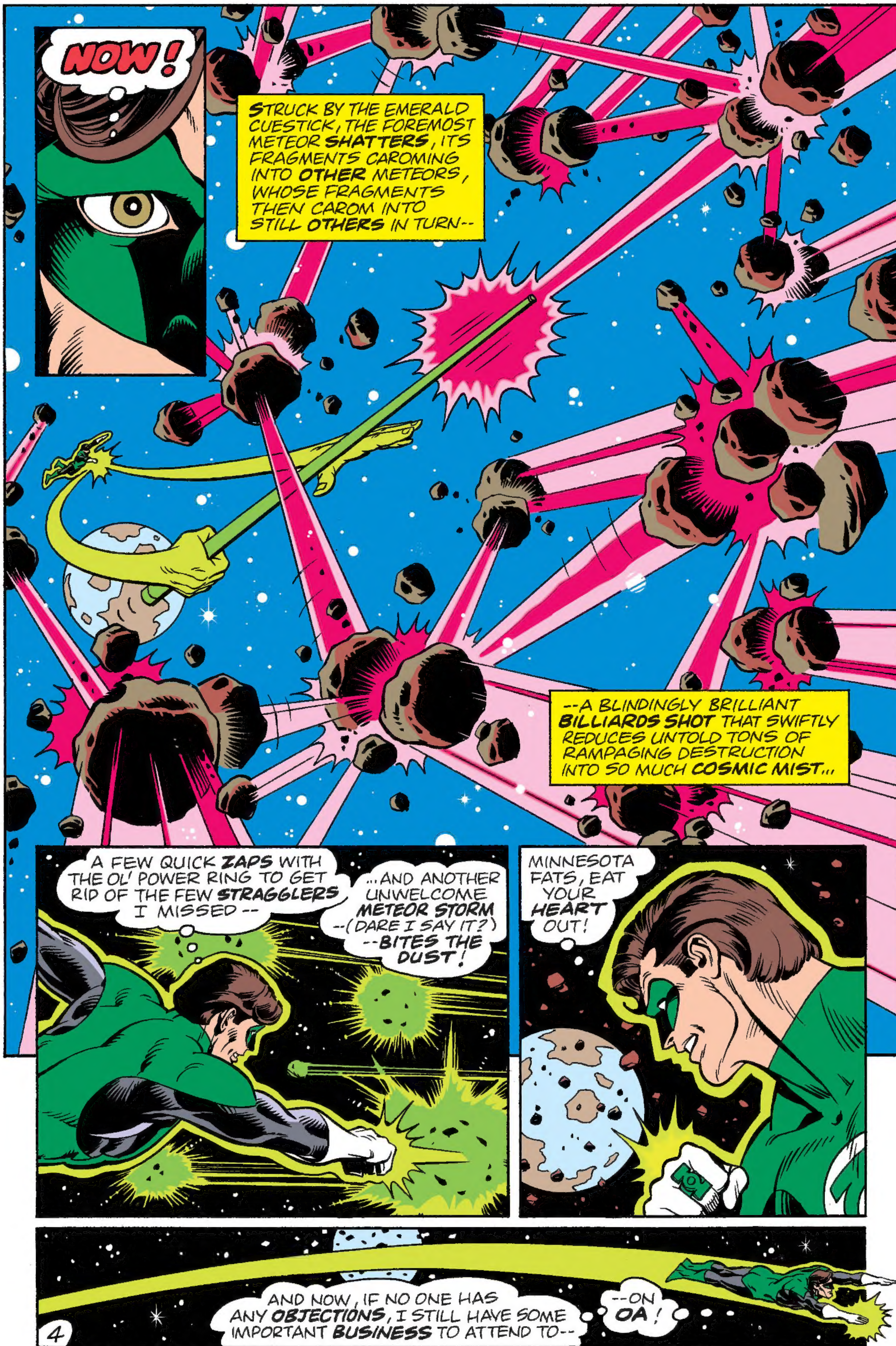




WITH A SPEED THAT  
DEFIES DESCRIPTION,  
THE EMERALD WARRIOR  
ROCKETS BACK THE  
WAY HE'D COME --







**NOW!**

STRUCK BY THE EMERALD CUESTICK, THE FOREMOST METEOR **SHATTERS**, ITS FRAGMENTS CAROMING INTO OTHER METEORS, WHOSE FRAGMENTS THEN CAROM INTO STILL OTHERS IN TURN--

--A BLINDINGLY BRILLIANT **BILLIARDS SHOT** THAT SWIFTLY REDUCES UNTOLD TONS OF RAMPAGING DESTRUCTION INTO SO MUCH **COSMIC MIST**...

A FEW QUICK **ZAPS** WITH THE OL' POWER RING TO GET RID OF THE FEW **STRAGGLERS** I MISSED --

...AND ANOTHER UNWELCOME **METEOR STORM** --(DARE I SAY IT?) --**BITES THE DUST!**

MINNESOTA **FATS**, EAT YOUR **HEART** OUT!

AND NOW, IF NO ONE HAS ANY **OBJECTIONS**, I STILL HAVE SOME IMPORTANT **BUSINESS** TO ATTEND TO--

--ON **OA!**



THE PLANET OA, GLEAMING  
JEWEL AT THE VERY  
CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE--

--HOME TO THE IMMORTAL  
GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE  
AND HEADQUARTERS OF THEIR  
3600 HAND-CHOSEN CHAMPIONS--

--THE LEGENDARY  
GREEN LANTERN  
CORPS!

FOR HE KNOWS THAT  
WHAT OCCURS HERE  
IN THESE NEXT FEW  
MINUTES MAY WELL  
DETERMINE HIS  
FUTURE --

THERE IS A GREAT, SWELLING  
FEELING OF PRIDE IN HAL JORDAN  
AS HE APPROACHES THE SINGLE  
SHINING CITADEL THAT RISES FROM  
THE PLANET'S BROAD SURFACE --

-- PRIDE, AND AN UNCUSTOMARY  
SHUDDER OF DREAD...

--THOUGH IT IS A FUTURE, IT SEEMS,  
HE WILL NOT HAVE TO FACE ALONE!

WHAT  
IN--?!?

HIYA,  
HAL--WE'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU!

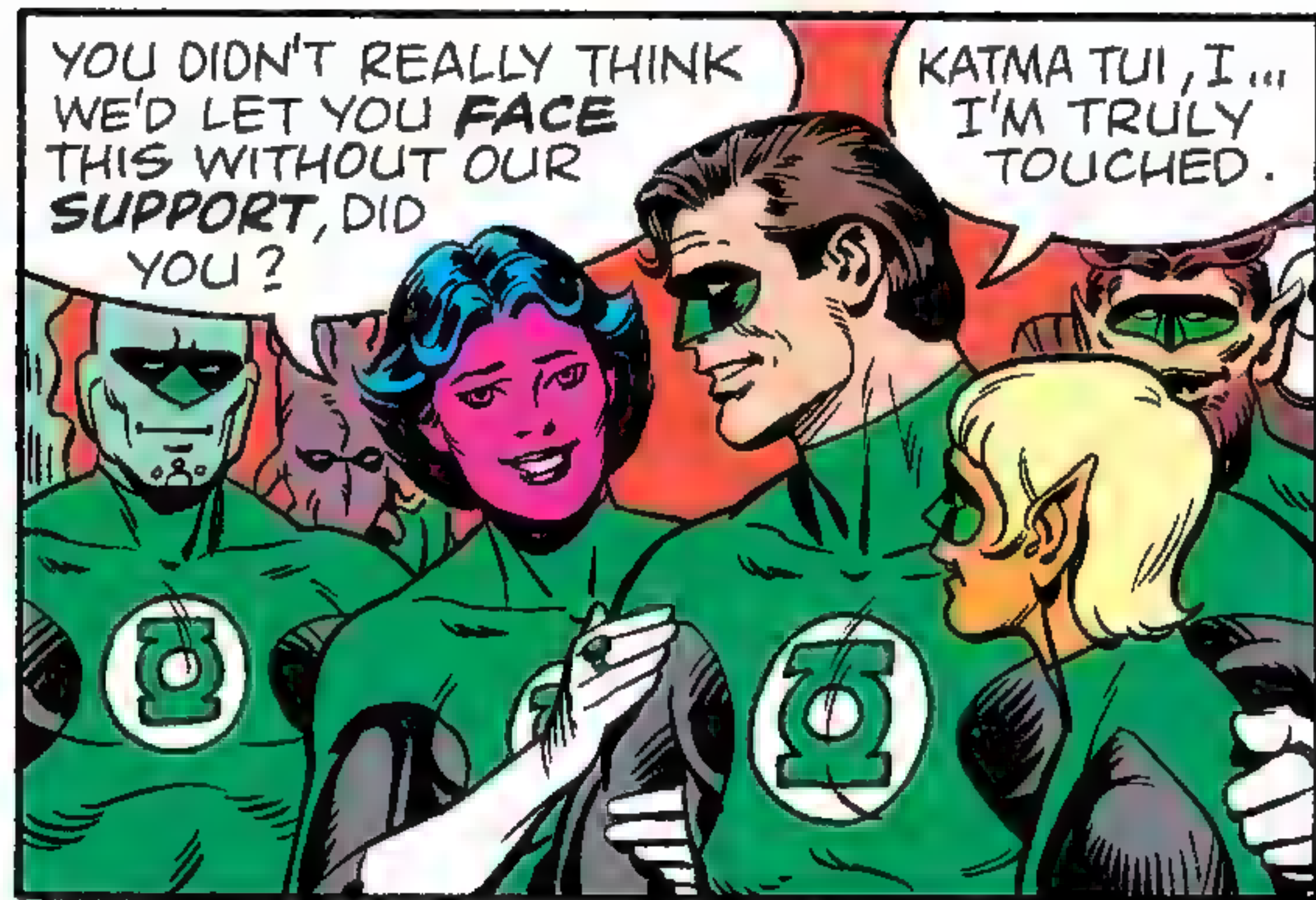
ARISIA! KATMA  
TUI! ARKKIS CHUMMUCK!  
TOMAR-RE! ALL MY FRIENDS  
AND COMRADES IN THE CORPS--2!





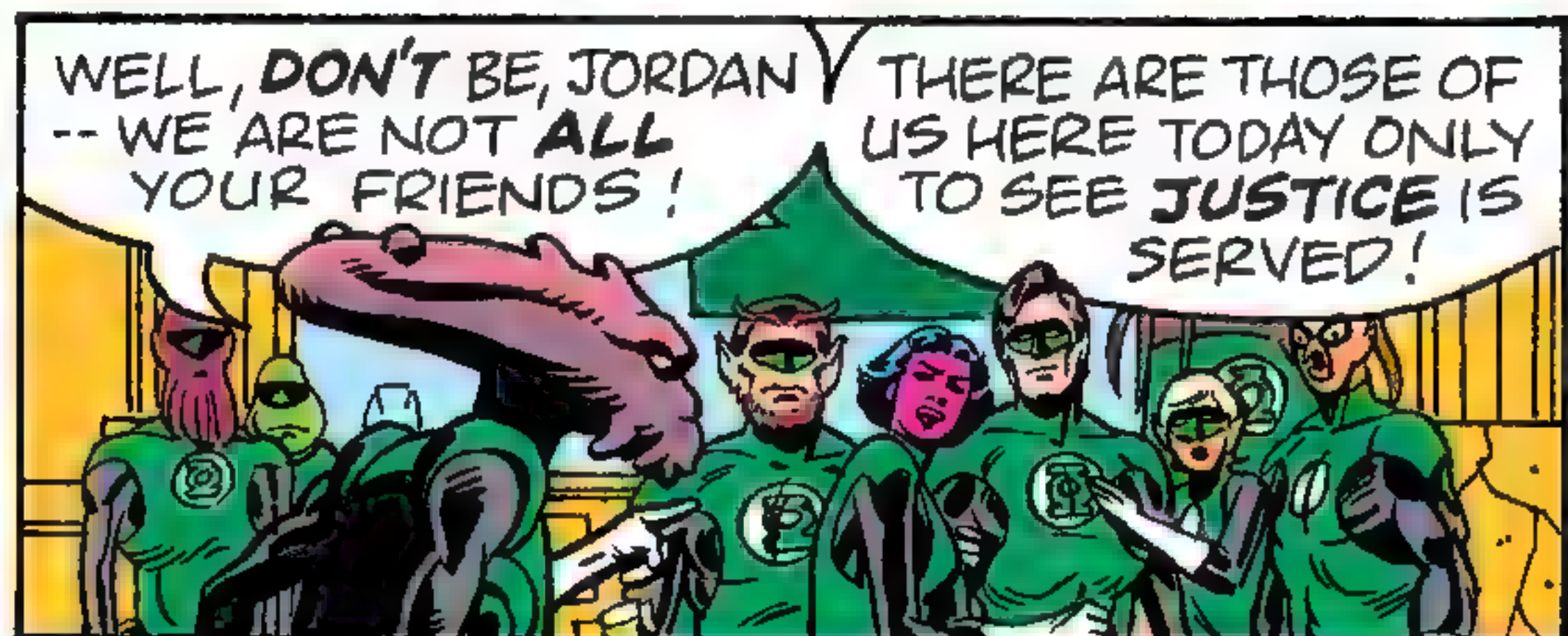
WH-WHAT  
ARE YOU ALL  
**DOING**  
HERE?

YOU SAID  
IT **YOURSELF**,  
HAL --WE'RE  
YOUR  
**FRIENDS!**



YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK  
WE'D LET YOU **FACE**  
THIS WITHOUT OUR  
**SUPPORT**, DID  
YOU?

KATMA TUI, I...  
I'M TRULY  
TOUCHED.



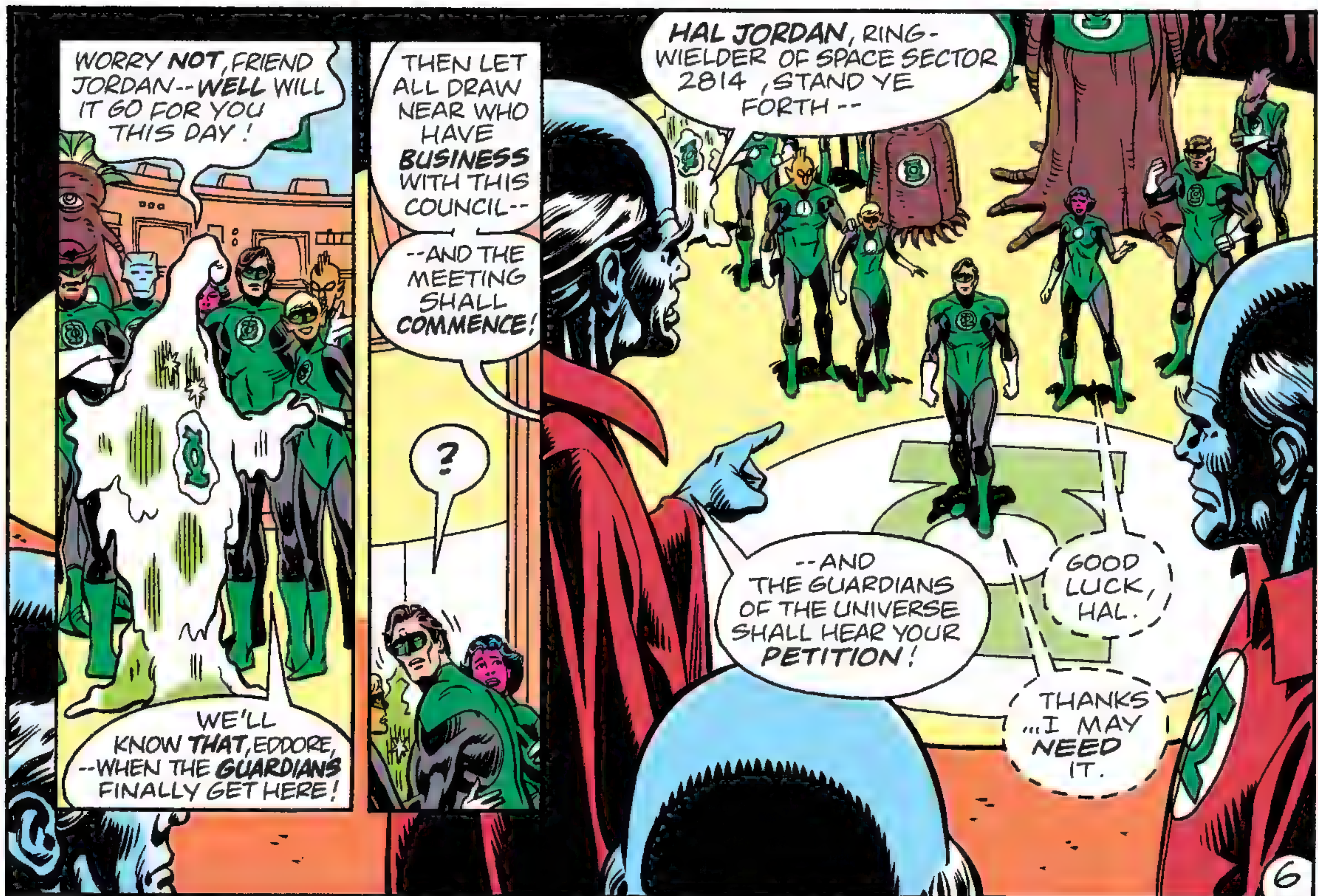
WELL, **DON'T** BE, JORDAN --  
WE ARE NOT **ALL**  
YOUR **FRIENDS!**

THERE ARE THOSE OF  
US HERE TODAY ONLY  
TO SEE **JUSTICE** IS  
SERVED!



HOLD A **CIVIL**  
**TONGUE**, SALAKK--

--IF YOU  
WISH TO **KEEP**  
IT IN YOUR **HEAD!**



WORRY NOT, FRIEND  
JORDAN--WE'LL  
IT GO FOR YOU  
THIS DAY!

THEN LET  
ALL DRAW  
NEAR WHO  
HAVE  
**BUSINESS**  
WITH THIS  
COUNCIL--

--AND THE  
MEETING  
SHALL  
COMMENCE!

HAL JORDAN, RING-  
WIELDER OF SPACE SECTOR  
2814, STAND YE  
FORTH --

?

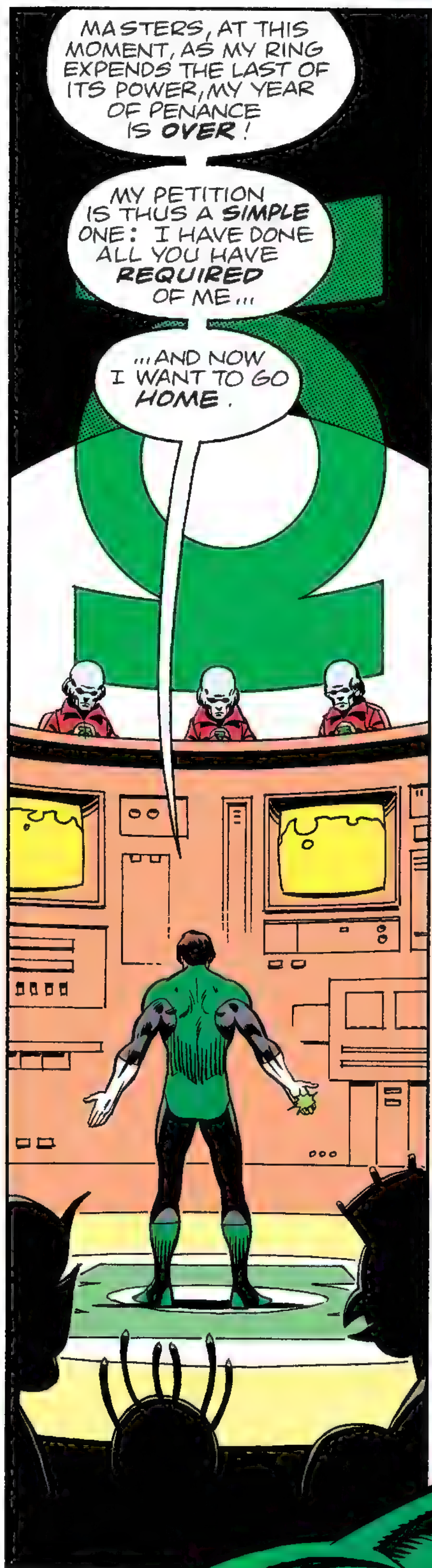
--AND  
THE GUARDIANS  
OF THE UNIVERSE  
SHALL HEAR YOUR  
**PETITION!**

GOOD  
LUCK,  
HAL.

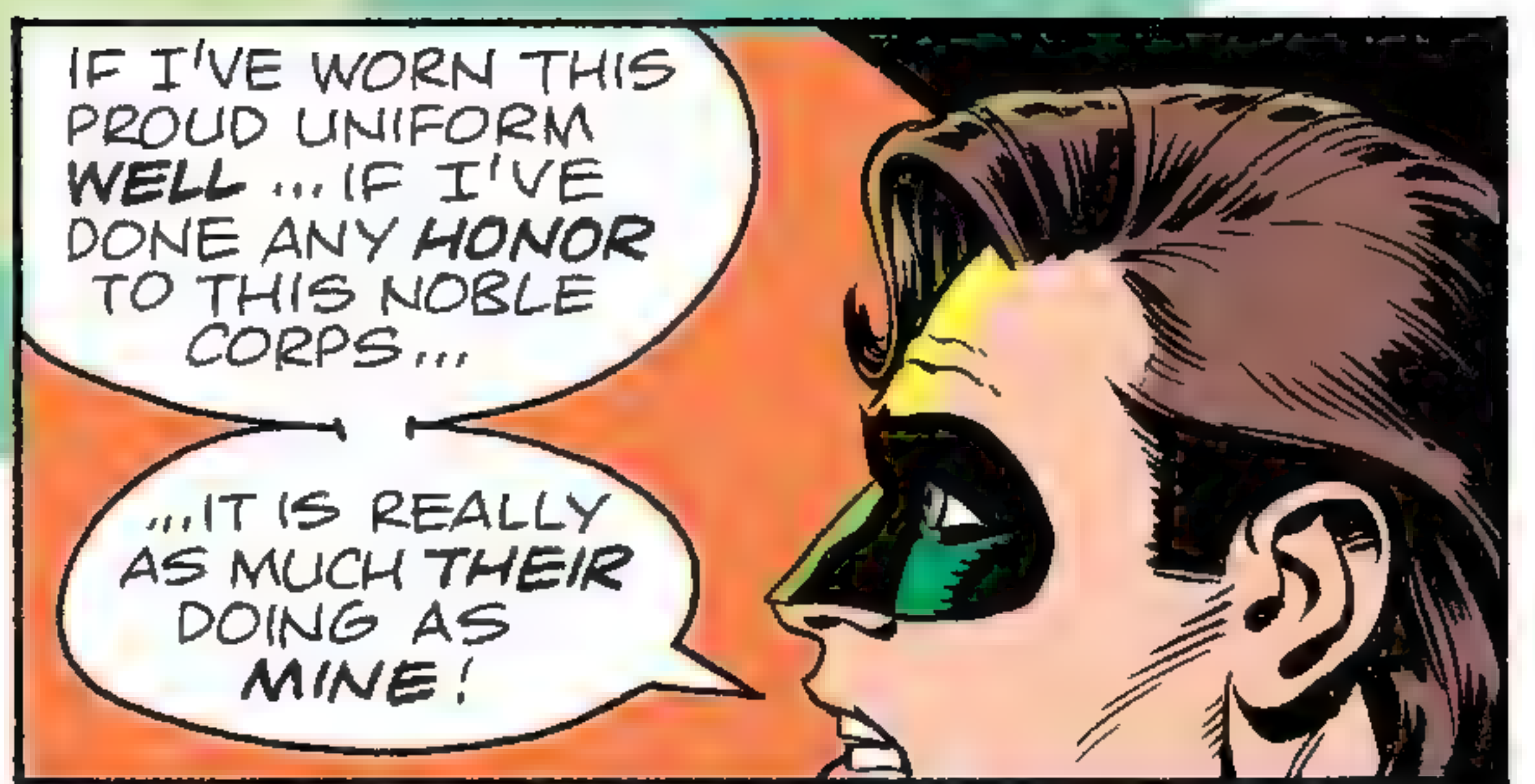
THANKS  
...I MAY  
NEED  
IT.

WE'LL  
KNOW THAT, EDDORE,  
--WHEN THE **GUARDIANS**  
FINALLY GET HERE!











ONCE I VERY WELL MIGHT HAVE, MASTERS--BUT NO LONGER!

I AM A GREEN LANTERN--IT'S WHAT DRIVES ME--AND I INTEND TO REMAIN ONE UNTIL I DIE!

BUT I AM ALSO A MAN--THAT'S WHAT DEFINES ME--AND A MAN HAS NEEDS!




THESE MONTHS I'VE SPENT IN SPACE ARE LESS THAN A PULSEBEAT TO IMMORTALS SUCH AS YOU--BUT THEY HAVE MEANT MUCH TO ME...

...AND THEY HAVE COST ME!

PLEASE, MASTERS...LET ME GO HOME!

THERE IS MUCH MERIT IN WHAT YOU SAY, HAL JORDAN--MUCH FOR US TO PONDER.



BUT STILL WE ARE NOT CERTAIN WHETHER OR NOT TO--

WHETHER OR NOT TO WHAT?

CENTURIES AGO, GUARDIANS, YOU ALL CHOSE TO GIVE UP YOUR HUMANITY!

I IMPORE YOU NOT TO FORCE ME TO SURRENDER MINE!



FOR A MOMENT, THE GREAT HALL IS SILENT, AS THE GUARDIANS CONFER IN A LANGUAGE THAT TRANSCENDS MERE WORDS--

--AND THEN, AT LAST...

VERY WELL, HAL JORDAN--YOUR PETITION IS HEREBY GRANTED.

YOU ARE FREE TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME-WORLD.

THANK YOU, MASTERS--YOU WON'T BE SORRY!






AND THE JUBILANT CHEER  
THAT RISES FROM THE GATHERED  
THROG IS SHARED BY ALL...

...SAVE  
ONE!

THEN, AS THE IMPROMPTU CELEBRATION ENDS...

OUR DECISION HAS BEEN  
MADE... AND THUS THE  
AUDIENCE IS OVER!

TO THE  
BATTERY OF  
POWER WITH  
YOU, HAL  
JORDAN--TO  
RECHARGE  
YOUR POWER  
RING!

TO THE  
BATTERY  
OF POWER  
--AND THE  
RITUAL!

BUT TO THOSE GREEN-GARBED GLADIATORS  
WHO STAND MUTE WITNESS TO THE EARTH-  
MAN'S ACTIONS, IT IS FAR MORE THAN  
ANY MERE RITUAL --

--IT IS THE PURE REAFFIRMATION OF  
ALL THAT THEY ARE AND ALL THAT  
THEY MEAN TO THE UNIVERSE...

IT IS THE OATH OF THE GREEN  
LANTERN--AND THERE IS  
NOTHING MORE SACRED!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY,  
IN BLACKEST NIGHT,  
NO EVIL SHALL  
ESCAPE MY SIGHT!  
LET THOSE WHO  
WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT,  
BEWARE MY POWER...  
GREEN LANTERN'S  
LIGHT!

WELL, GANG --  
GUESS I'D BETTER  
BE GOING.

TAKE CARE OF  
YOURSELVES--AND  
EACH OTHER.

BET  
ON IT,  
ARISIA.

WILD SLYGGIANS  
COULDN'T KEEP ME  
AWAY FROM YOU,  
LITTLE SISTER.

...UNTIL WE  
MEET AGAIN.

GOODBYE  
... HAL.

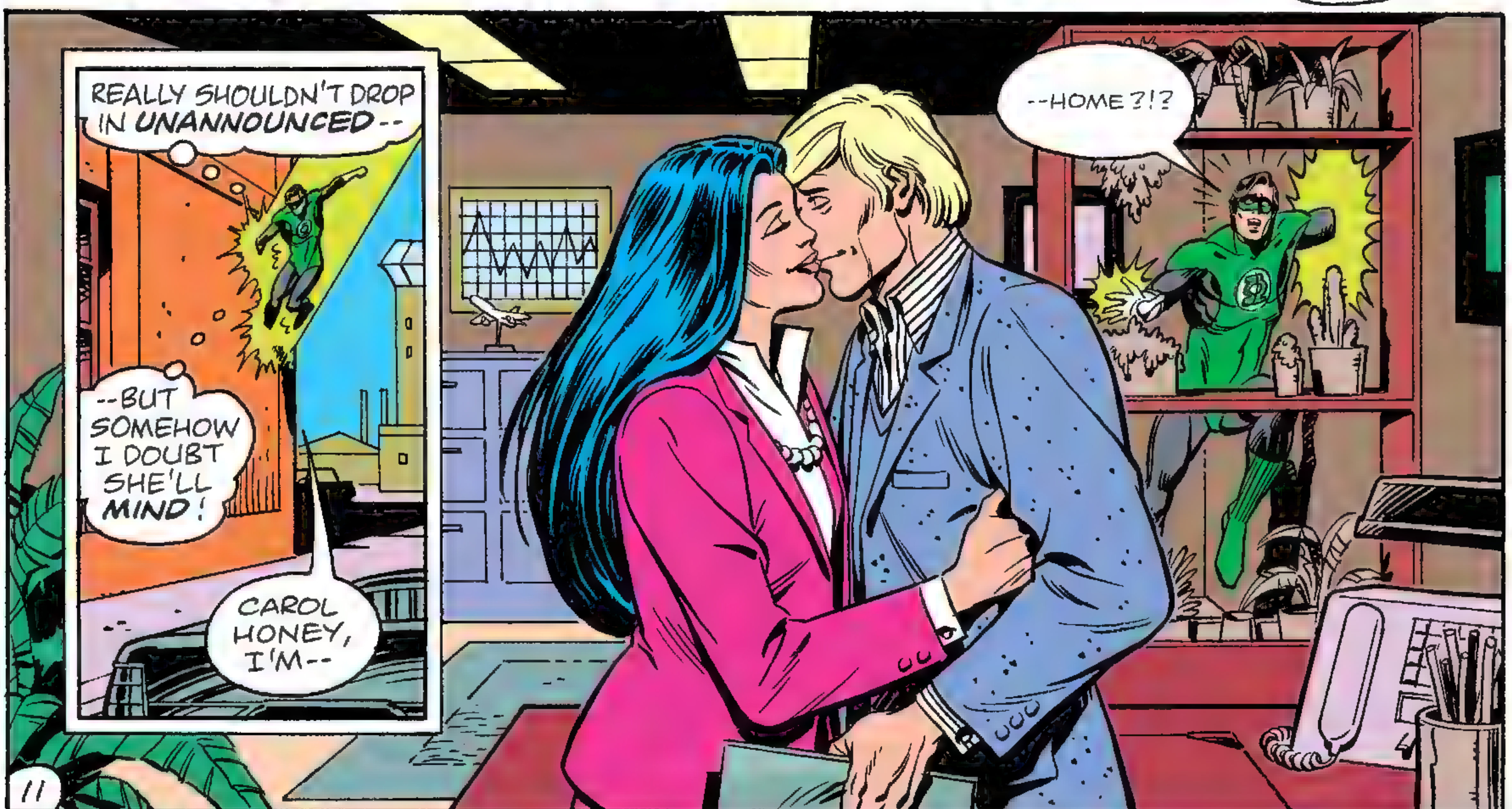
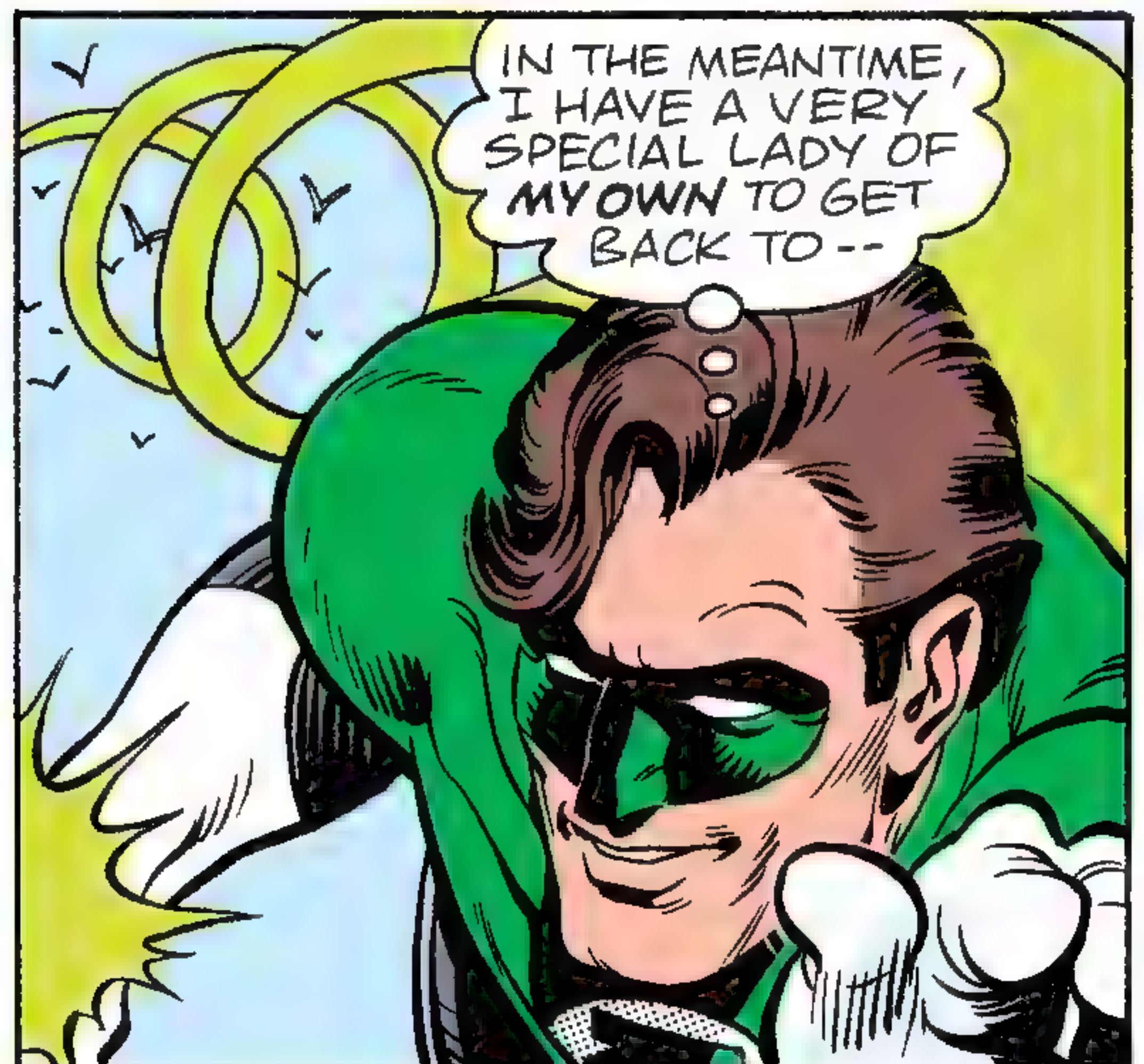
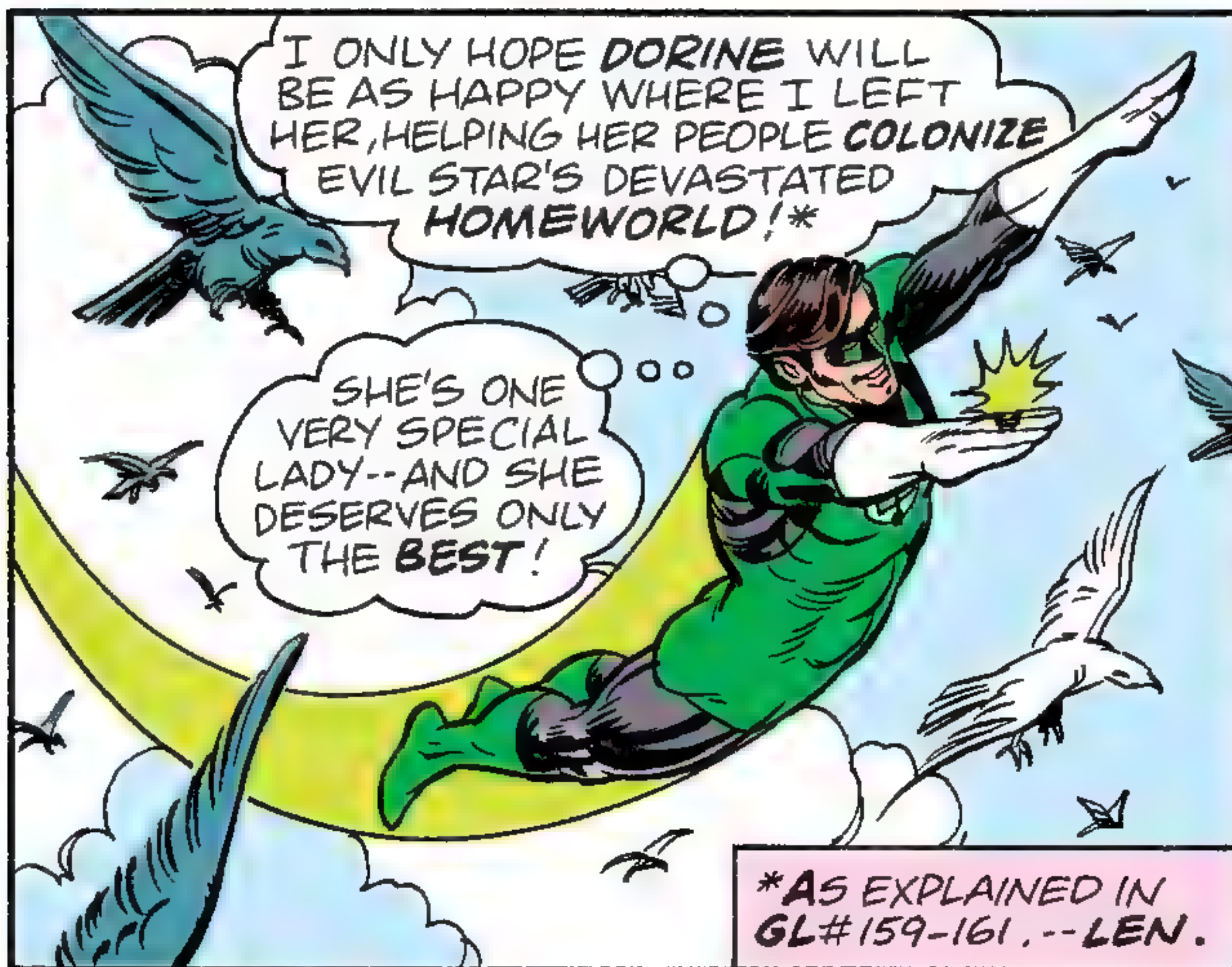
I KNOW  
HOW YOU  
FEEL,  
ARISIA.

I  
ALREADY  
MISS HIM  
TOO.

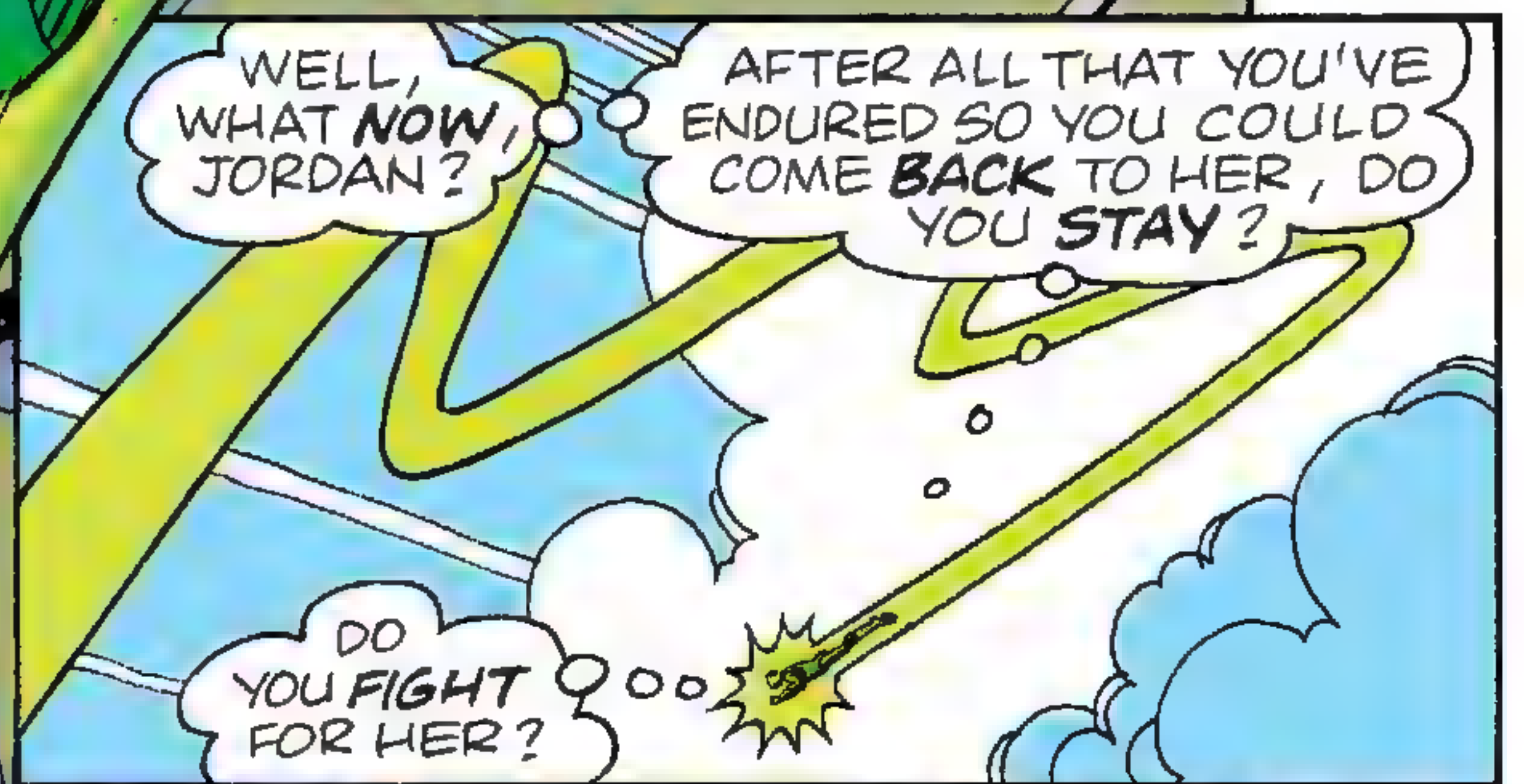
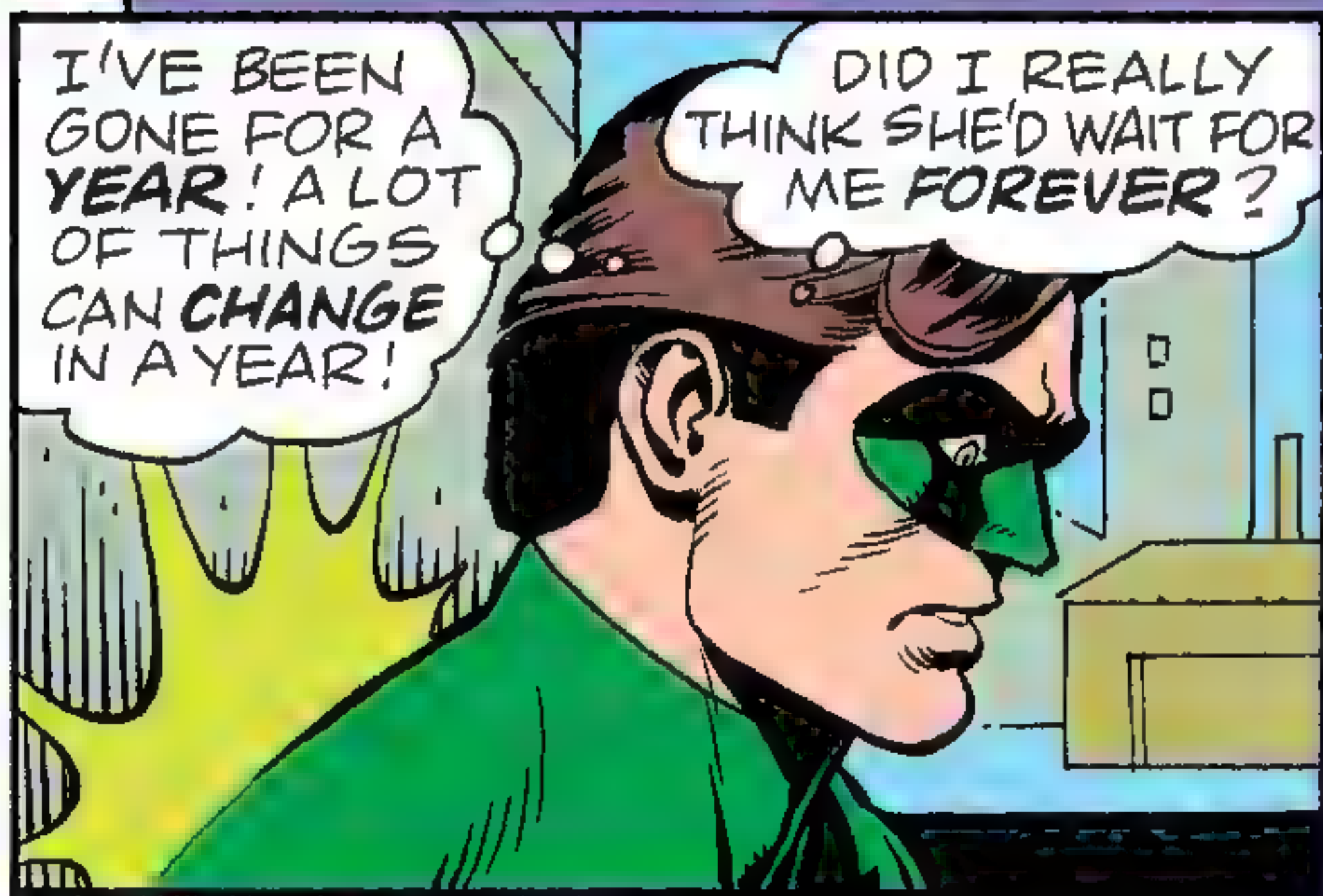
W-WE  
WILL SEE  
YOU AGAIN, HAL  
... WON'T WE?

NOW YOU  
KEEP YOUR  
PERKY CHIN  
UP, OKAY?











SUDDENLY, AS IF IN RESPONSE TO THE TORMENTED THOUGHT...

HUH? LOOKS LIKE MY RING--OR MY OWN SUB-CONSCIOUS--HAS FOUND SOMETHING FOR ME!

AND CONSIDERING MY MOOD RIGHT NOW--

--WHAT-EVER IT IS, I PITY IT!

...YOU KIDS HAVEN'T REALLY HURT ANYONE YET! SURRENDER NOW--SET YOUR HOSTAGES FREE--AND IT'LL GO EASIER FOR YOU!

FORGET IT, COP--WE AIN'T GIVIN' UP NOTHIN'!

FEIN'S FOOD MART

LONG AS WE GOT THESE SUCKERS UNDER THE GUN, YOU CREEPS CAN'T TOUCH US!

PLEASE, SON--THE OFFICER'S TALKING SENSE! YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO HIM BEFORE--

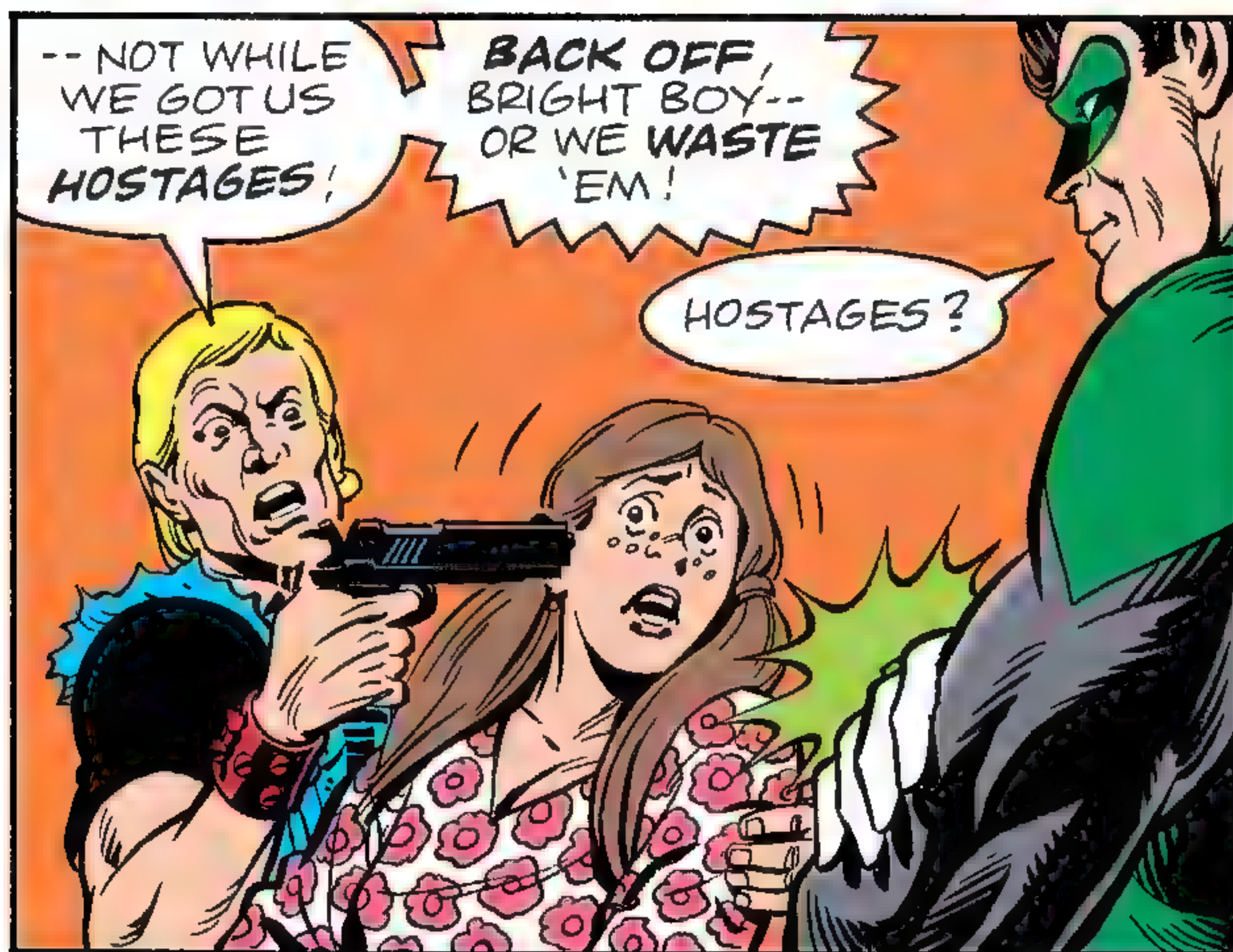
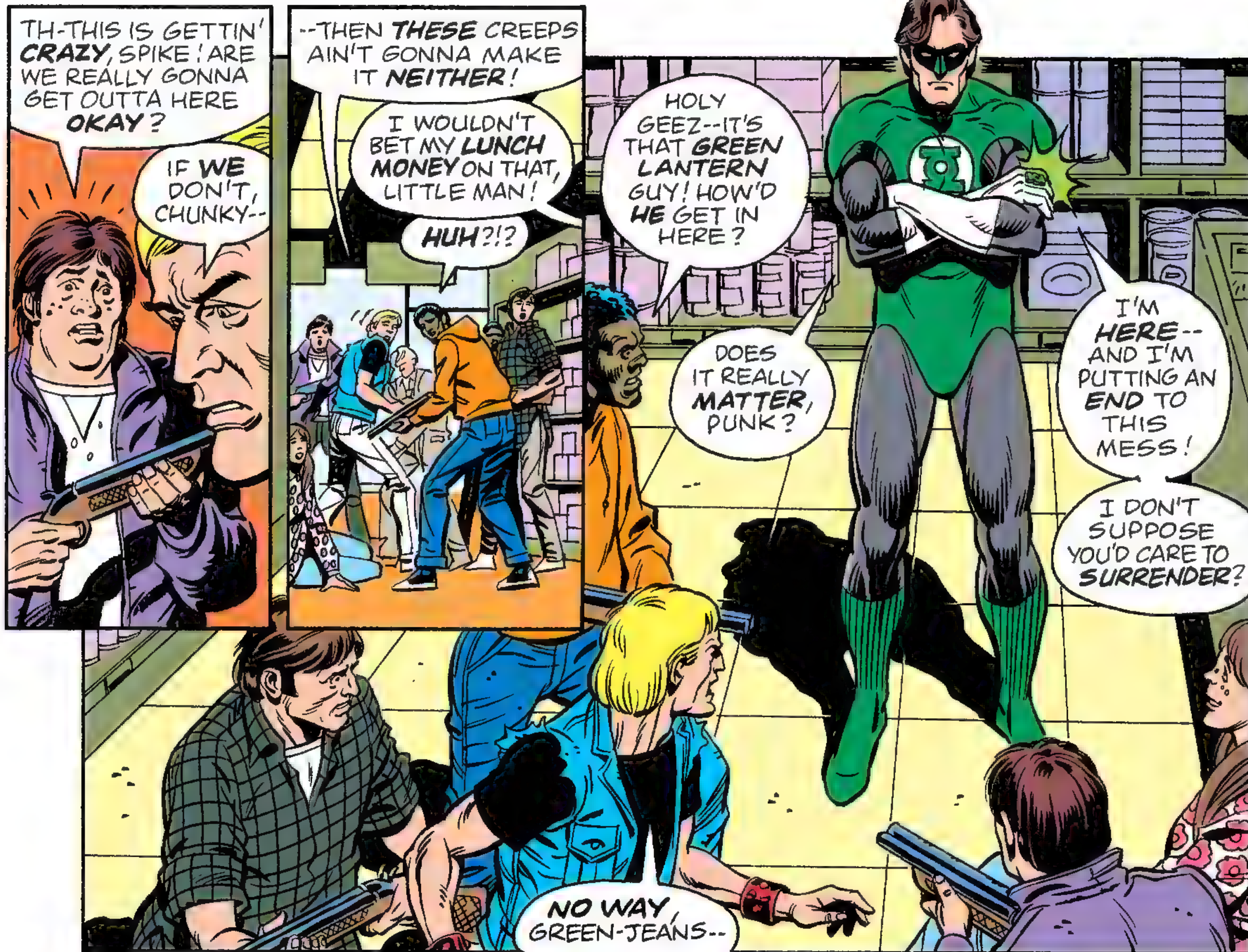
UUNNHH!

PUT A SOCK IN IT, OLD MAN! WHEN SPIKE NAYLE WANTS YER OPINION, HE'LL ASK FER IT!

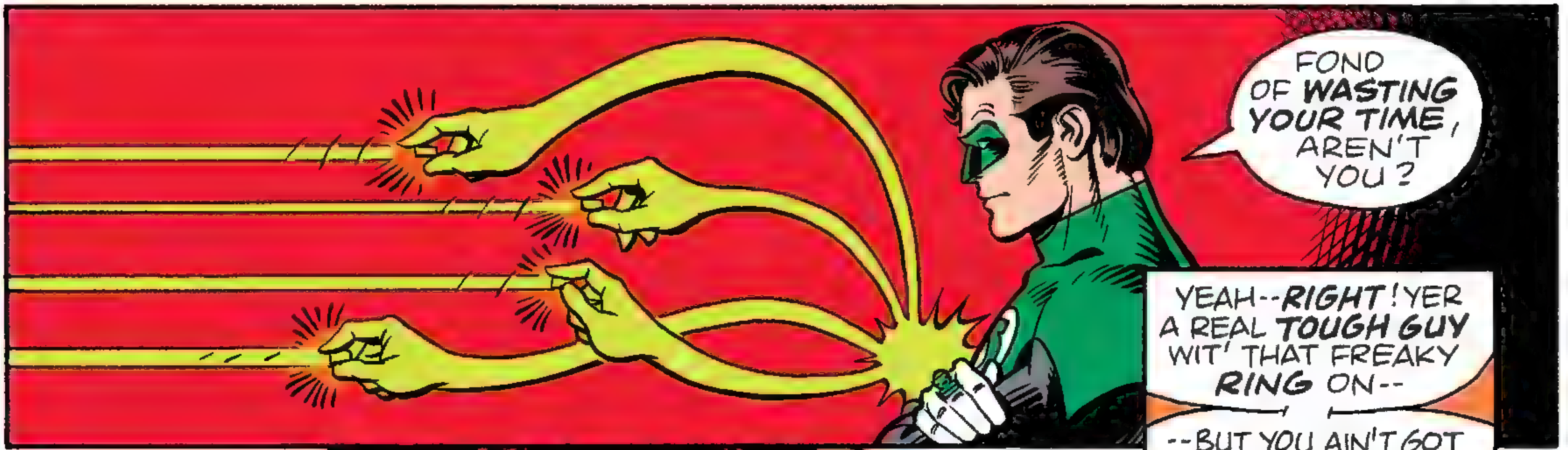
BUT DON'T HOLD YER BREATH WAITIN'!

13





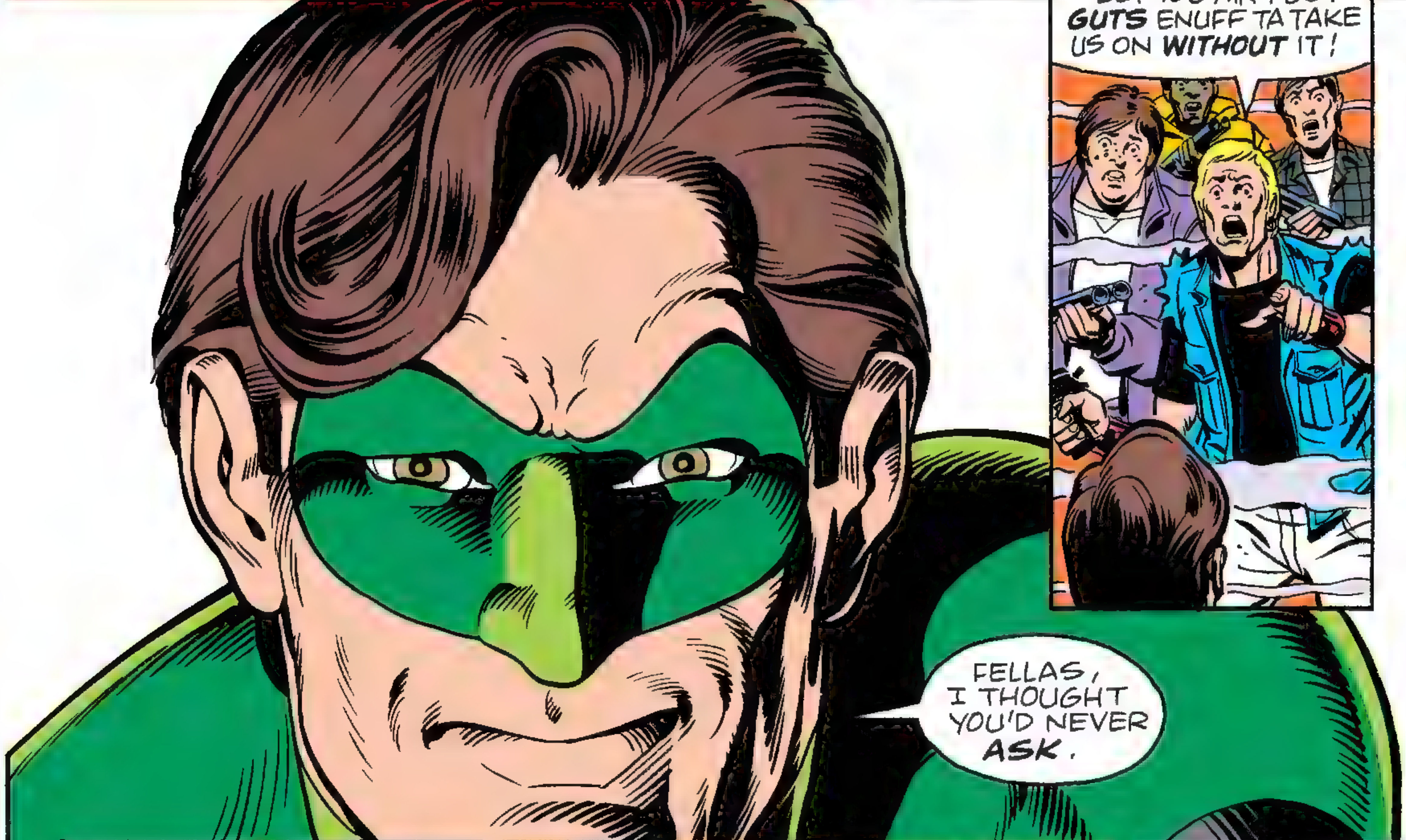




FOND  
OF WASTING  
YOUR TIME,  
AREN'T  
YOU?

YEAH--RIGHT! YER  
A REAL TOUGH GUY  
WIT' THAT FREAKY  
RING ON--

--BUT YOU AIN'T GOT  
GUTS ENUFF TA TAKE  
US ON WITHOUT IT!



FELLAS,  
I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
ASK.



THAT WAS  
GUNFIRE  
IN THERE!

I DON'T  
CARE IF THE  
LANTERN  
ASKED US TO  
STAY BACK! WE  
GIVE HIM FIVE MORE  
SECONDS--

--AND THEN  
WE RUSH THE  
PLACE!

WEAPONS  
READY! AT  
MY COMMAND,  
WE--



KRASH!

...GO?

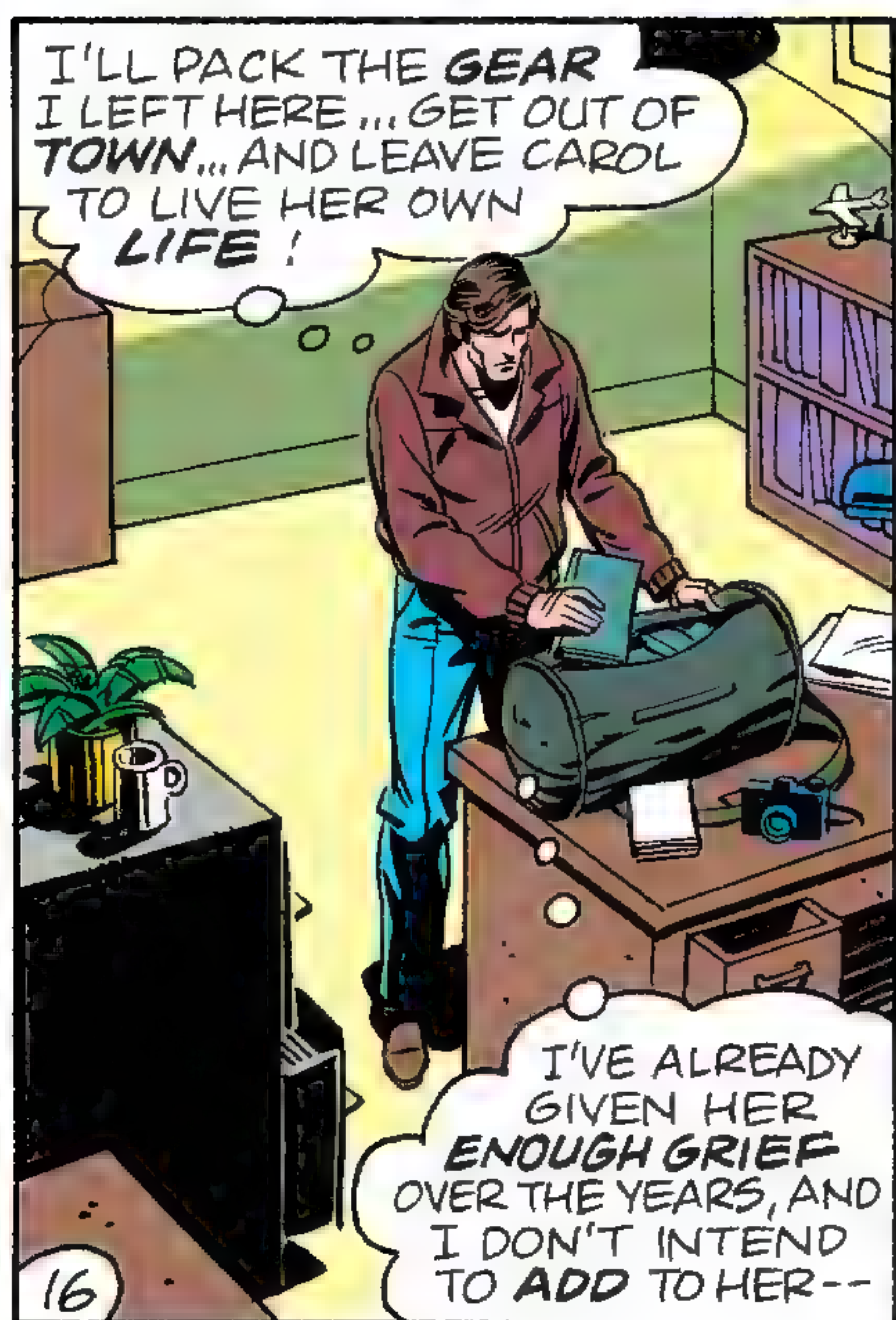
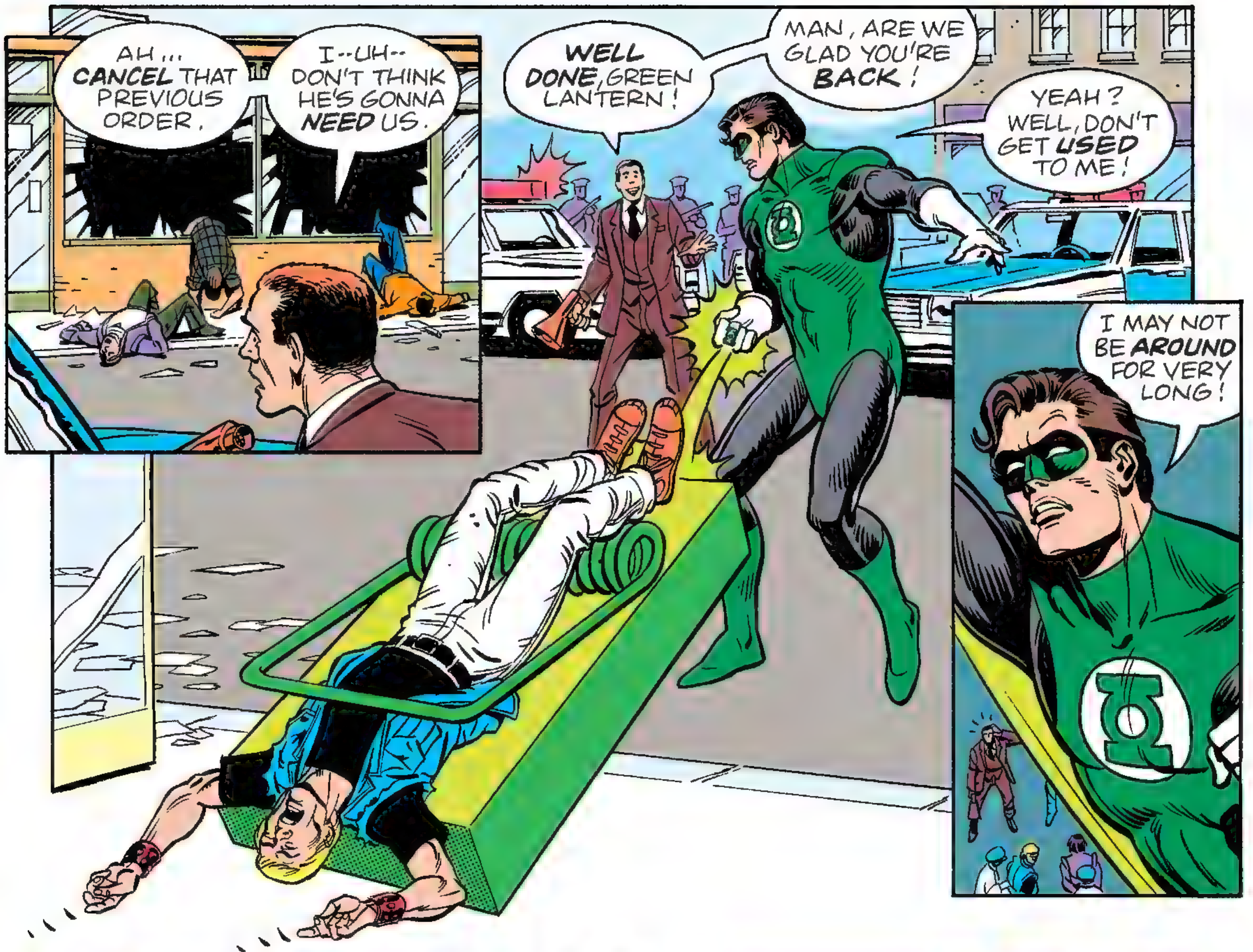


SKRASH!



THRASHH!







I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE **DAYS**, HAL. WHEN I DIDN'T **SEE** YOU TODAY, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D CHANGED YOUR MIND...

...THAT YOU'D DECIDED TO **STAY** WITH THOSE BLUE-SKINNED **FRIENDS** OF YOURS...

THEN I SAW THAT **HOSTAGE STORY** ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS...

WHY, HAL--WHY DIDN'T YOU **COME** TO ME?

I **DID** COME, CAROL...

...AND I ALMOST **INTERRUPTED** A RATHER-AH-INTIMATE MOMENT!

IF YOU'VE FOUND SOMEONE WHO MAKES YOU **HAPPY**, THEN I'M **HAPPY** FOR YOU.

SAY **WHAT?**

C'MON, CAROL--I'M NOT A **MORON**!

IT'S THAT **BLOND GUY**--! I **SAW** THE TWO OF YOU--**TOGETHER**!

THAT **BLOND**--?

OH, **HA HA HA**

OH, I DON'T **BELIEVE** IT!

WHAT'S SO **FUNNY**, FERRIS?

YOU IDIOT, THAT WAS **CLAY KENDALL**, ONE OF THE NEW **PEOPLE** AROUND **FERRIS**!

HE'D JUST GOTTEN A **NEW RESEARCH GRANT**--AND I WAS **CONGRATULATING** HIM, THAT'S ALL!

BUT I **THOUGHT**...

THAT'S THE **TROUBLE**, BUSTER--YOU **DIDN'T** THINK!

DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW, IT'S **YOU** I LOVE? I'D HAVE WAITED FOR YOU **FOREVER**!

WELCOME **HOME**, HAL JORDAN ... WELCOME **HOME**.

**NEXT ISSUE:**  
**"OLD FRIENDS... NEW FOES!"**  
 JOIN US, WON'T YOU?





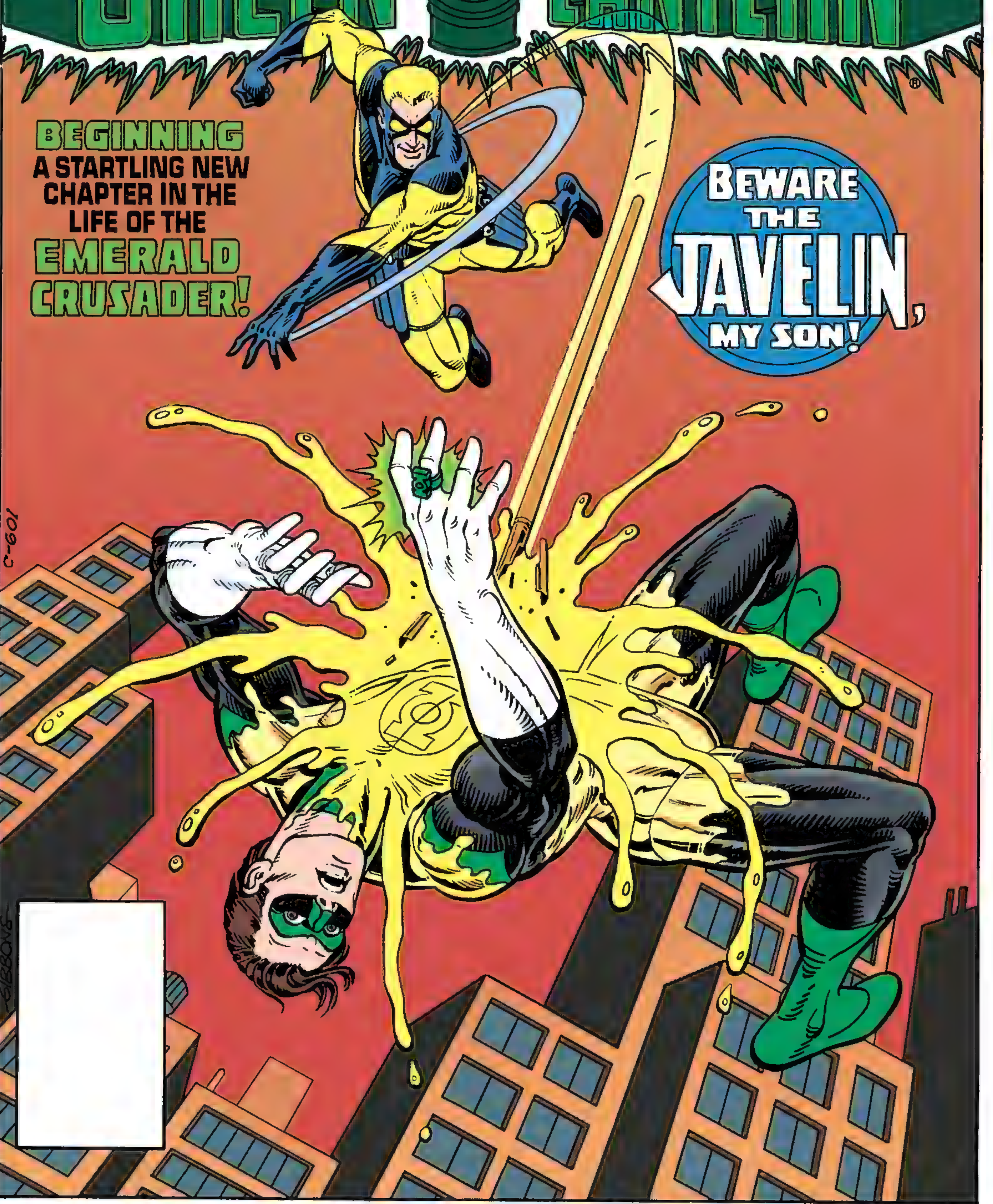
BY **LEN WEIN** AND **DAVE GIBBONS**

75¢  
173  
FEB. 84  
APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# GREEN LANTERN

**BEGINNING  
A STARTLING NEW  
CHAPTER IN THE  
LIFE OF THE  
EMERALD  
CRUSADER!**

**BEWARE  
THE  
JAVELIN,  
MY SON!**



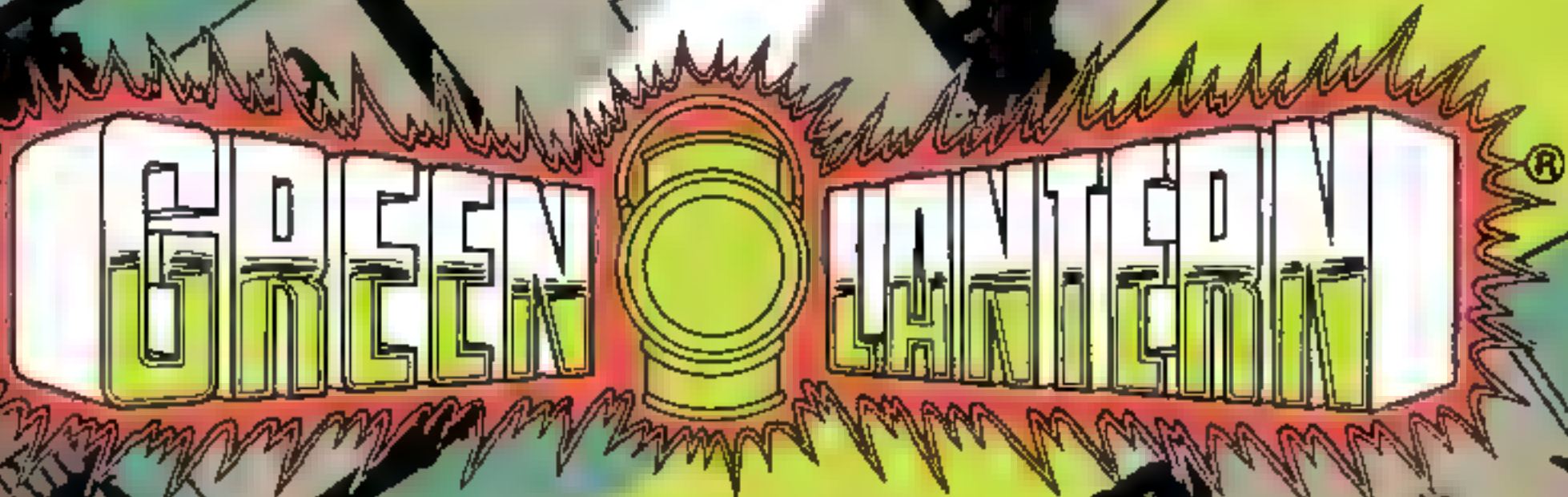


LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: WHEN THE SPANISH EXPLORERS AND MISSIONARIES WHO FIRST **SETTLED** HERE IN 1781 CALLED IT "THE CITY OF ANGELS," THEY COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN HOW **PROPHETIC** THAT PHRASE WOULD ONE DAY BE --

-- FOR, TONIGHT, A GREEN-GARBED "**ANGEL**" DOES INDEED SOAR HIGH OVER THE SPRAWLING METROPOLIS THAT THEIR SIMPLE SETTLEMENT HAS BECOME...

...FLYING WITHOUT THE TRADITIONAL WHITE WINGS AND HALO, BUT STILL WITH A **JOY** AND **EXUBERANCE** THAT SEEM NOTHING LESS THAN **HEAVENLY**...

HIS NAME IS **HAL JORDAN**.  
THEY CALL HIM ...

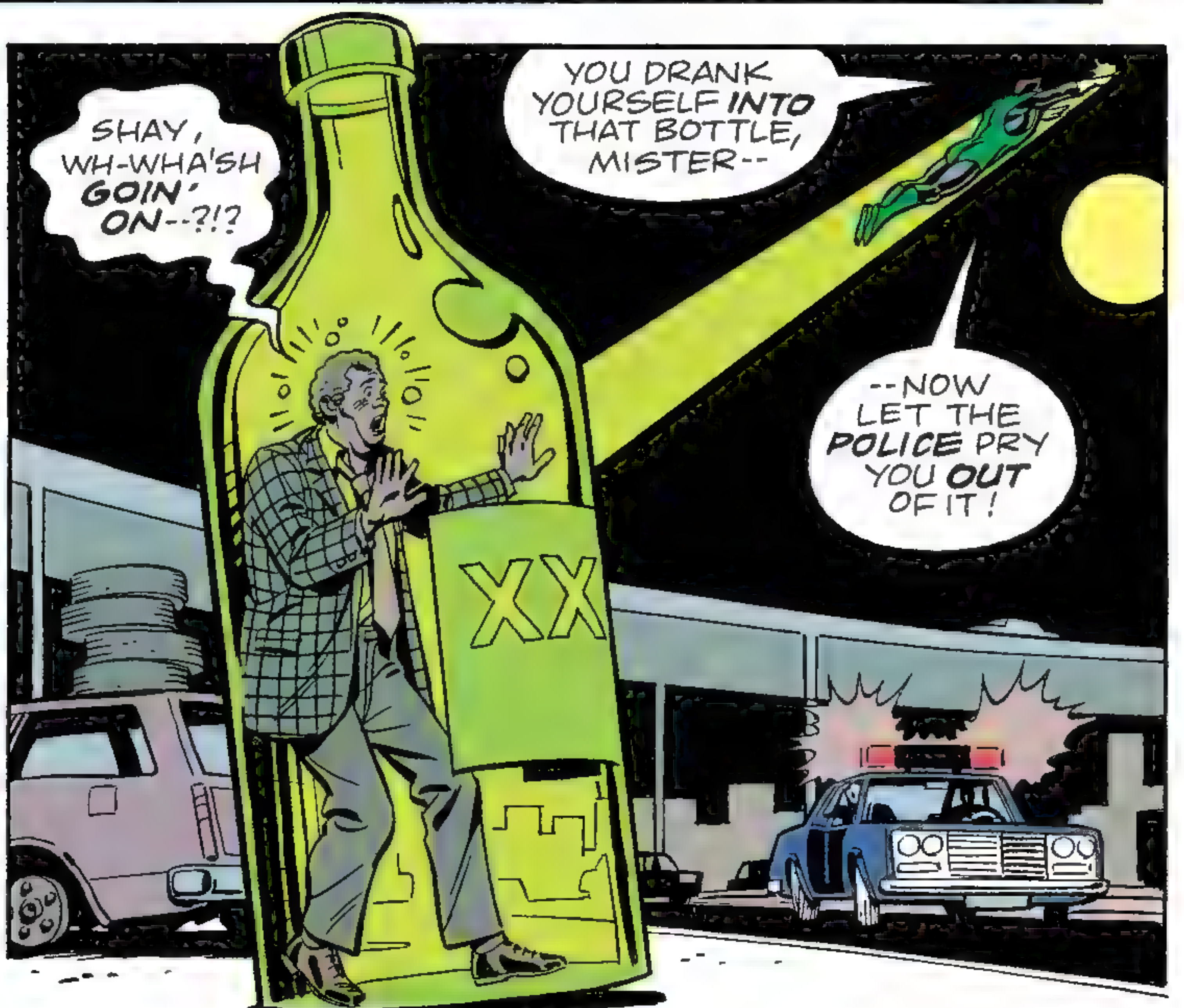
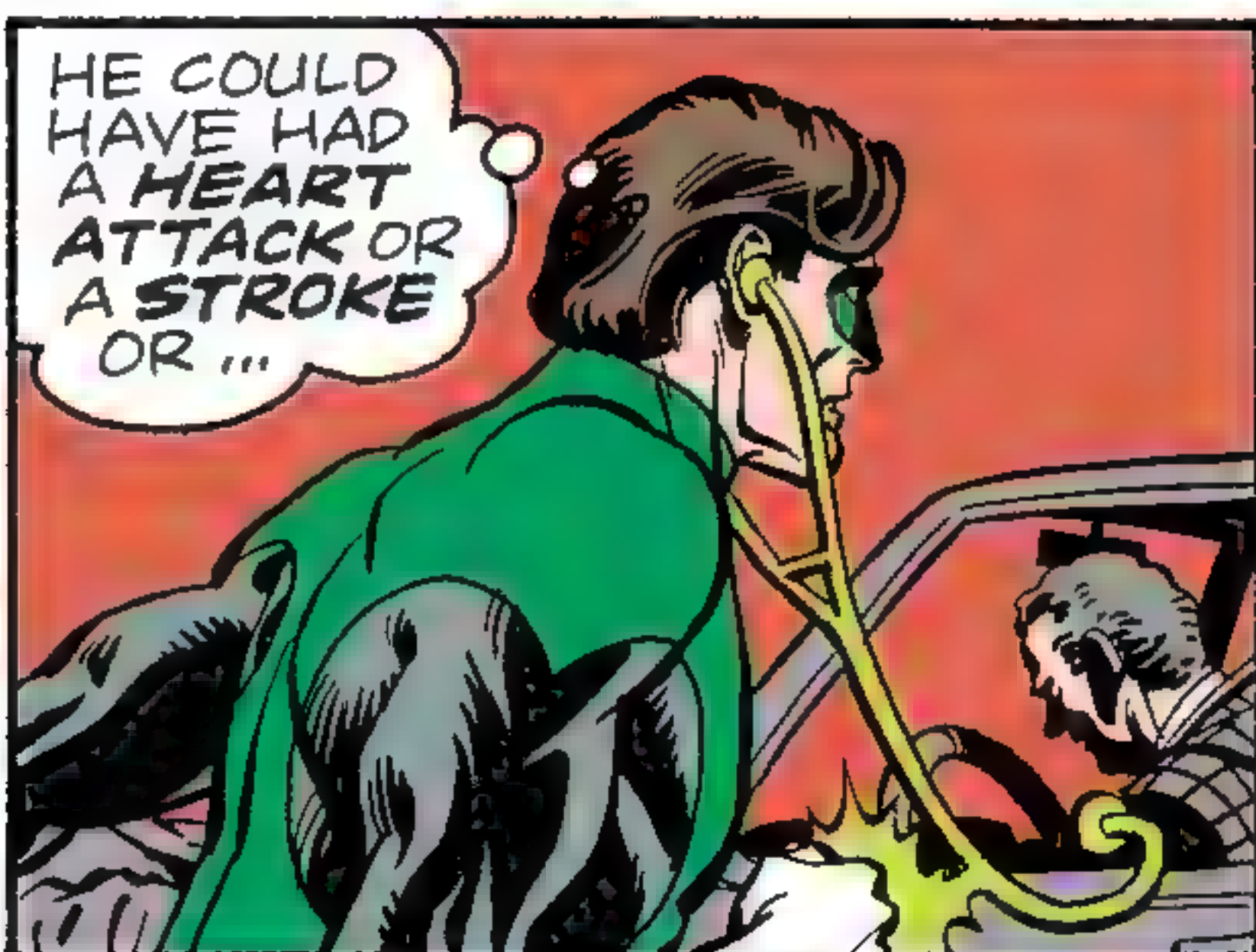
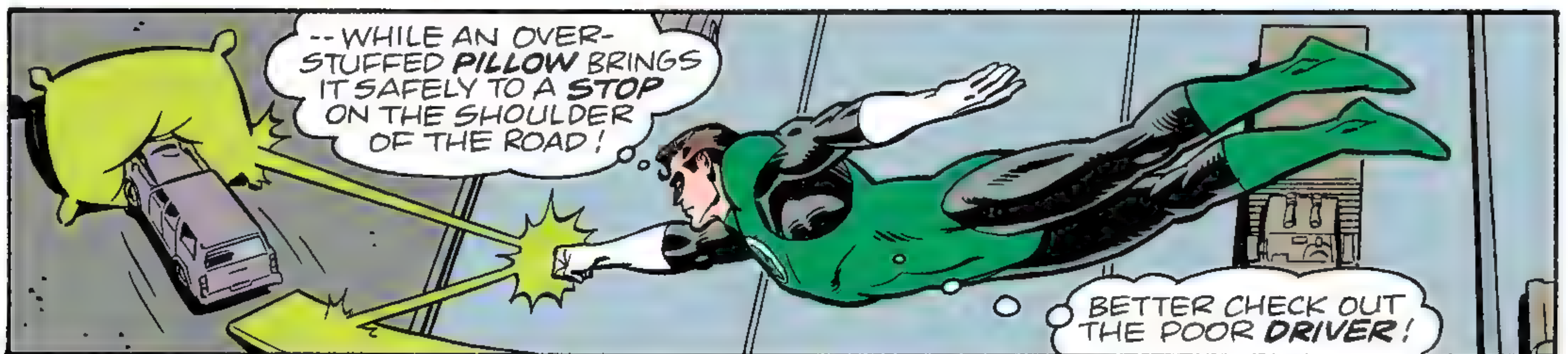
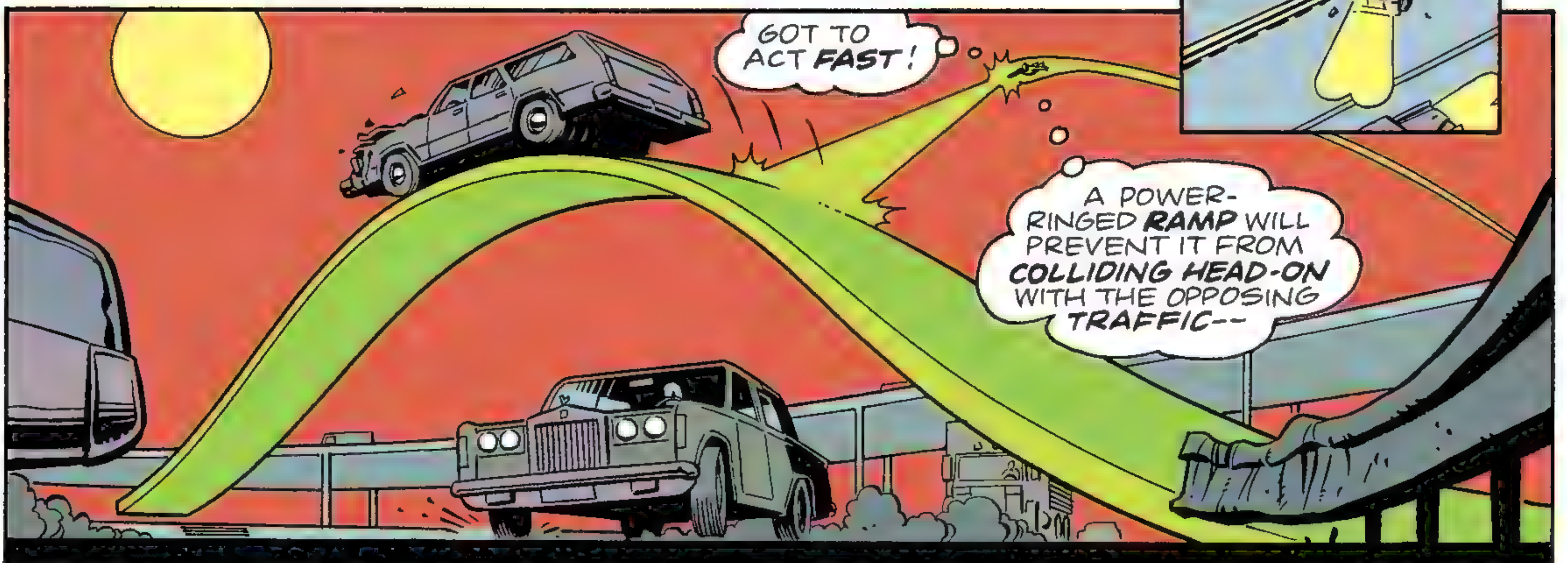
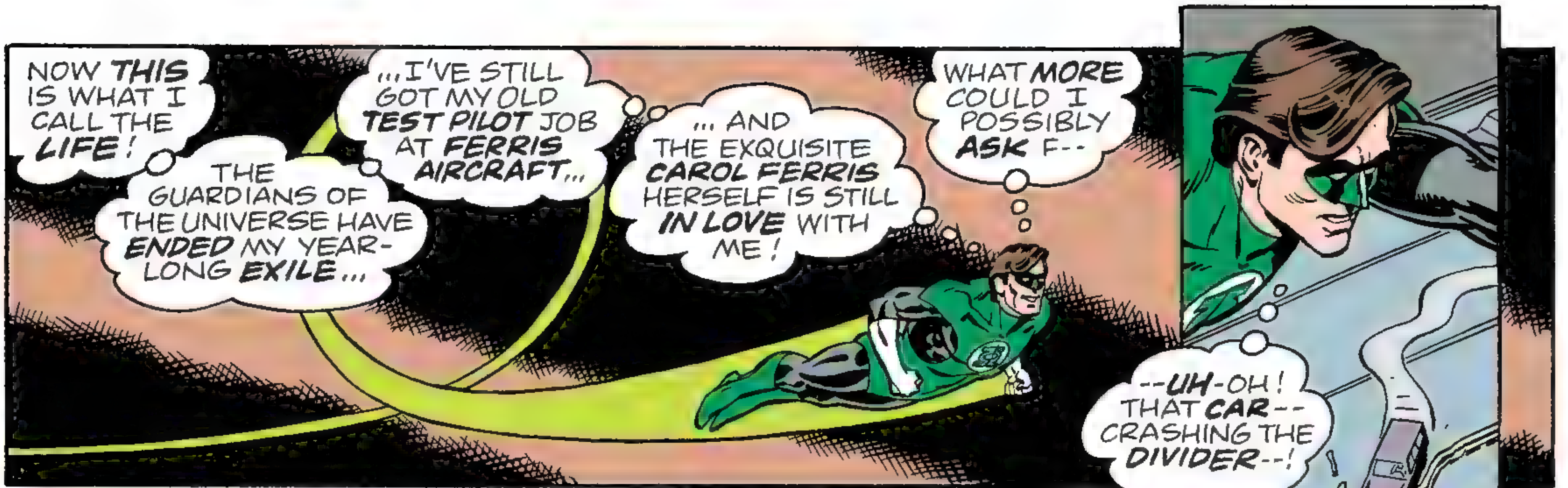


... AND NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN MORE **HAPPY TO BE HOME**!

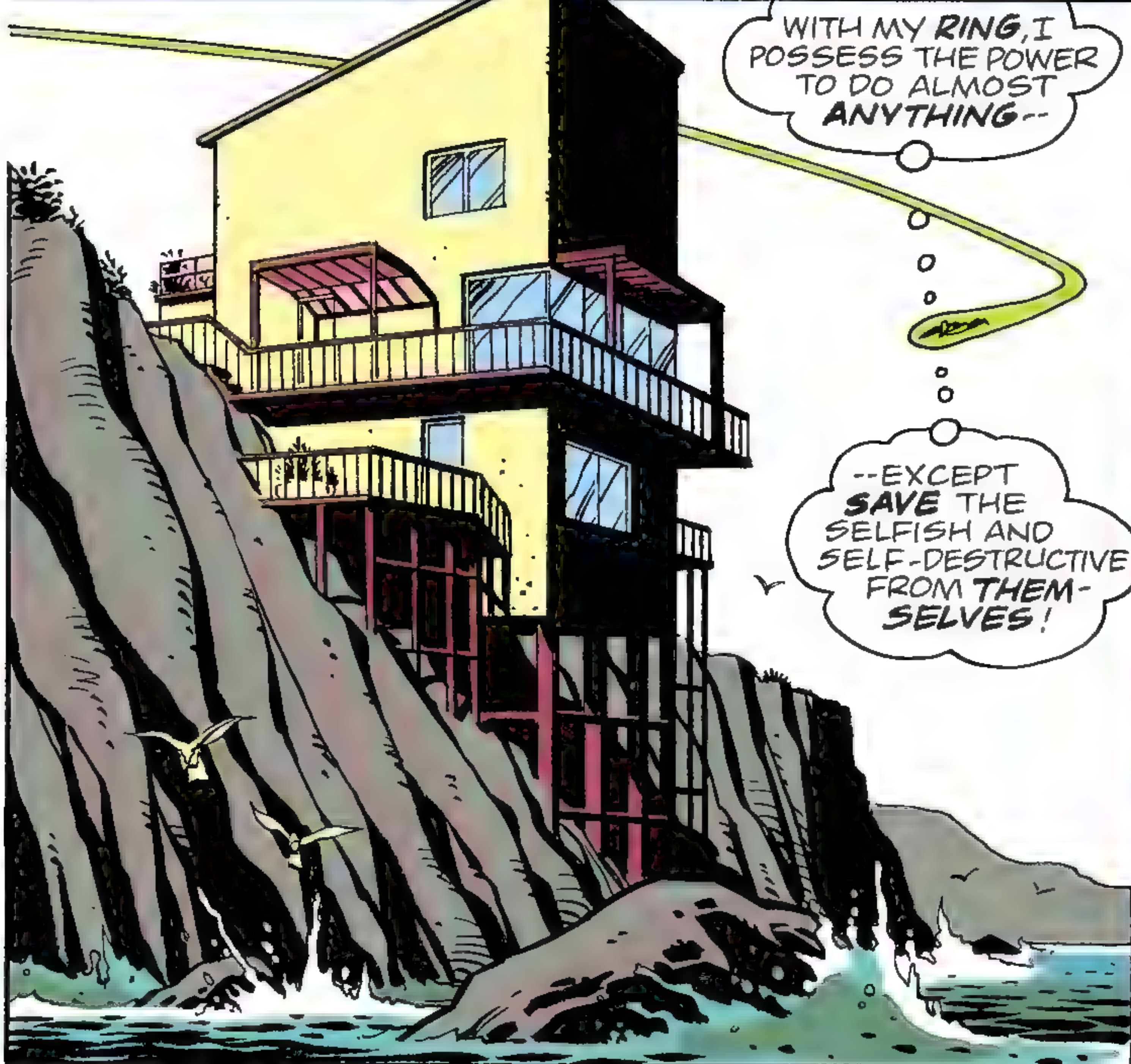
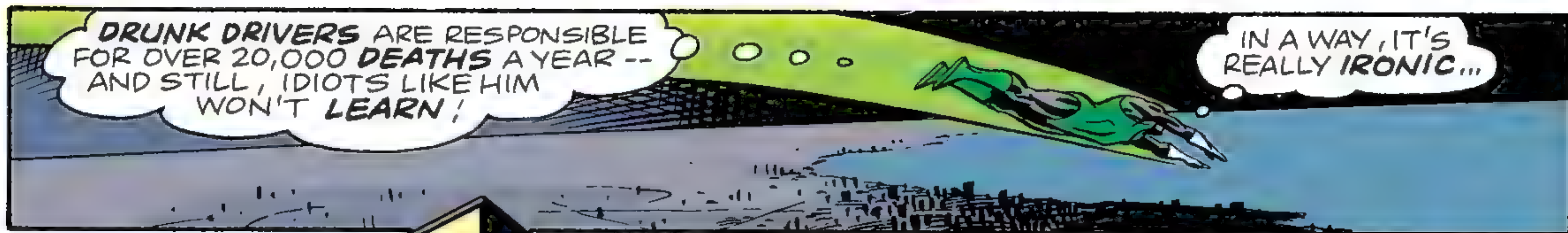
# OLD FRIENDS, NEW FOES!!!

LEN WEIN: WRITER/EDITOR \* DAVE GIBBONS: ARTIST/LETTERER \* ANTHONY TOLLIN: colorist









WITH MY RING, I POSSESS THE POWER TO DO ALMOST ANYTHING--

--EXCEPT **SAVE** THE SELFISH AND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE FROM THEMSELVES!



WHICH ONLY PROVES, I SUPPOSE, THAT WHILE **GREEN LANTERN** IS NEARLY OMNI-POTENT--

--HAL JORDAN IS STILL ONLY HUMAN!



ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT?

OH... HI.

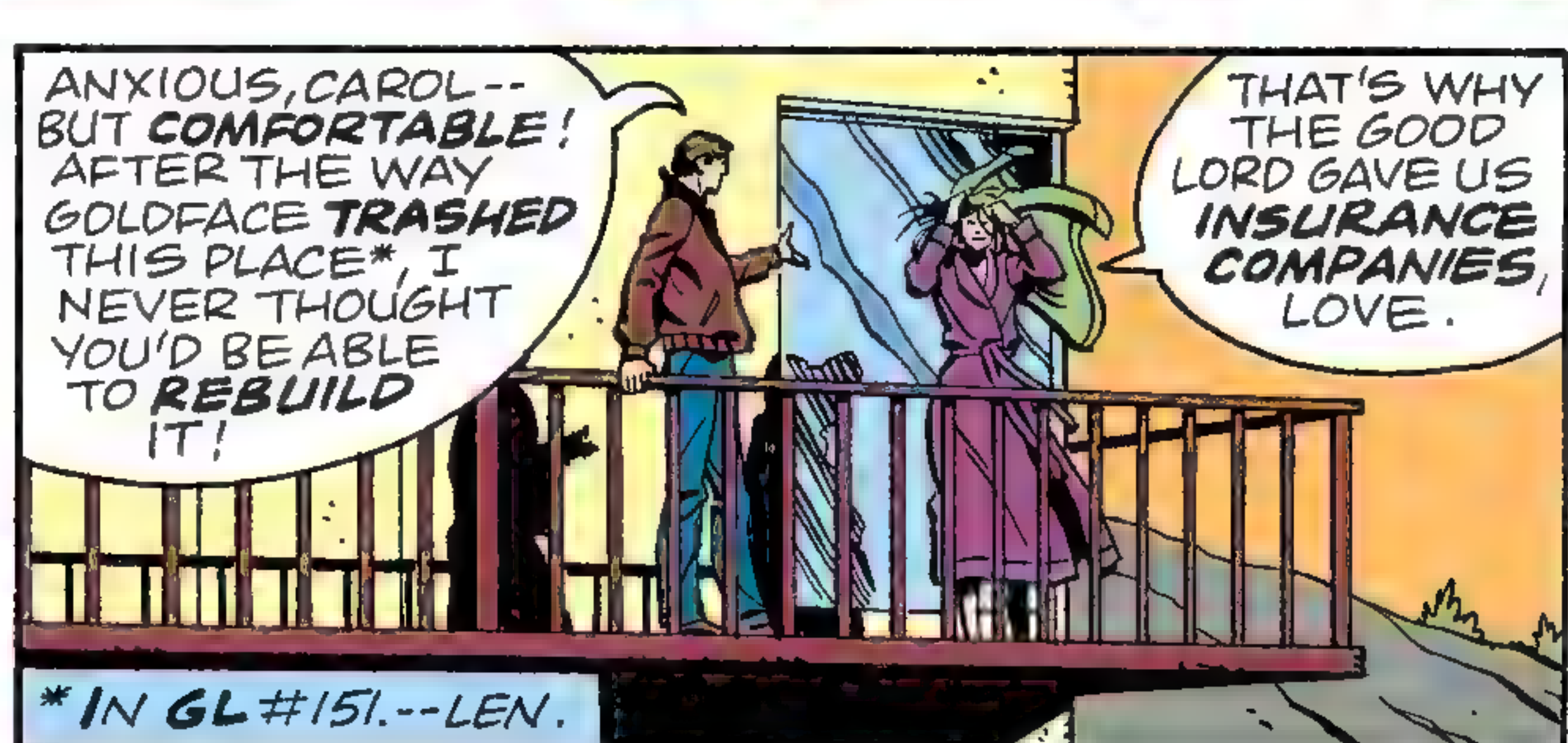


I THOUGHT YOU'D STILL BE **SLEEPING**, CAROL.

NO SUCH LUCK.

THE **EARLY** EXECUTIVE CATCHES THE **WORM**, Y'KNOW-- WHICH IS EASILY THE MOST **DISGUSTING** CONCEPT I'VE EVER HEARD!

AND HOW'S MY FAVORITE **BOARDER** THIS DAZZLING DAWN?



ANXIOUS, CAROL-- BUT **COMFORTABLE**! AFTER THE WAY **GOLDFACE** **TRASHED** THIS PLACE\*, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE ABLE TO **REBUILD** IT!

\*IN GL #151.--LEN.

THAT'S WHY THE GOOD LORD GAVE US **INSURANCE COMPANIES**, LOVE.



NOW YOU'D BETTER POP BACK INTO YOUR ROOM AND GET READY FOR **WORK**!

ON YOUR FIRST DAY BACK, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE **LATE**.

DON'T **WORRY**, HONEY-- WE'VE GOT **PLENTY** OF TIME...



...AND I CAN THINK OF A **MARVELOUS** WAY TO **SPEND** IT...



WHILE, IN A DETECTION-CLOAKED SATELLITE WHIRLING IN AN EVER-CHANGING ORBIT HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH...

CALL FOR YOU ON LINE 42, MONITOR.

IT'S THAT ANNOYING CONGRESSMAN BLOCH AGAIN, SIR.

APPARENTLY, HE WISHES TO STEP UP HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST FERRIS AIRCRAFT.

--ESPECIALLY IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT GREEN LANTERN HAS FINALLY RETURNED TO EARTH.

THE RING-SLINGER HAS ALWAYS EXHIBITED AN UNCOMMON FONDNESS FOR FERRIS.

NOT FOR US, MY DEAR.

IN FACT, IT MAY WELL HELP TO STIR UP A LITTLE EXTRA BUSINESS.

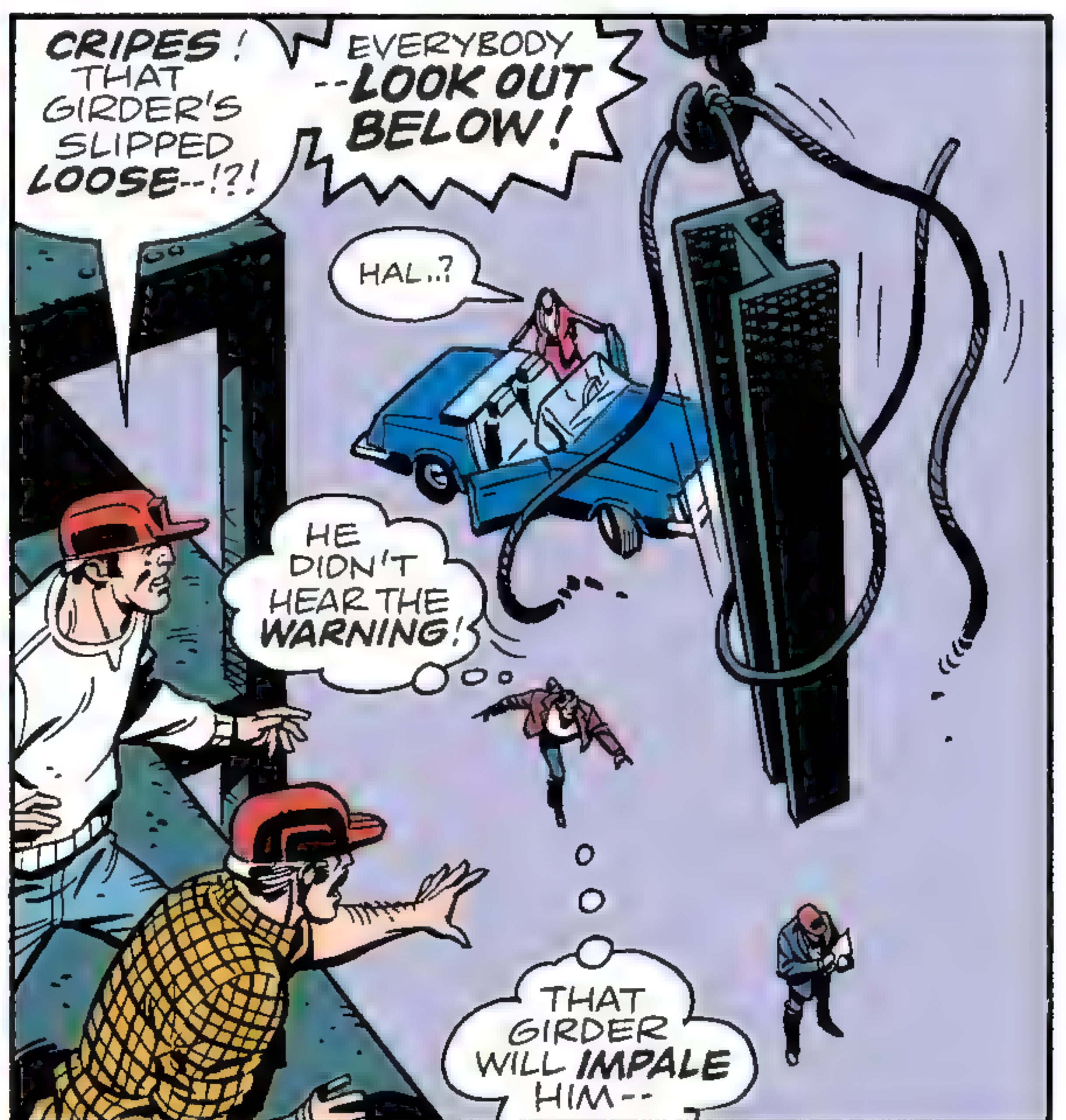
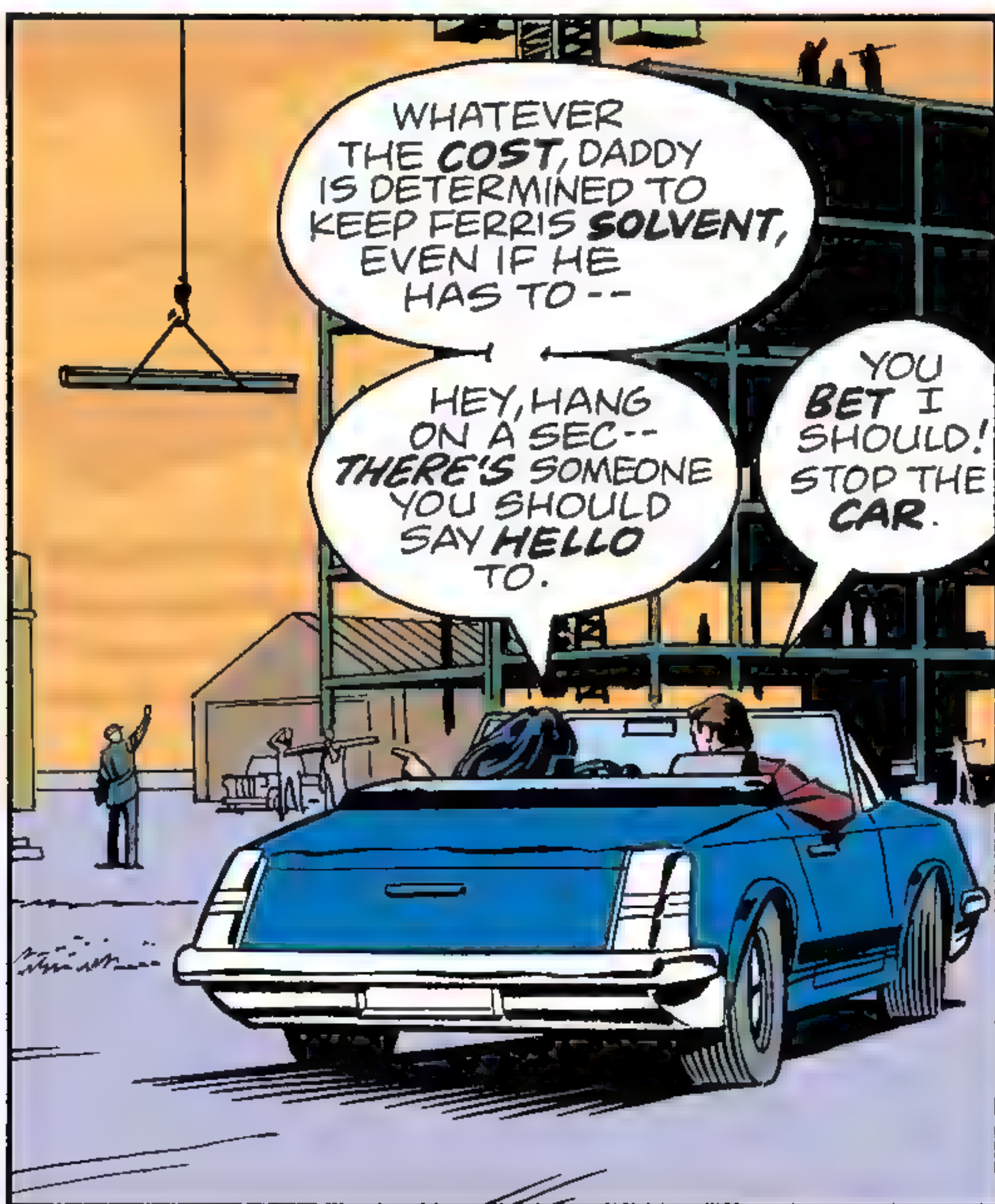
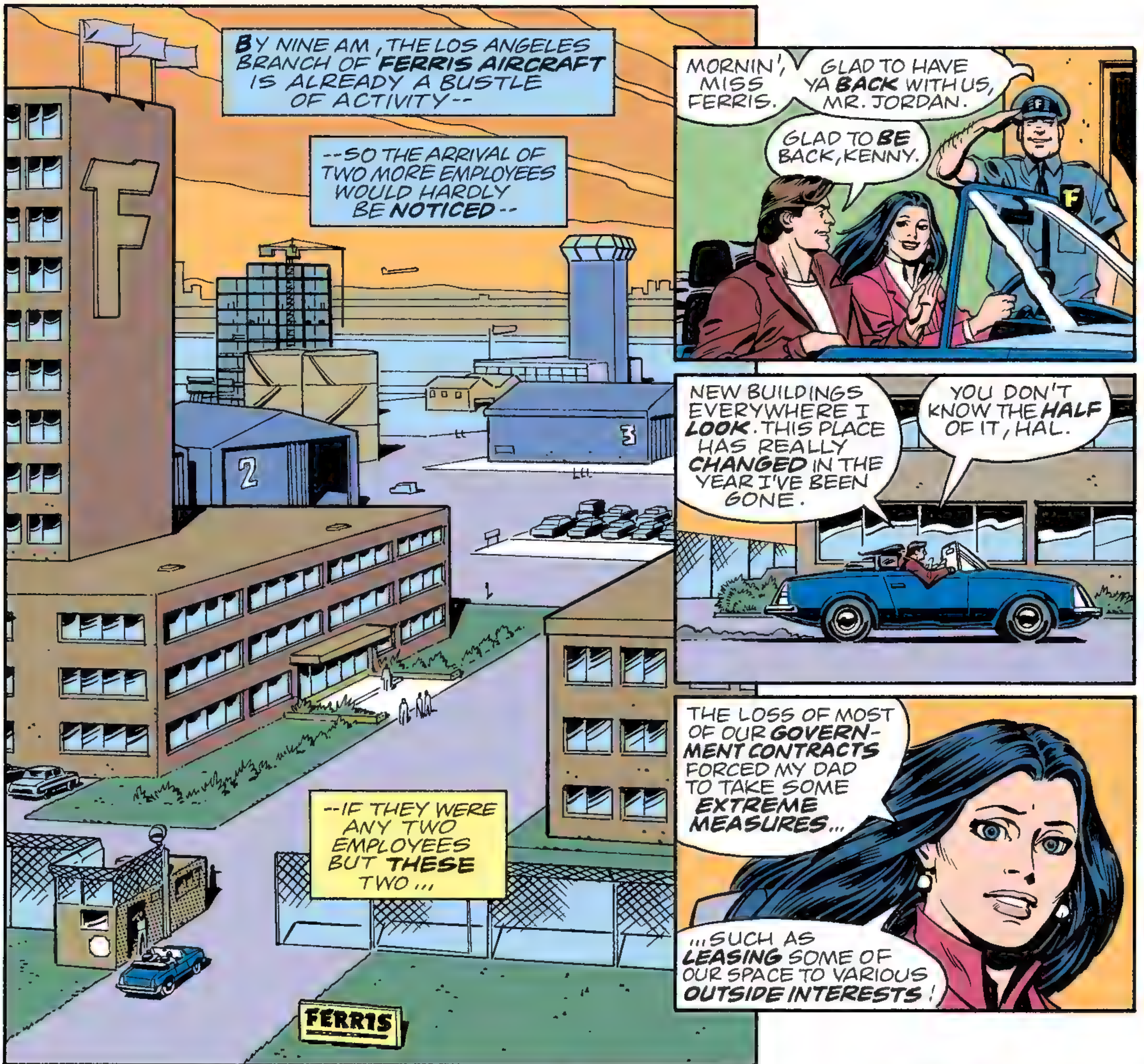
WILL THAT CAUSE PROBLEMS, MONITOR?

MY DEAR Lyla, CONGRESSMAN BLOCH IS A FOOL--

YES, IT SHOULD PROVE MOST INTERESTING TO MONITOR THE EVENTS OF THE NEXT FEW WEEKS...MOST INTERESTING INDEED!

YOU CAN PUT THE CONGRESSMAN'S CALL THROUGH NOW, Lyla. WE SHOULDN'T KEEP A CUSTOMER WAITING.

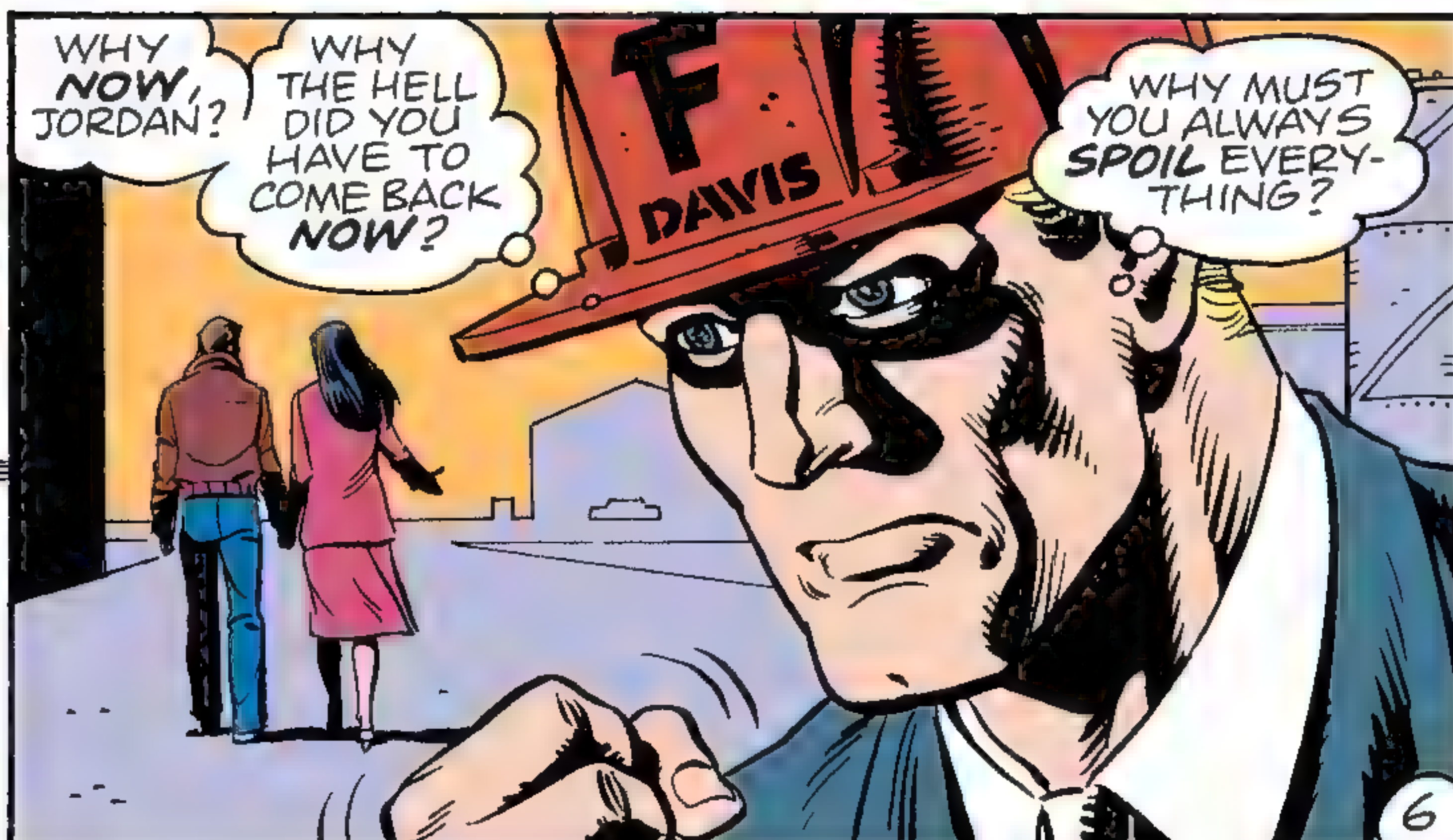
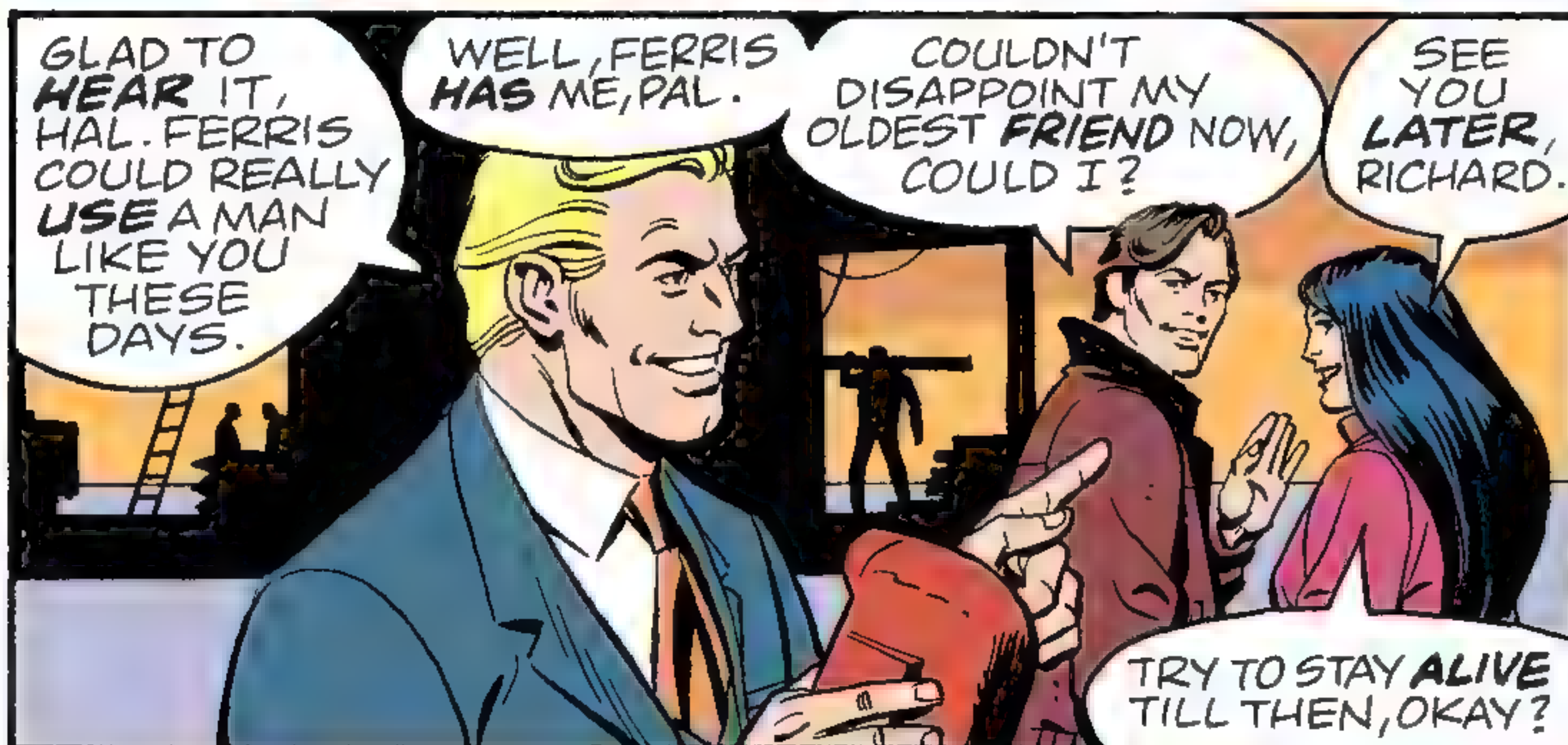




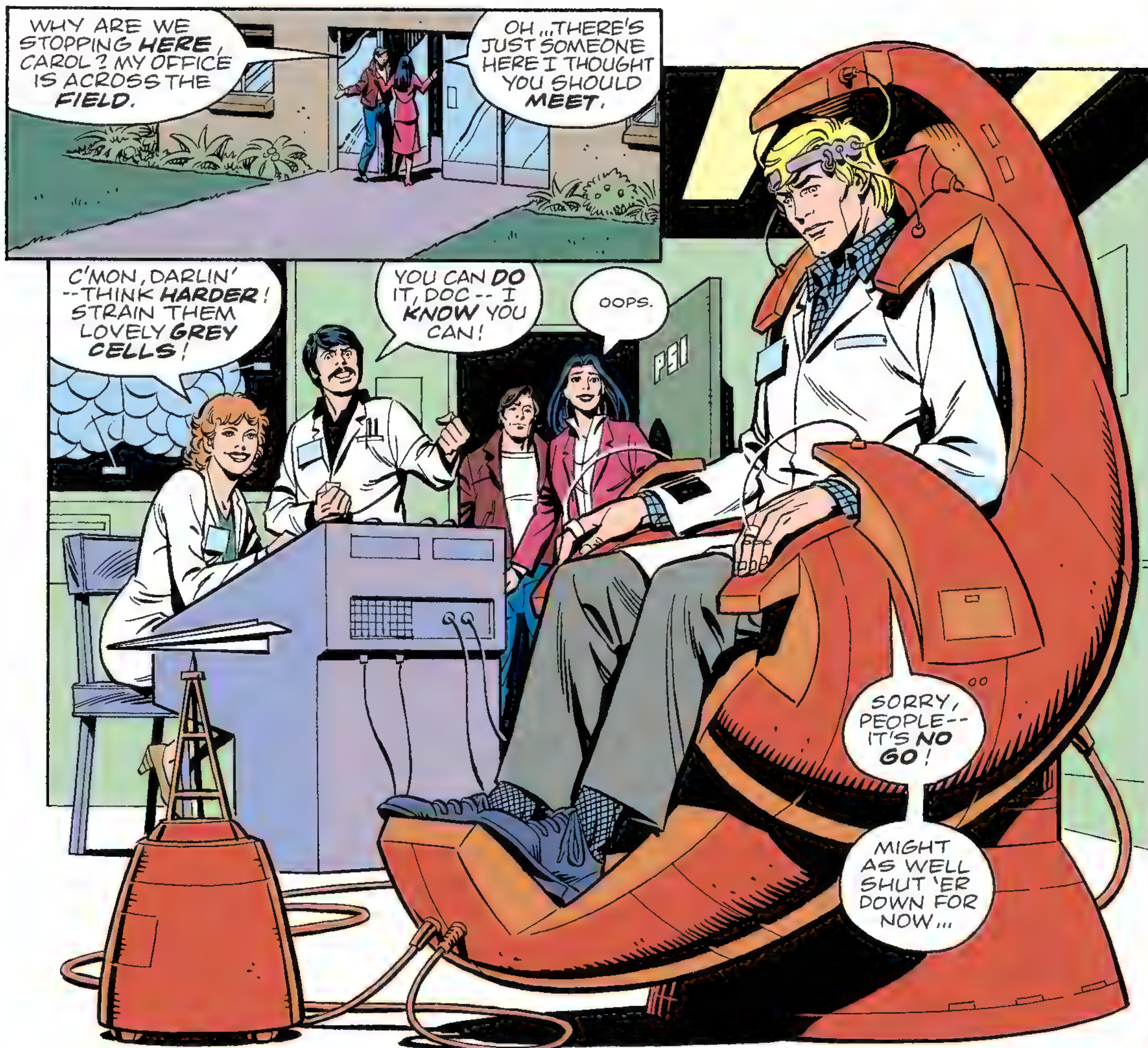




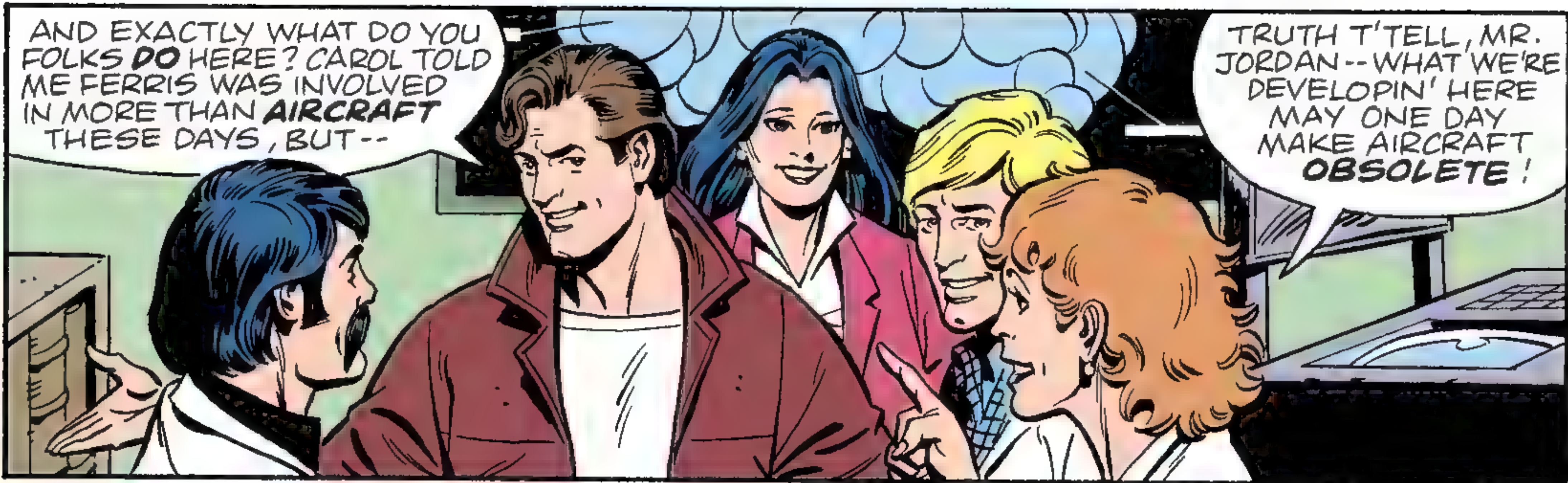
**WHIRRRRING!**











AND EXACTLY WHAT DO YOU FOLKS **DO** HERE? CAROL TOLD ME FERRIS WAS INVOLVED IN MORE THAN **AIRCRAFT** THESE DAYS, BUT--

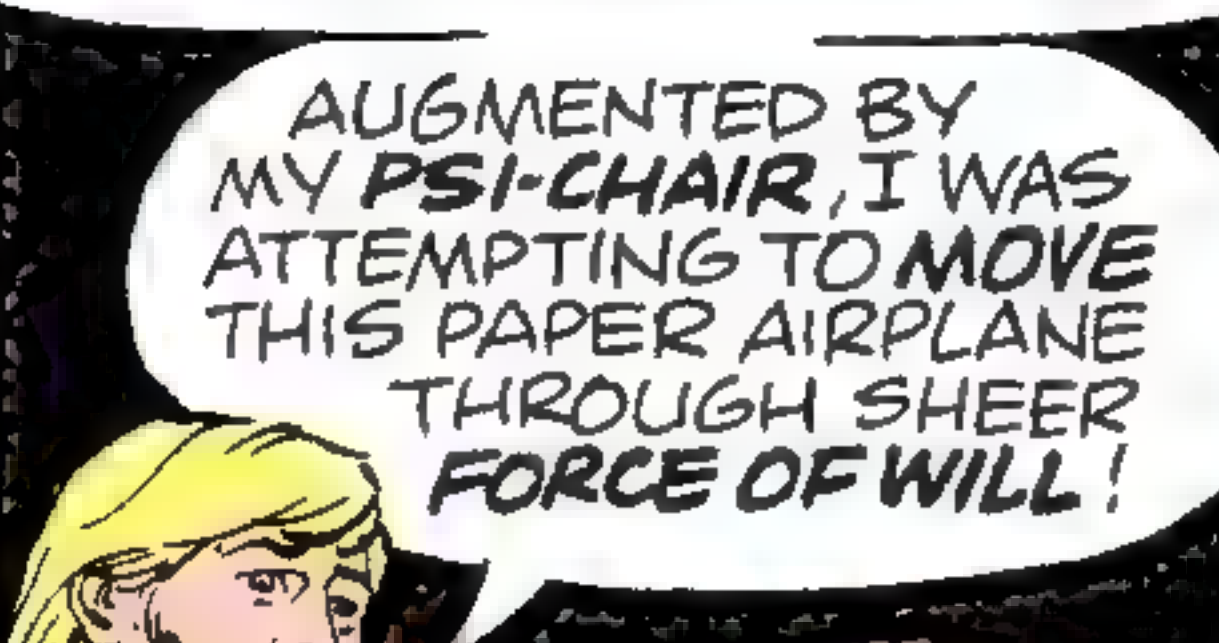
TRUTH T'TELL, MR. JORDAN--WHAT WE'RE DEVELOPIN' HERE MAY ONE DAY MAKE AIRCRAFT **OBSOLETE!**

WE'RE STUDYING **PSIONICS**, THE SCIENCE OF THE MIND! IF WE CAN FIND A WAY TO TAP INTO THAT **90 PERCENT** OF THE BRAIN THAT MANKIND DOESN'T **USE**, THE POTENTIAL IS VIRTUALLY **LIMITLESS!**



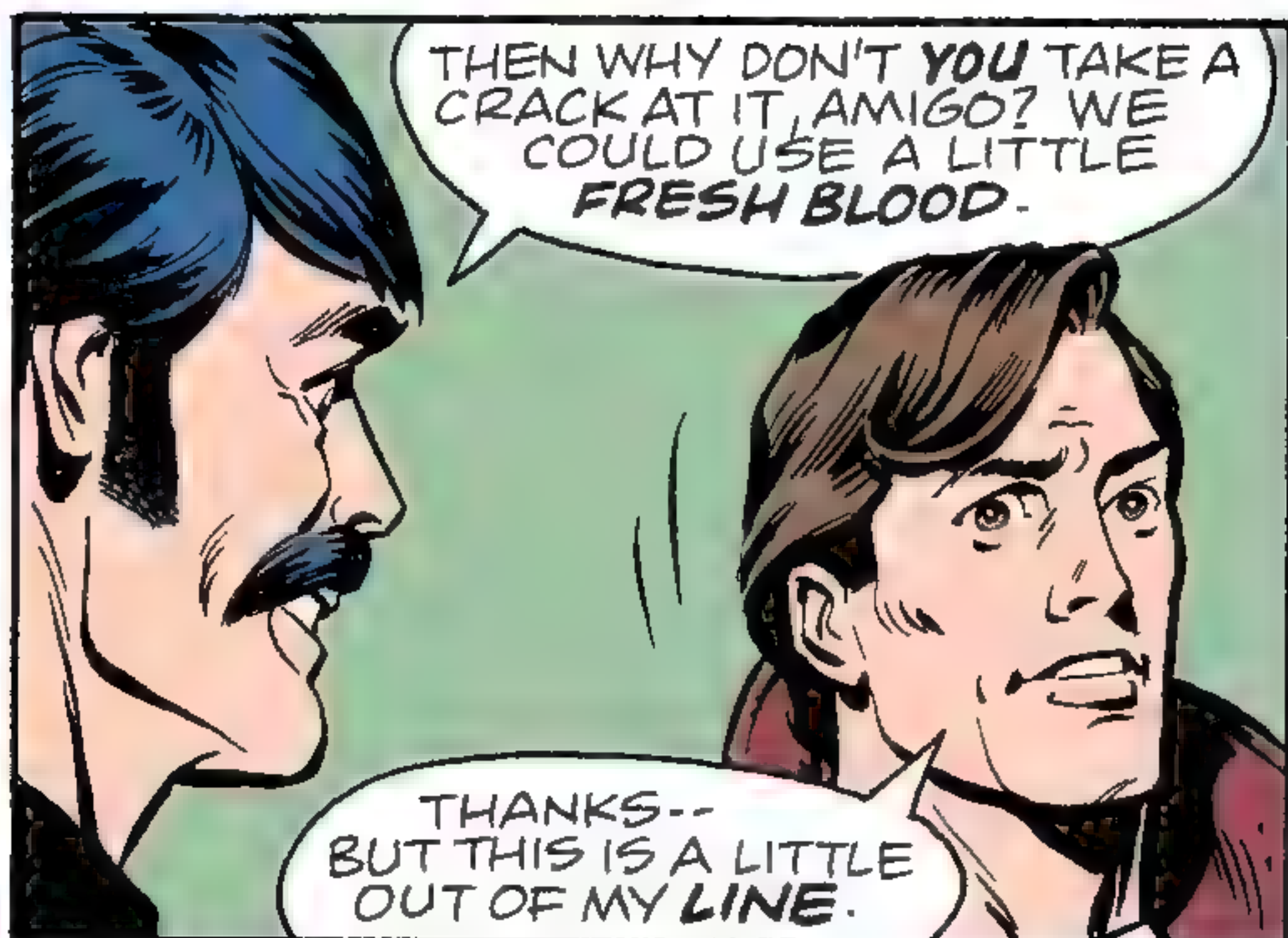
IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE YOU COULD **FLY** JUST BY **WILLING IT...** WHERE YOU COULD **LIFT** HUGE, HEAVY OBJECTS WITH A **THOUGHT...**

IN FACT, THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT THE **EXPERIMENT** YOU WITNESSED WAS ALL ABOUT--A STUDY IN **TELEKINESIS**, THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER!



AUGMENTED BY MY **PSI-CHAIR**, I WAS ATTEMPTING TO MOVE THIS PAPER AIRPLANE THROUGH SHEER **FORCE OF WILL!**

SOUNDS INTERESTING.



THEN WHY DON'T **YOU** TAKE A CRACK AT IT, AMIGO? WE COULD USE A LITTLE **FRESH BLOOD.**

THANKS-- BUT THIS IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY **LINE.**



WELL, I THINK IT'S A **GREAT** IDEA, HAL--  
--TRY IT.

HONESTLY, CAROL, I DON'T THINK--

PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T **UNDERSTAND**, HAL--YOUR **BOSS** THINKS IT'S A **GREAT** IDEA!

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT **THAT** WAY...

THUS, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



OKAY, HAL--SENSORS READ **GREEN...**

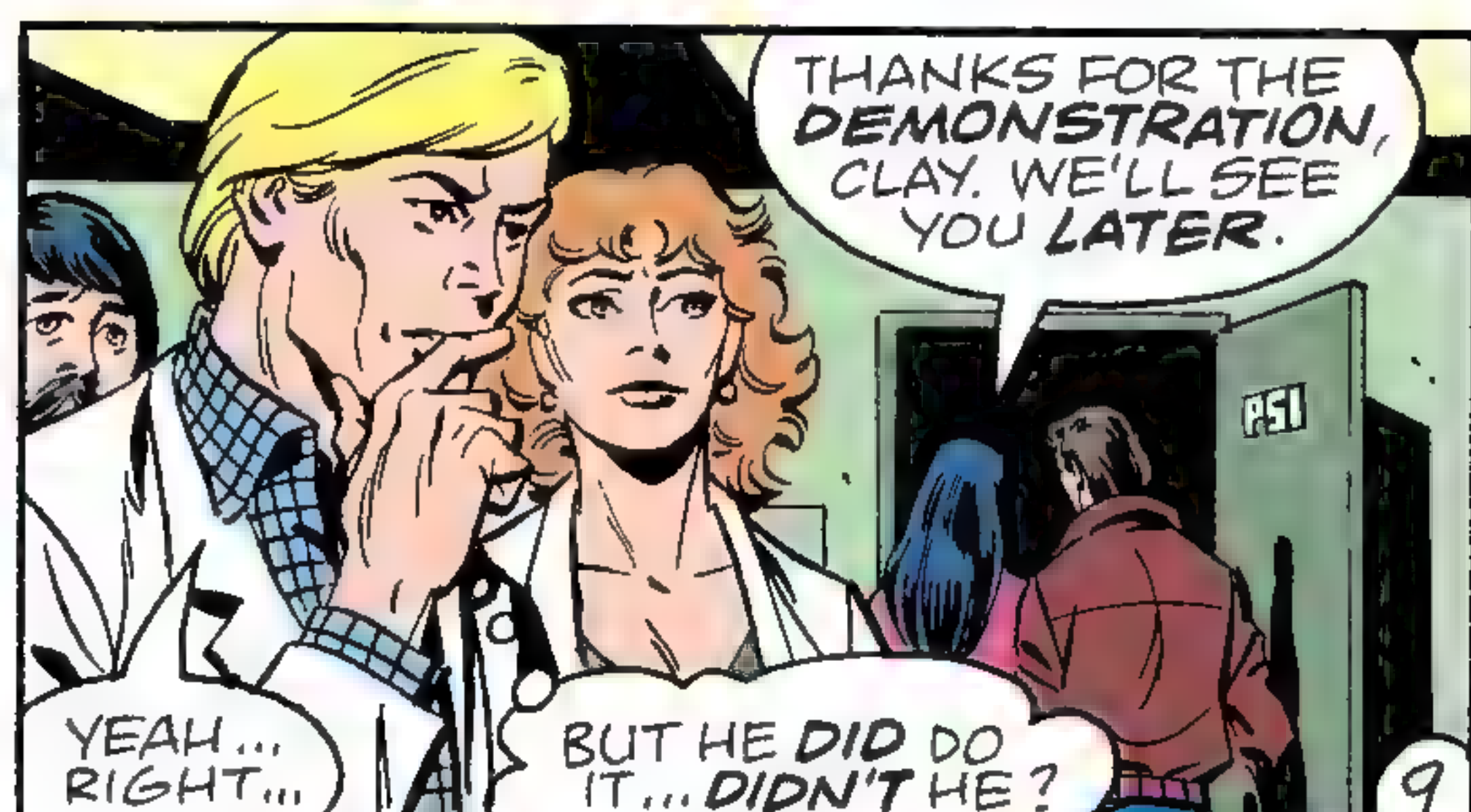
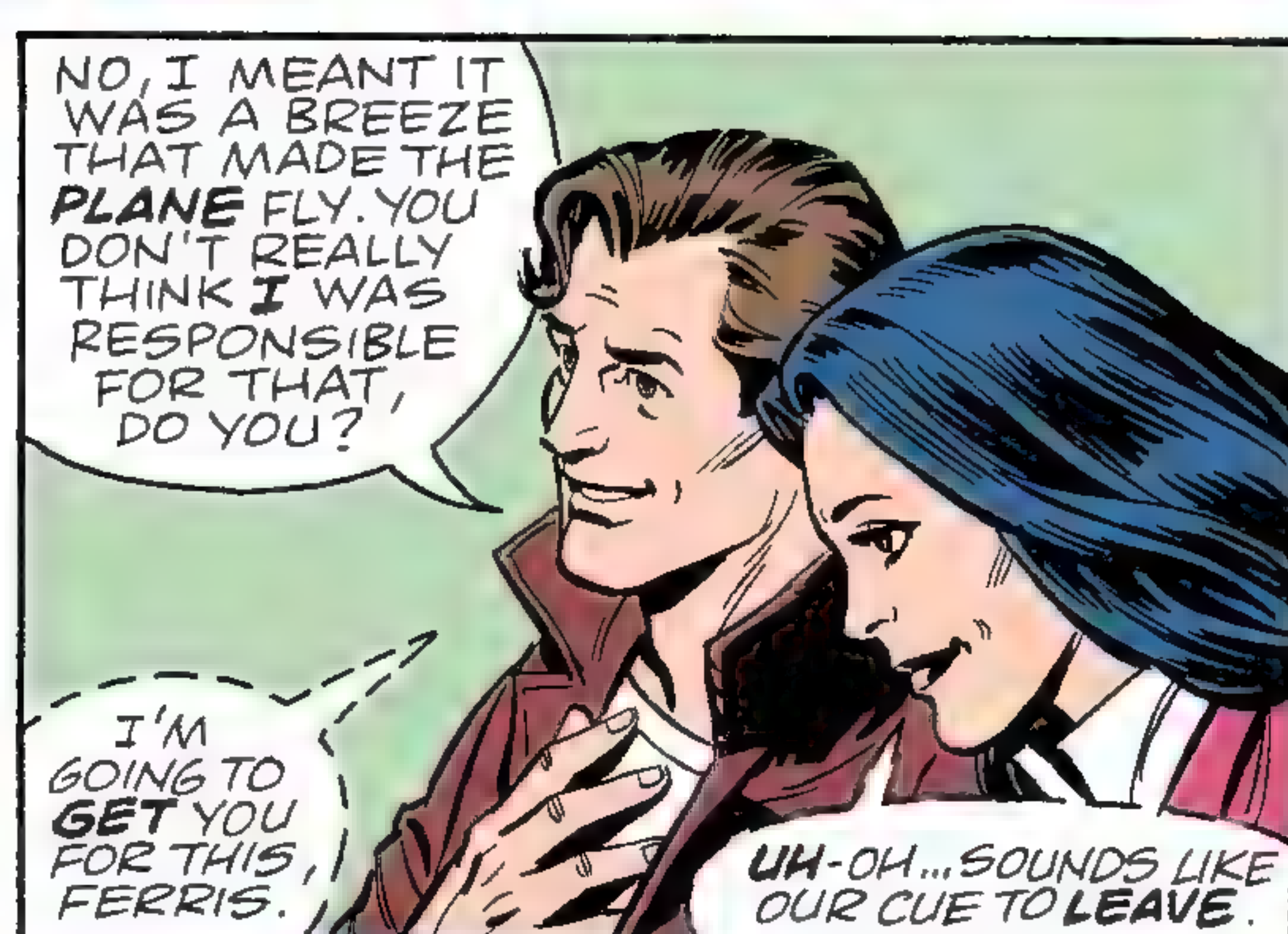
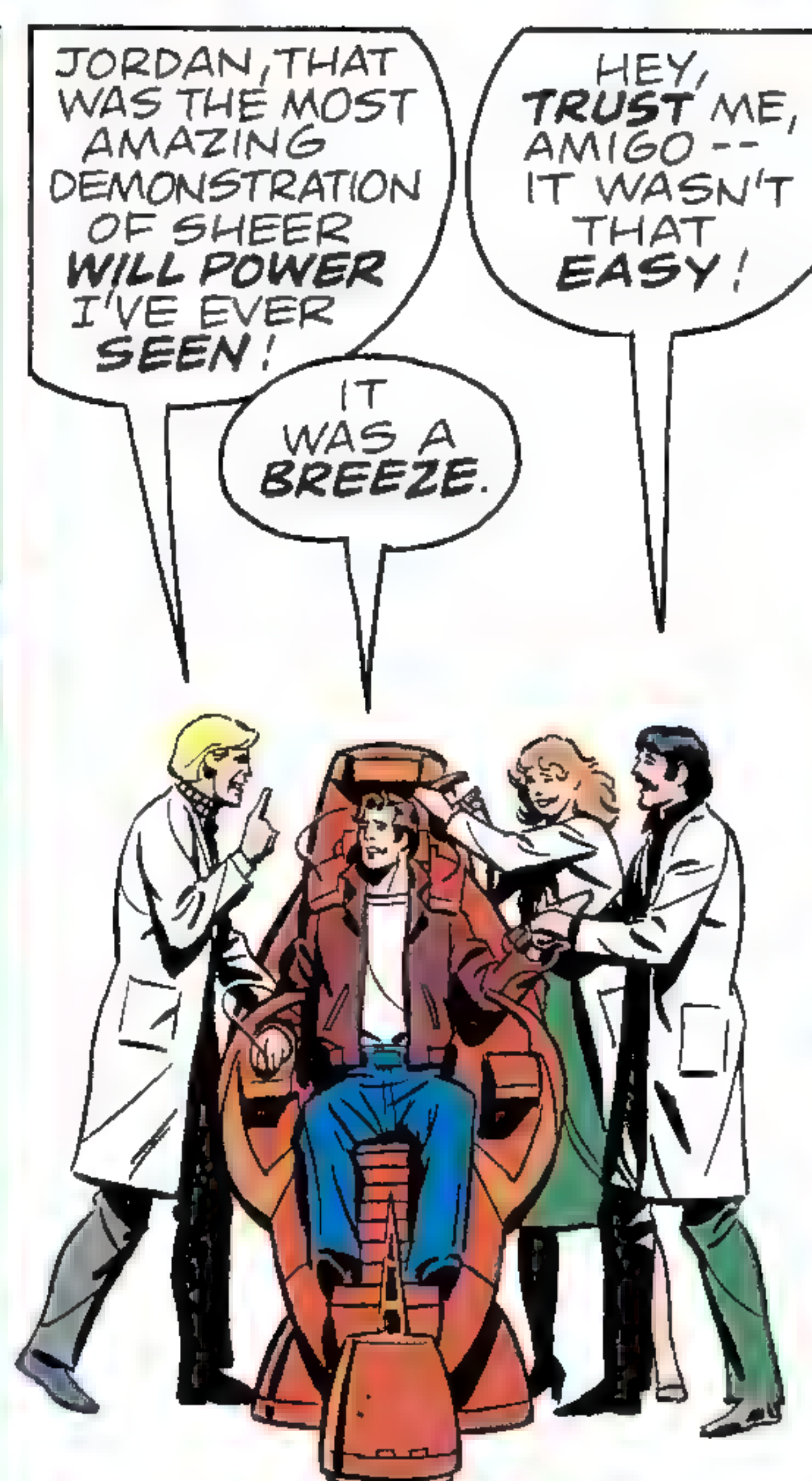
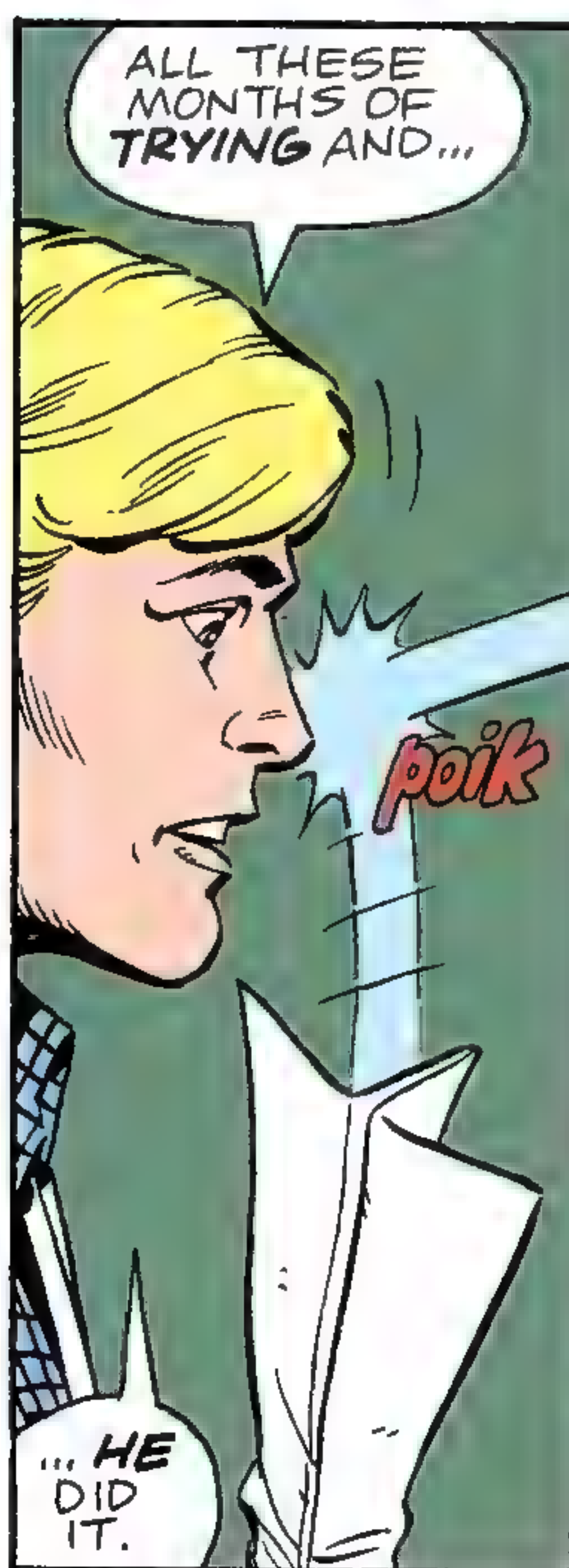
GO FOR IT, BOYO!

DO IT, AMIGO--MAKE IT **MOVE!**

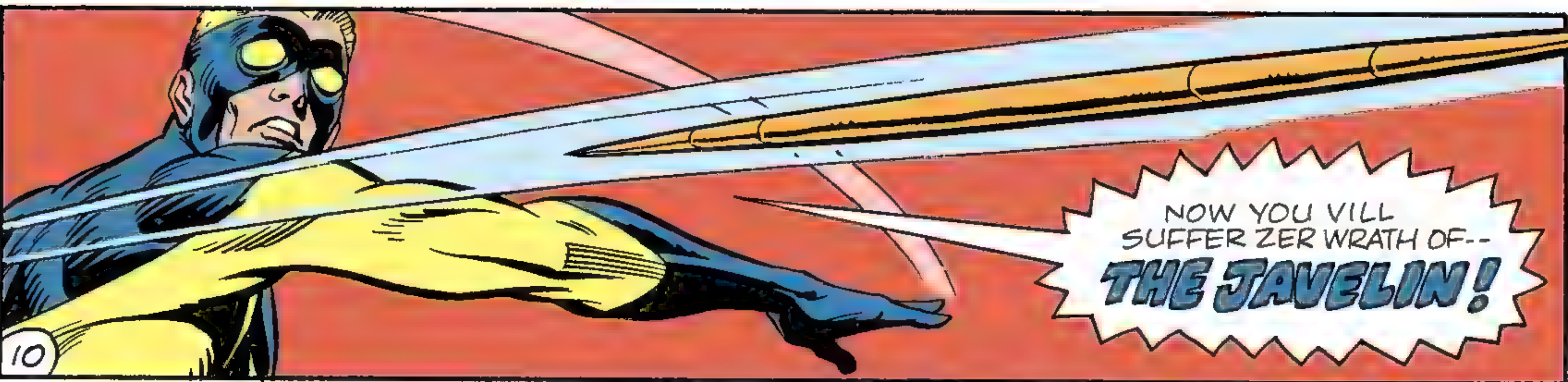
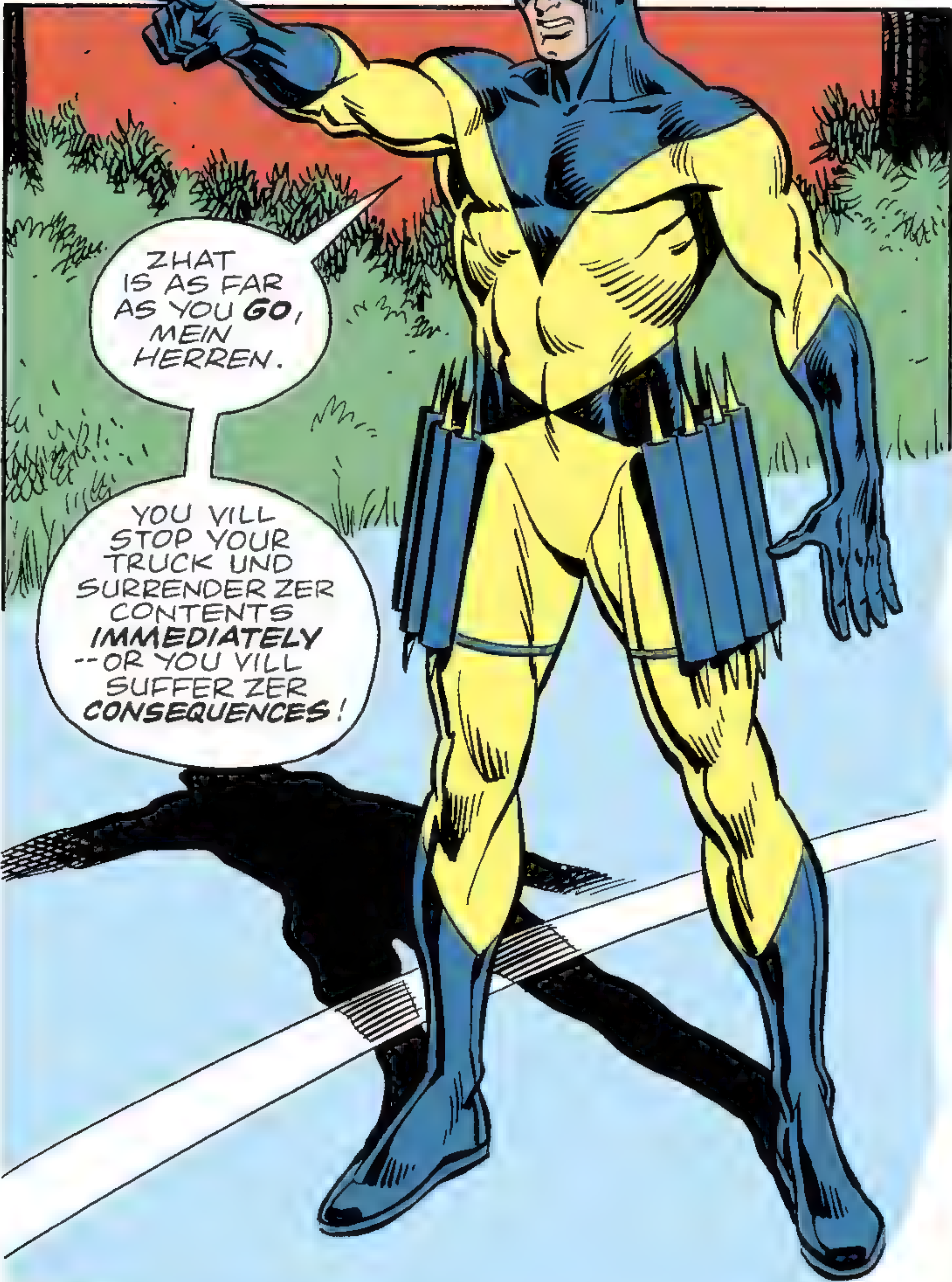
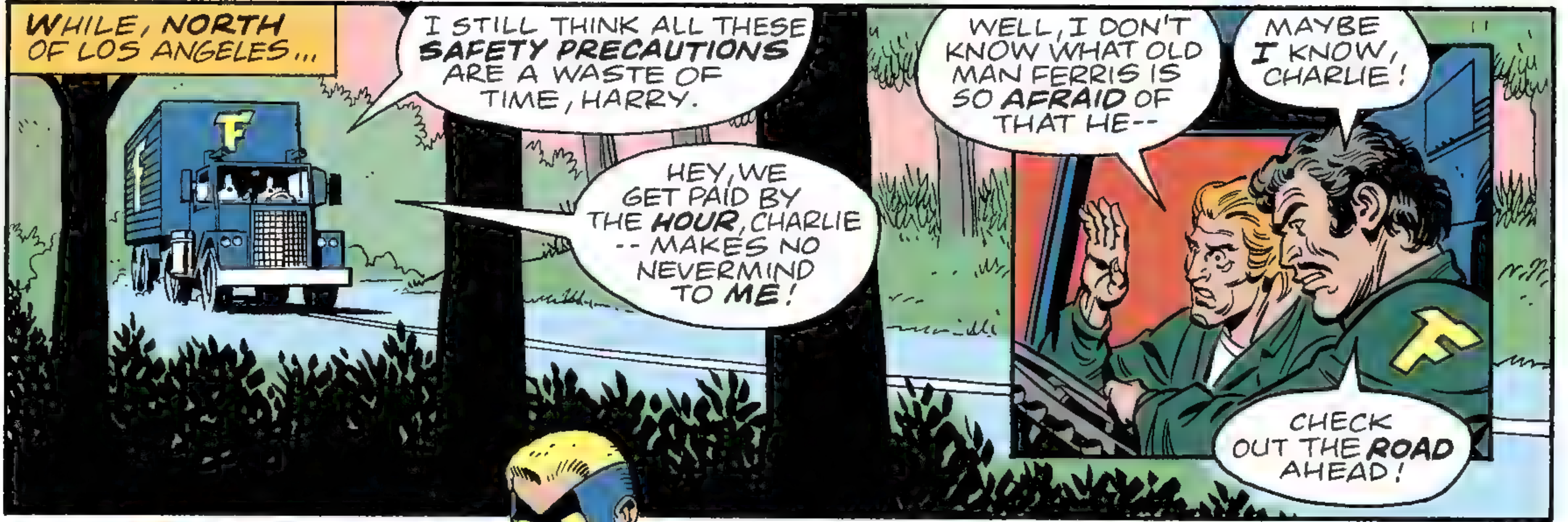
I'VE FLOWN SOME WEIRD "BIRDS" IN MY TIME, BUT **THIS...**

LESS TALK AND MORE **ACTION**, MR. JORDAN--  
--CONCENTRATE!

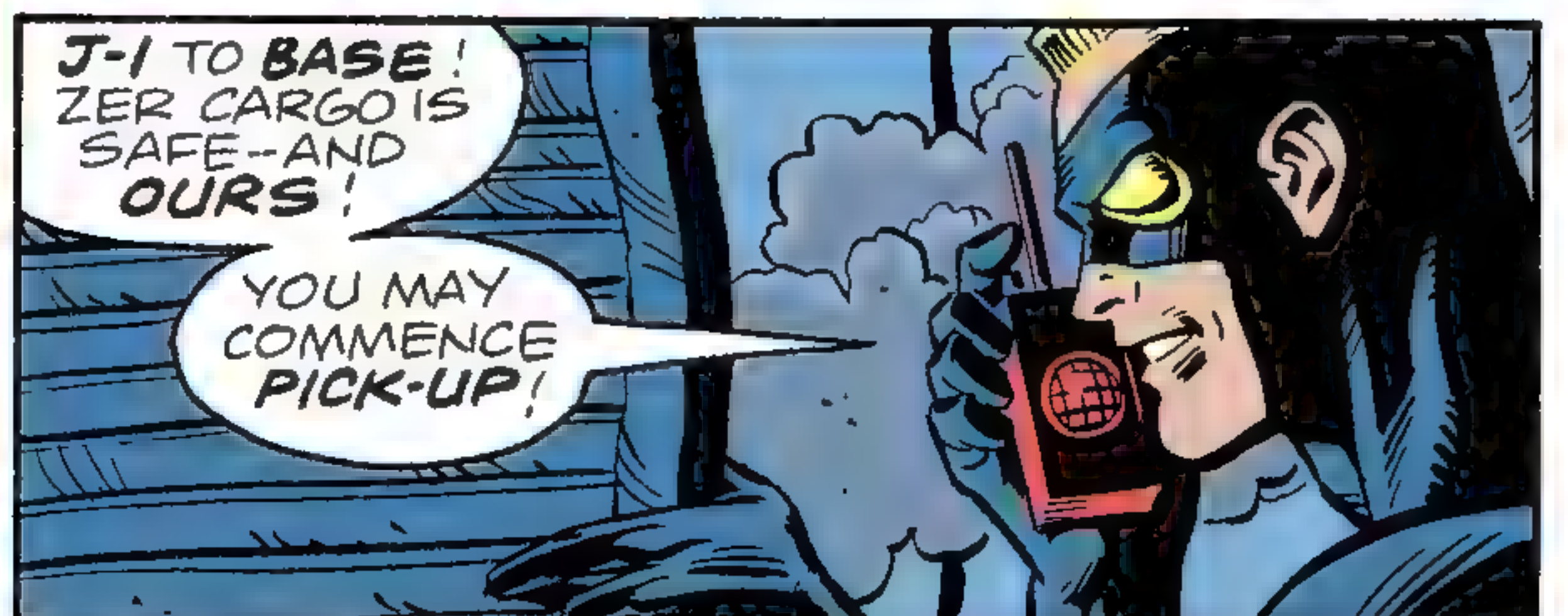
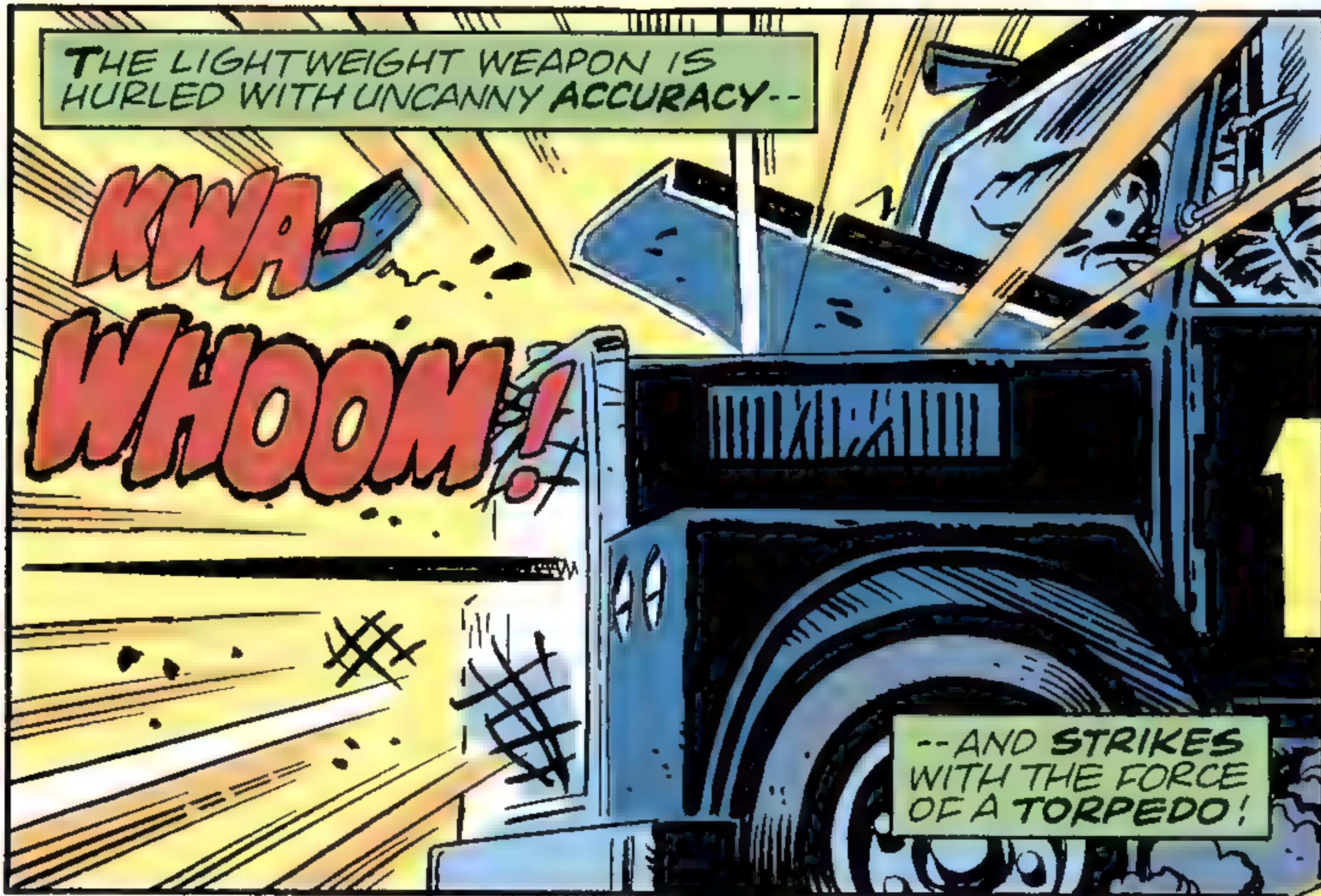




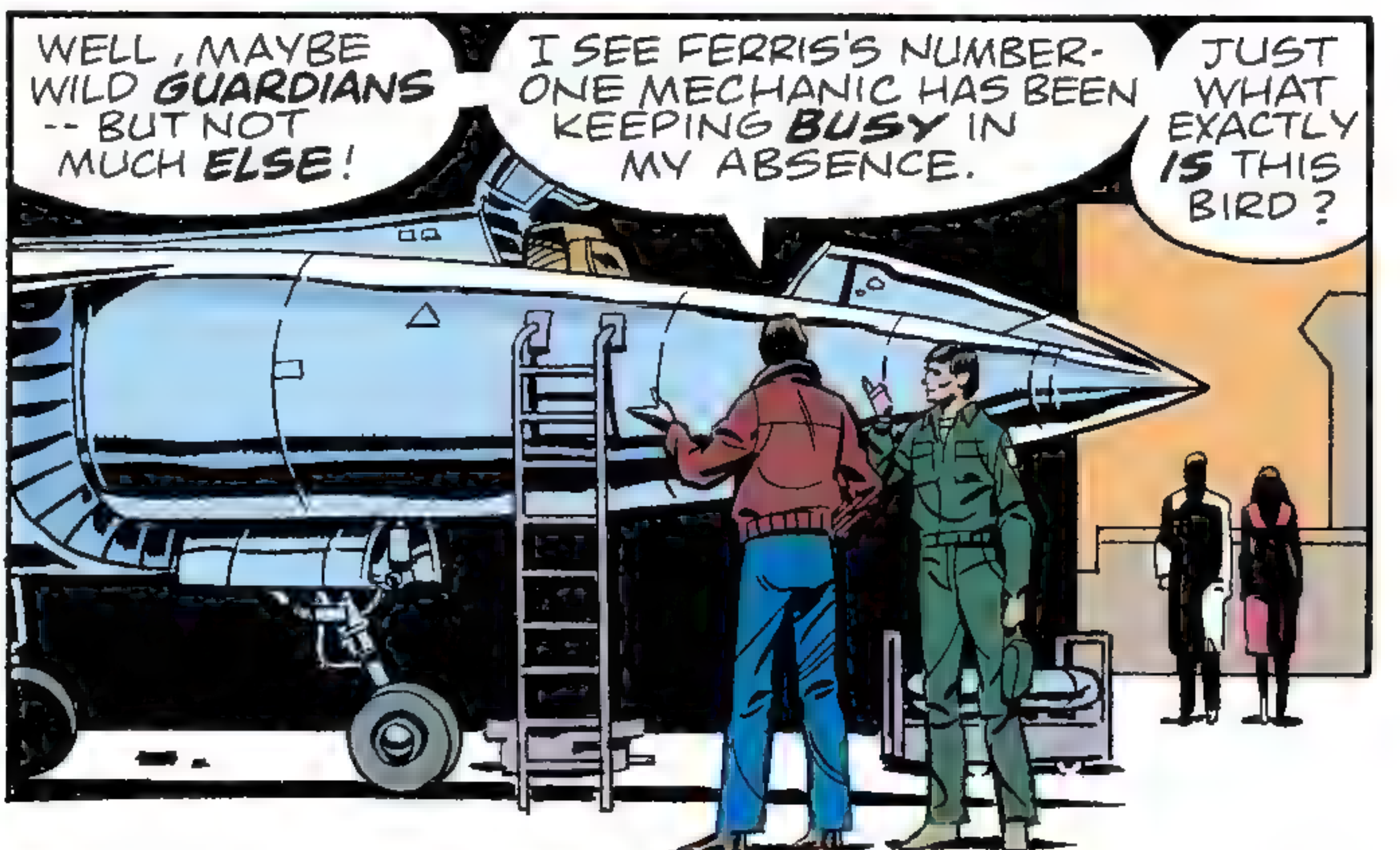




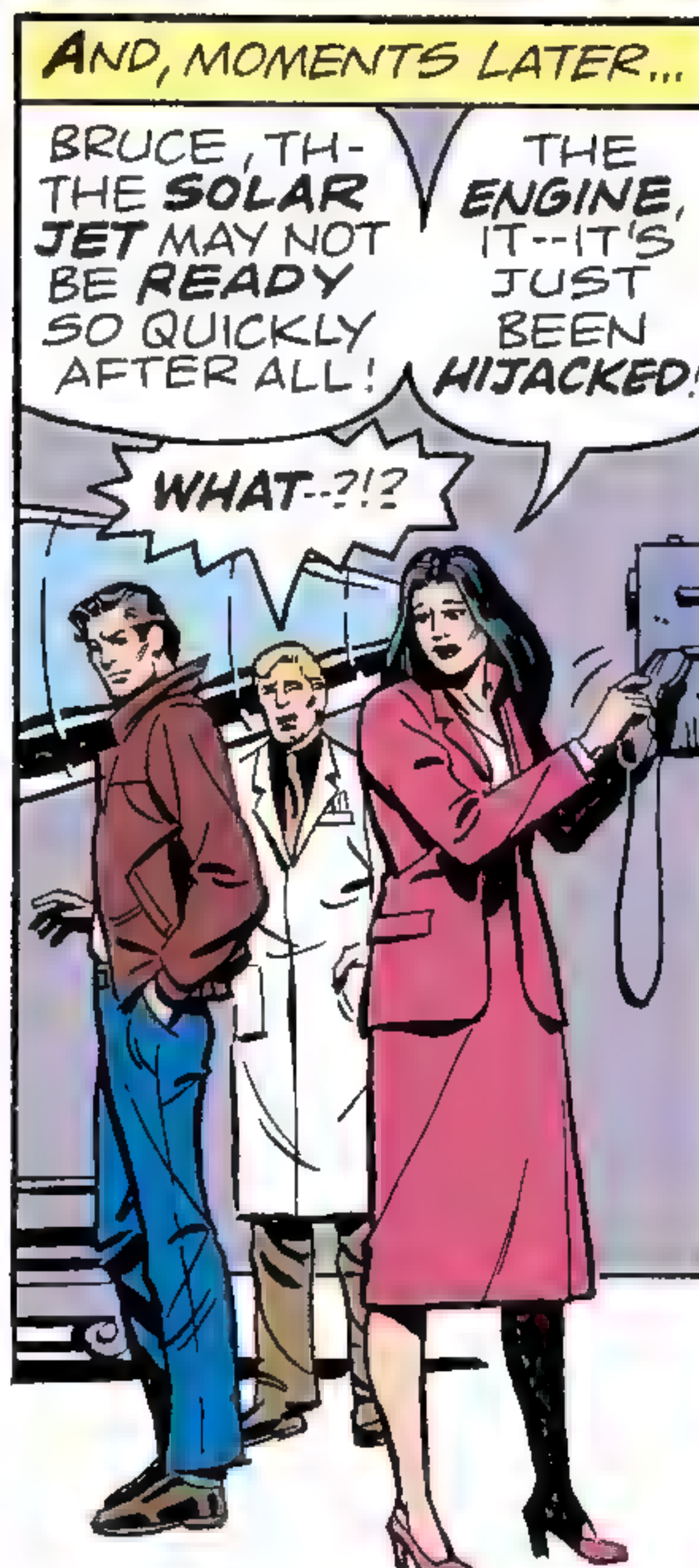
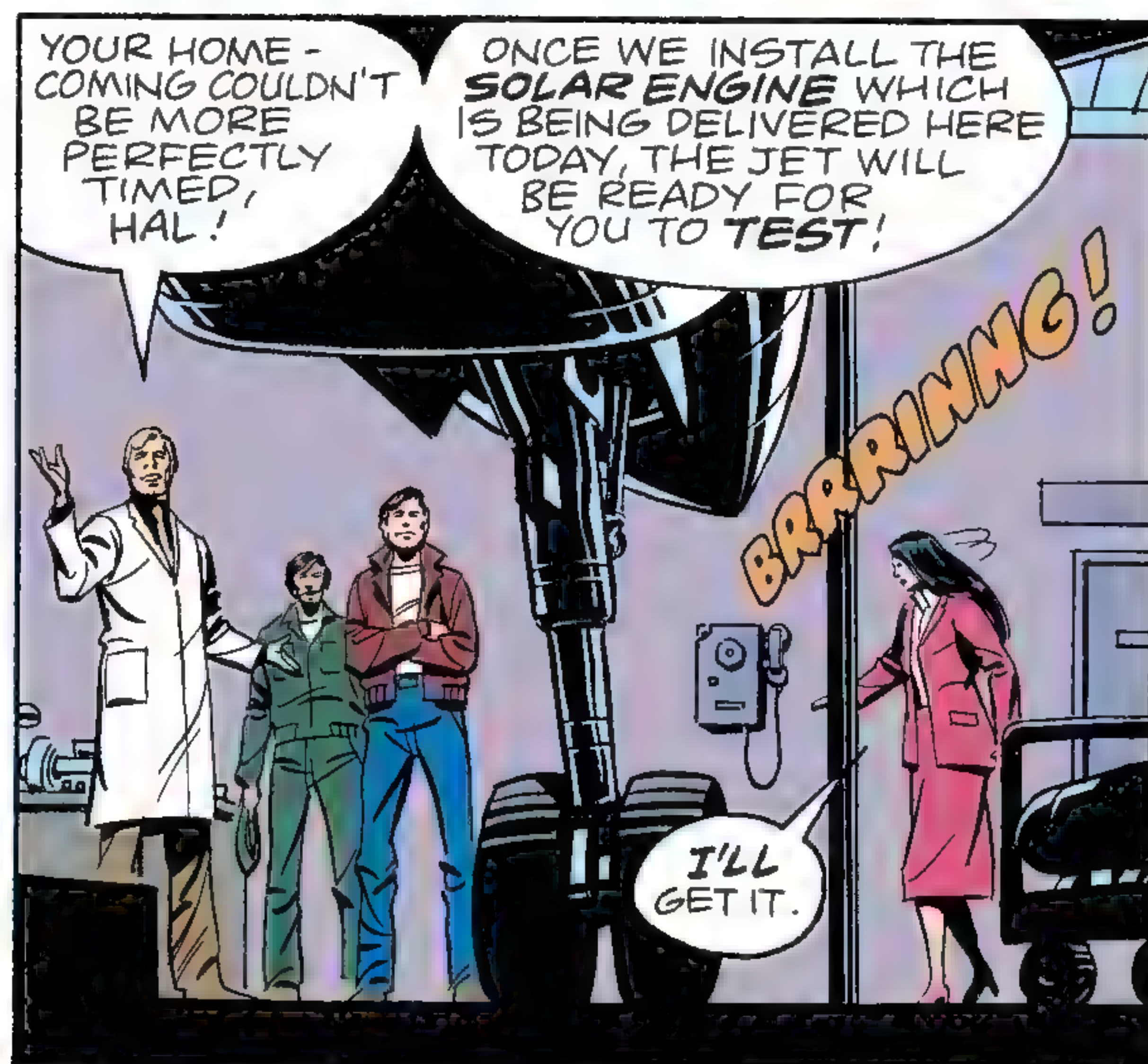
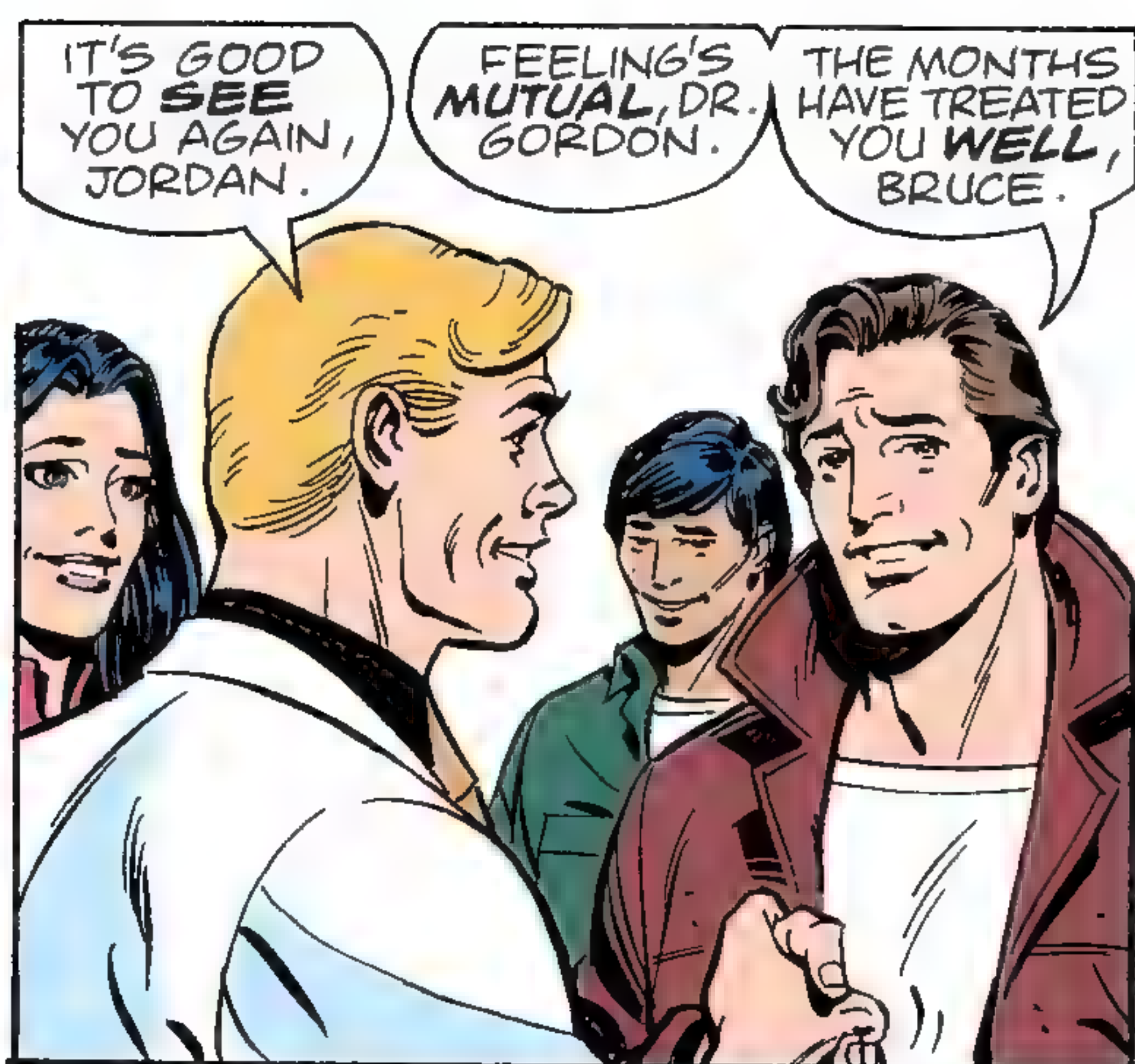
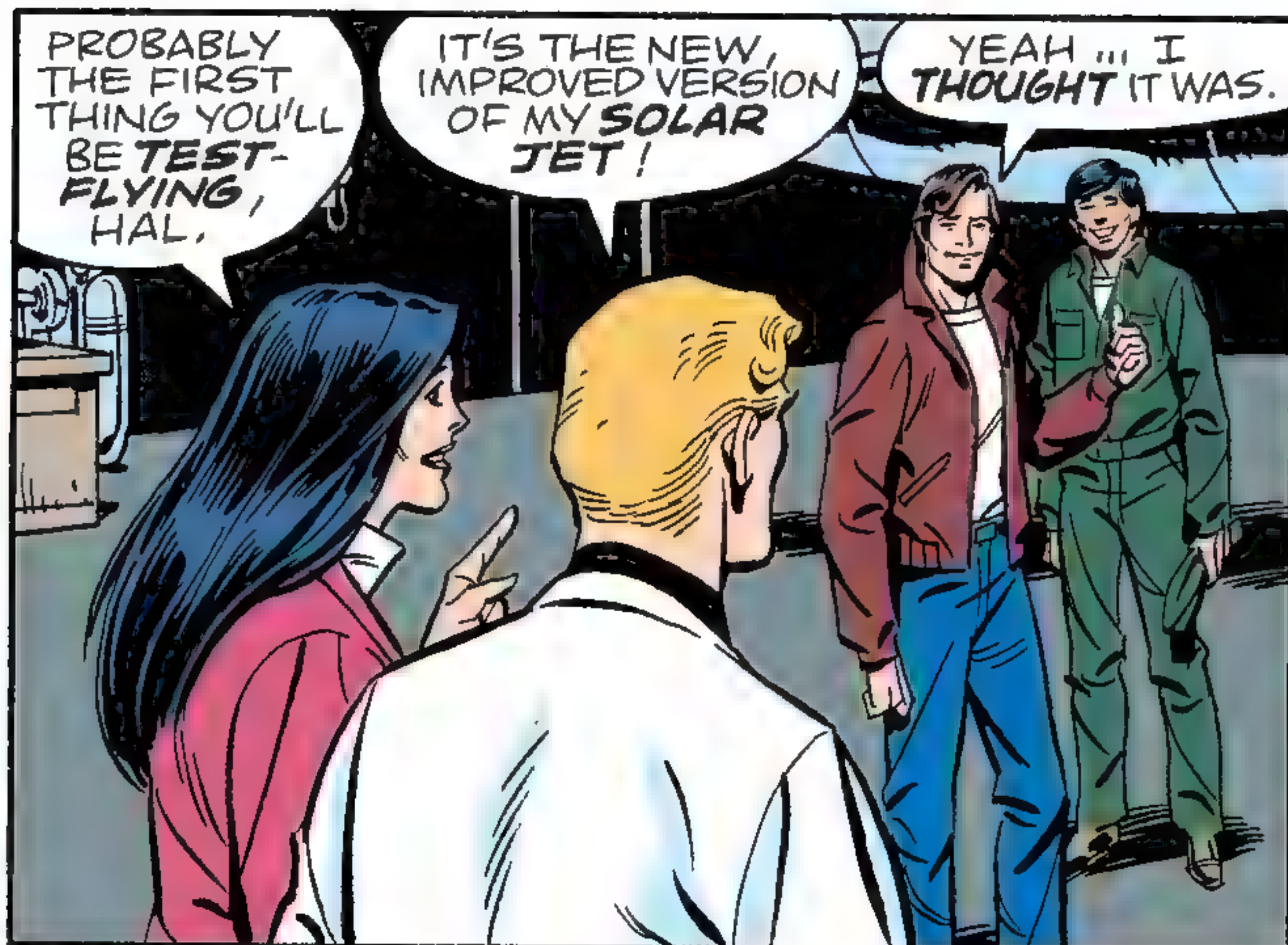




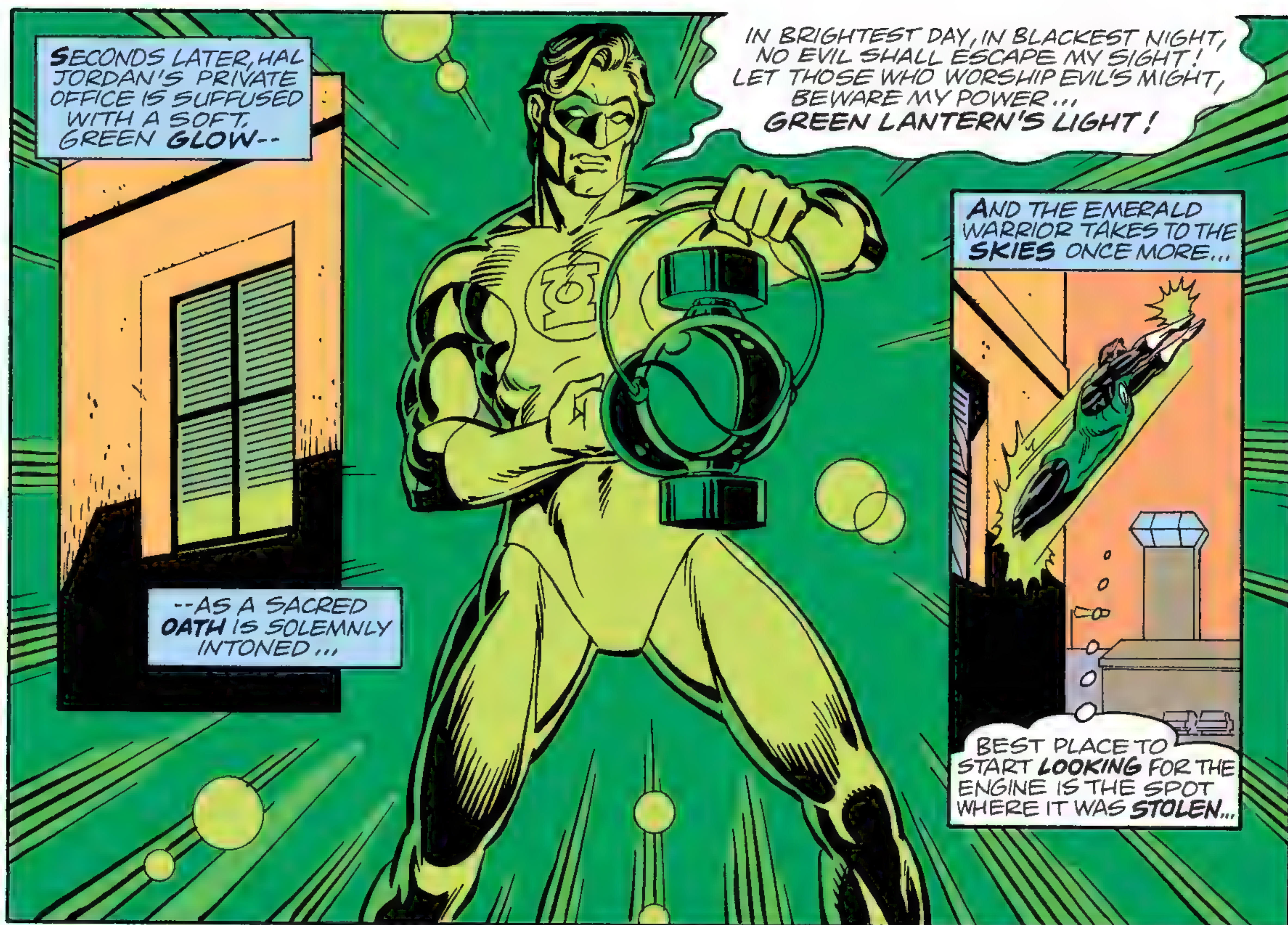












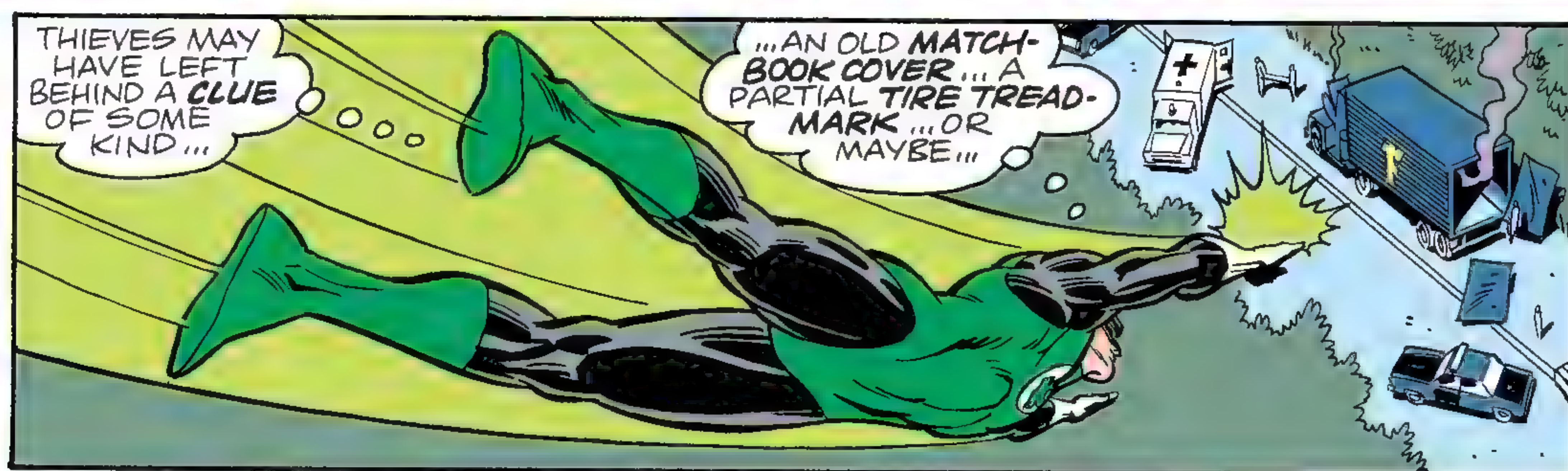
SECONDS LATER, HAL JORDAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE IS SUFFUSED WITH A SOFT, GREEN GLOW--

IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN BLACKEST NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT! LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT, BEWARE MY POWER... GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!

AND THE EMERALD WARRIOR TAKES TO THE SKIES ONCE MORE...

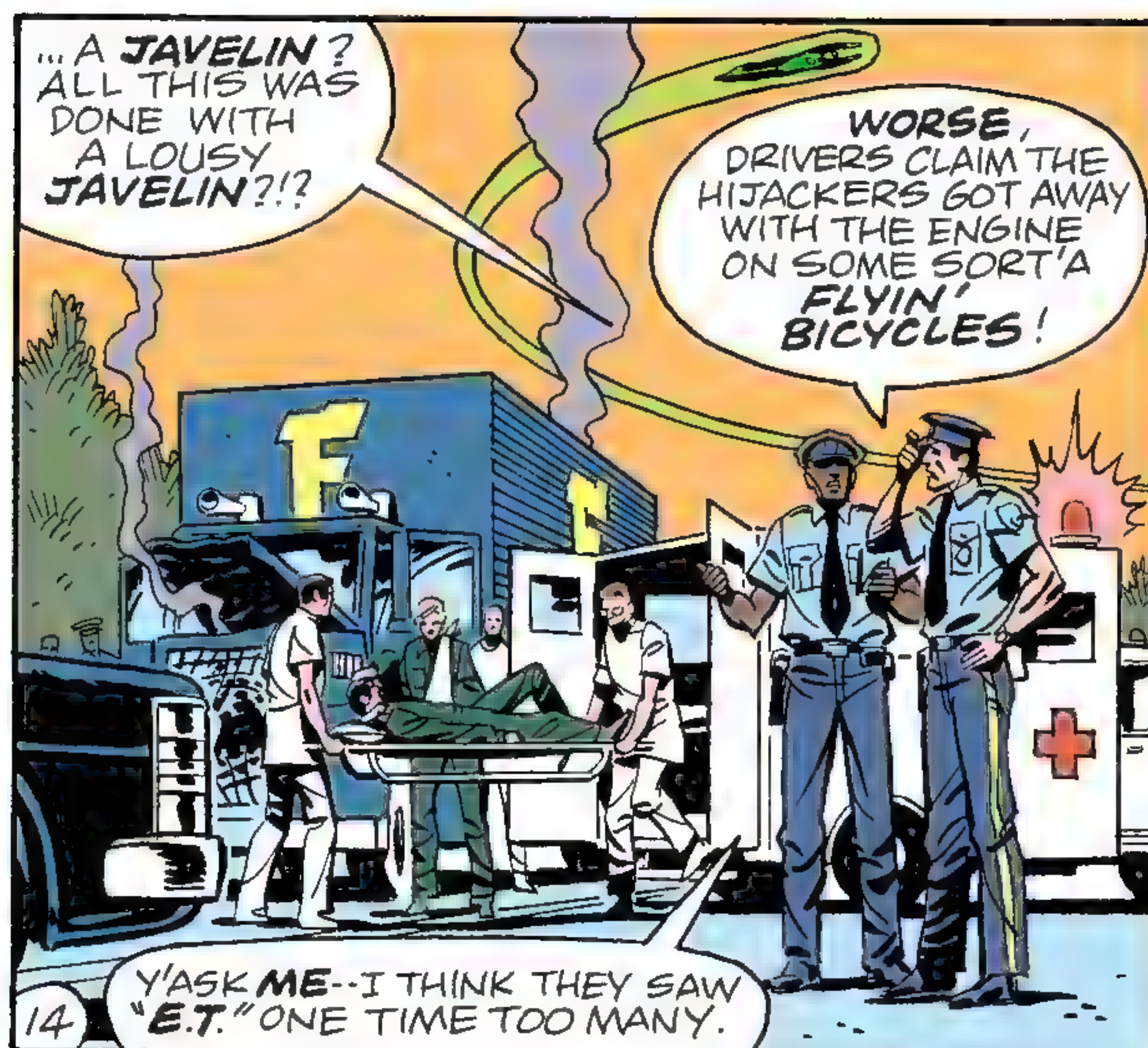
--AS A SACRED OATH IS SOLEMNLY INTONED...

BEST PLACE TO START LOOKING FOR THE ENGINE IS THE SPOT WHERE IT WAS **STOLEN**...



THIEVES MAY HAVE LEFT BEHIND A **CLUE** OF SOME KIND...

...AN OLD MATCH-BOOK COVER... A PARTIAL TIRE TREAD-MARK... OR MAYBE...



...A **JAVELIN**? ALL THIS WAS DONE WITH A LOUSY **JAVELIN**?!!

**WORSE**, DRIVERS CLAIM THE HIJACKERS GOT AWAY WITH THE ENGINE ON SOME SORT 'A **FLYIN' BICYCLES**!

Y'ASK ME--I THINK THEY SAW "**E.T.**" ONE TIME TOO MANY.

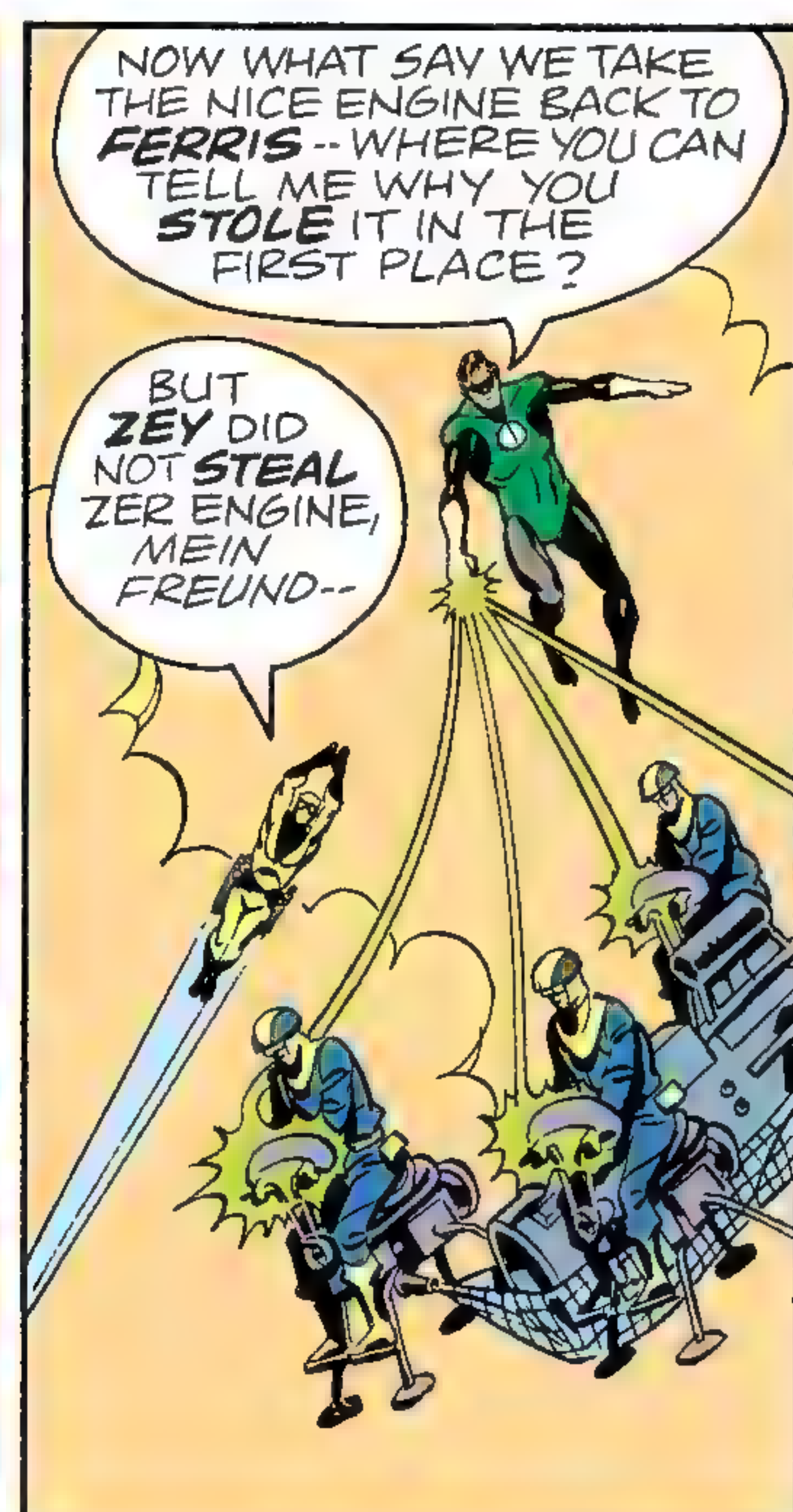
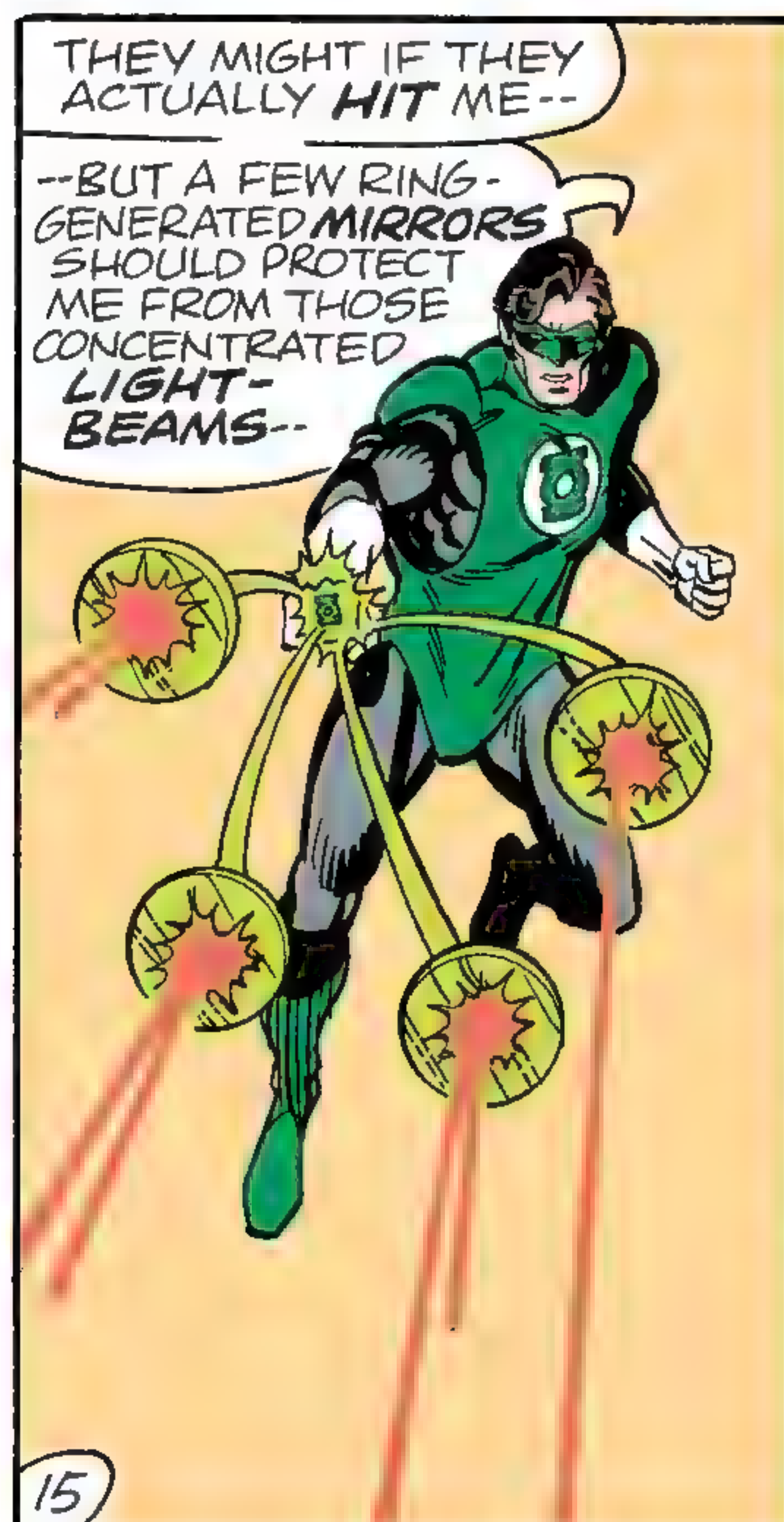


WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE OLD "**TIRE TREAD-MARK**" THEORY--

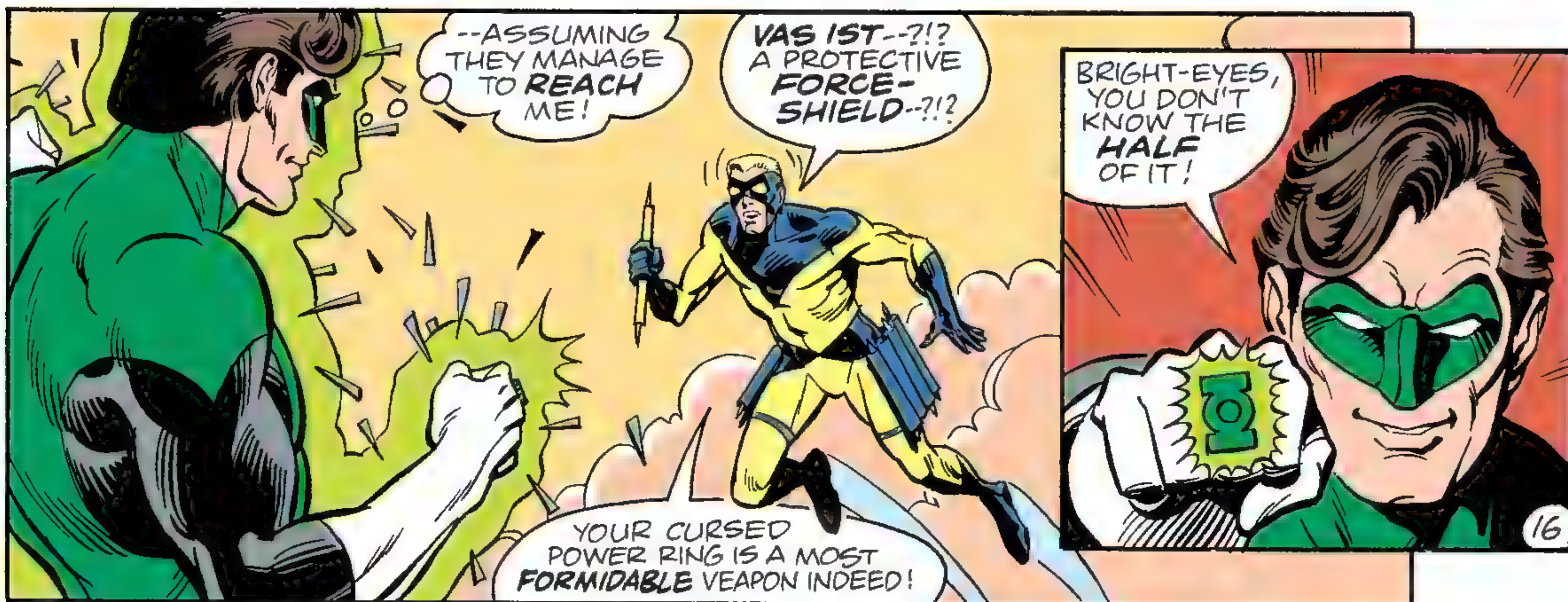
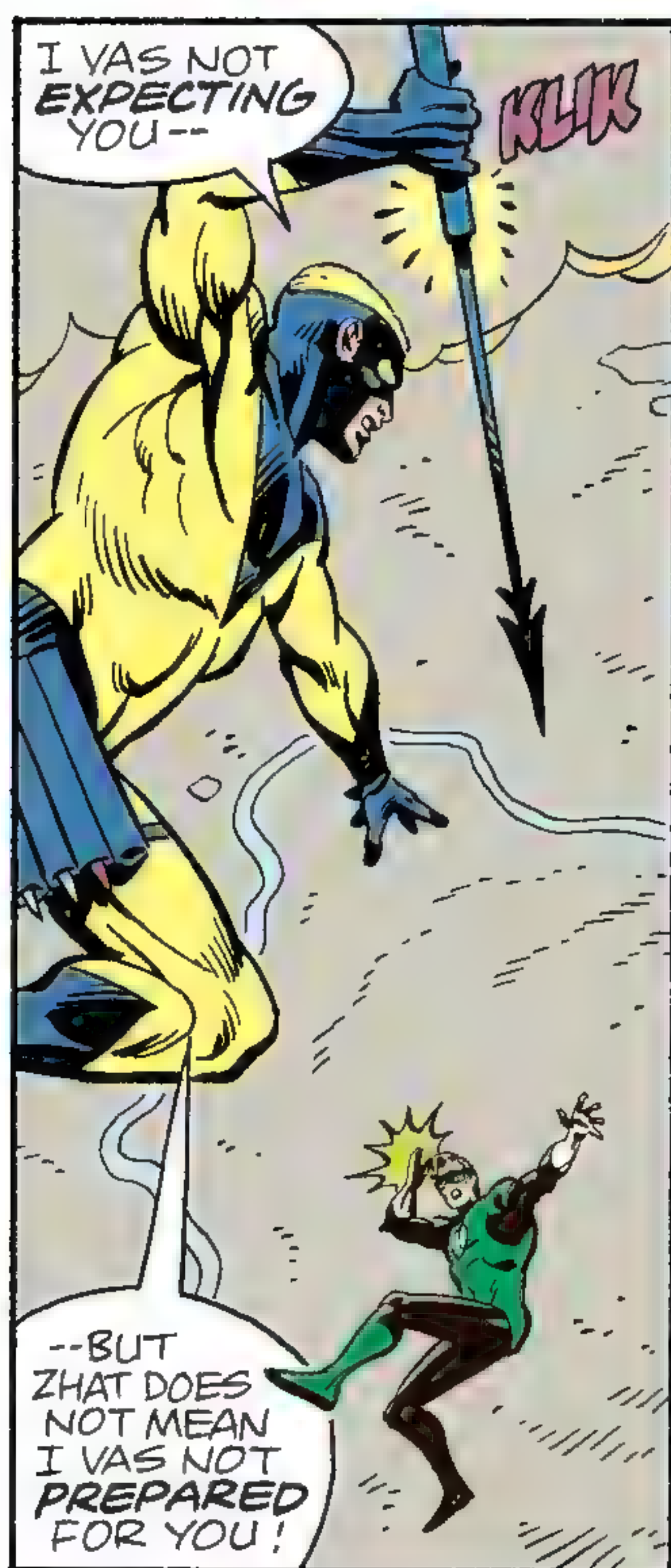
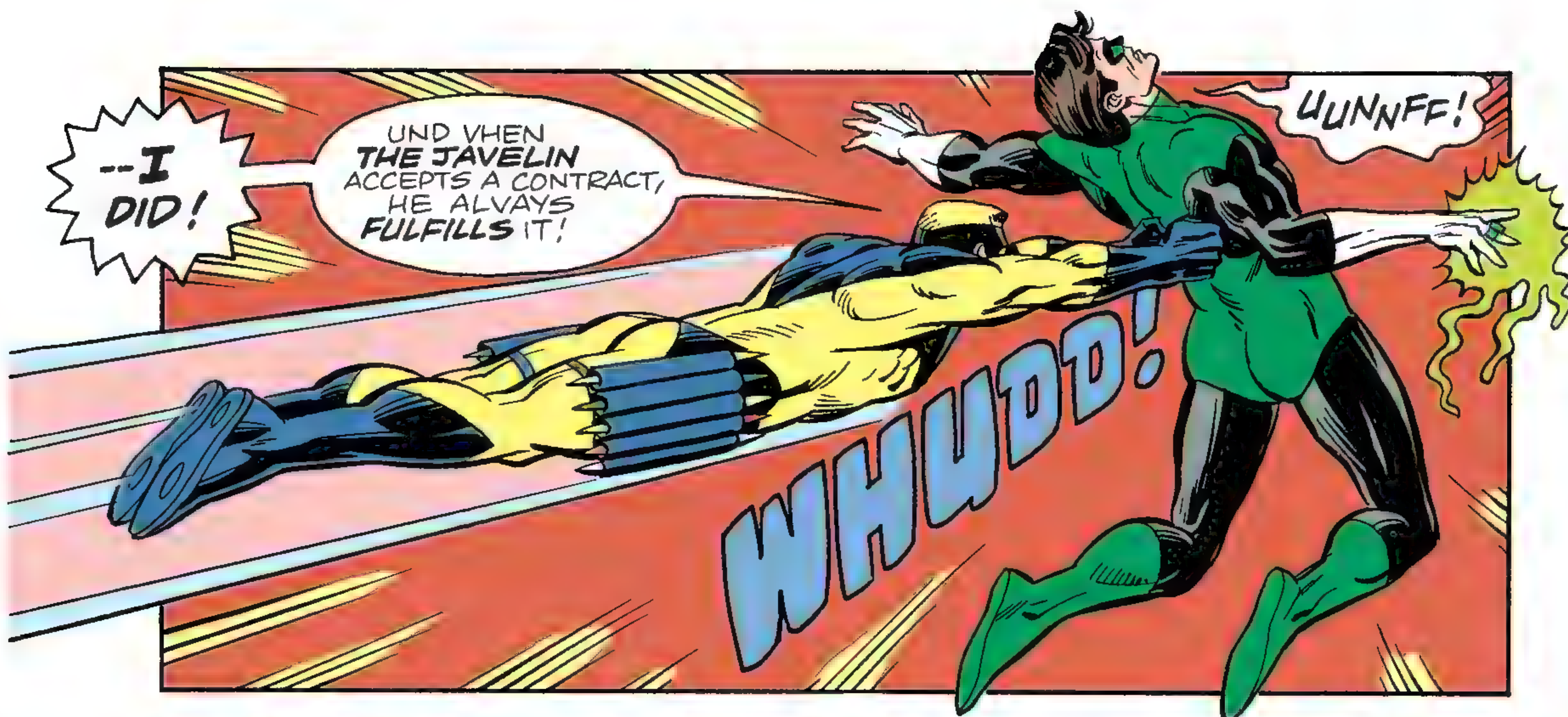
--**FLYING BICYCLES** DON'T **LEAVE** TREADMARKS!

BUT THEY **DO** LEAVE BEHIND A **RESIDUE TRAIL** I CAN FOLLOW WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY **POWER RING**!

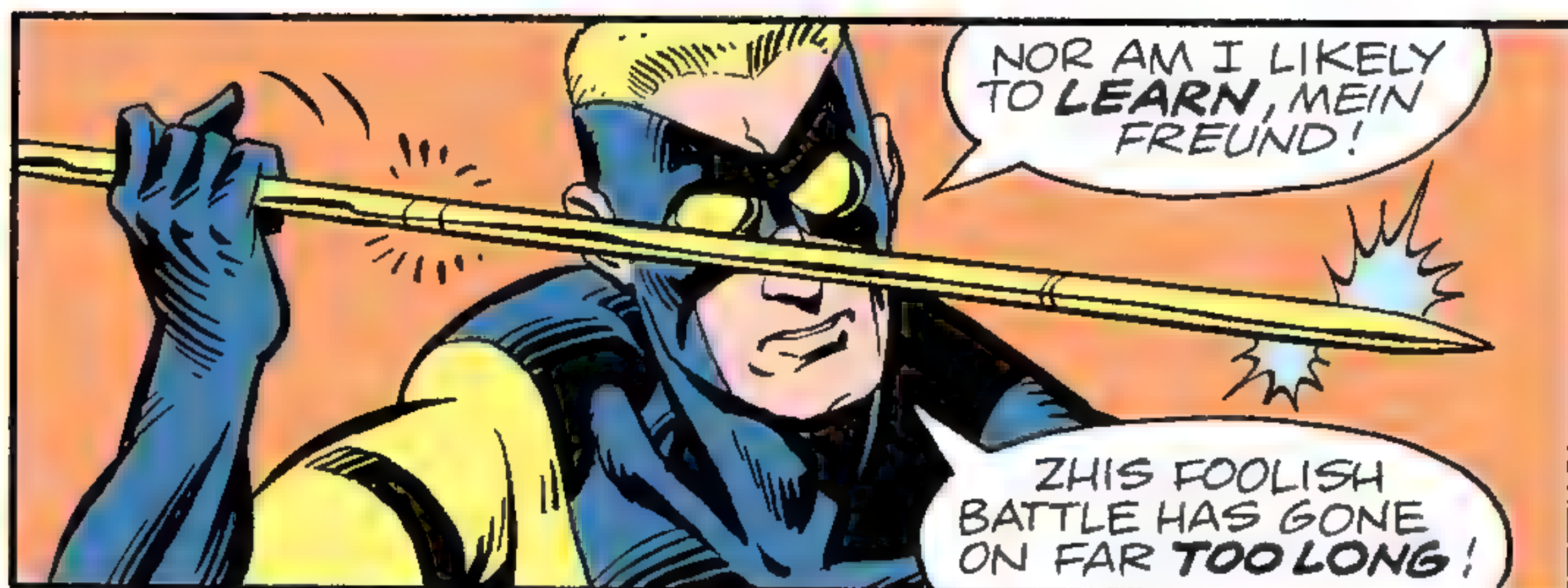






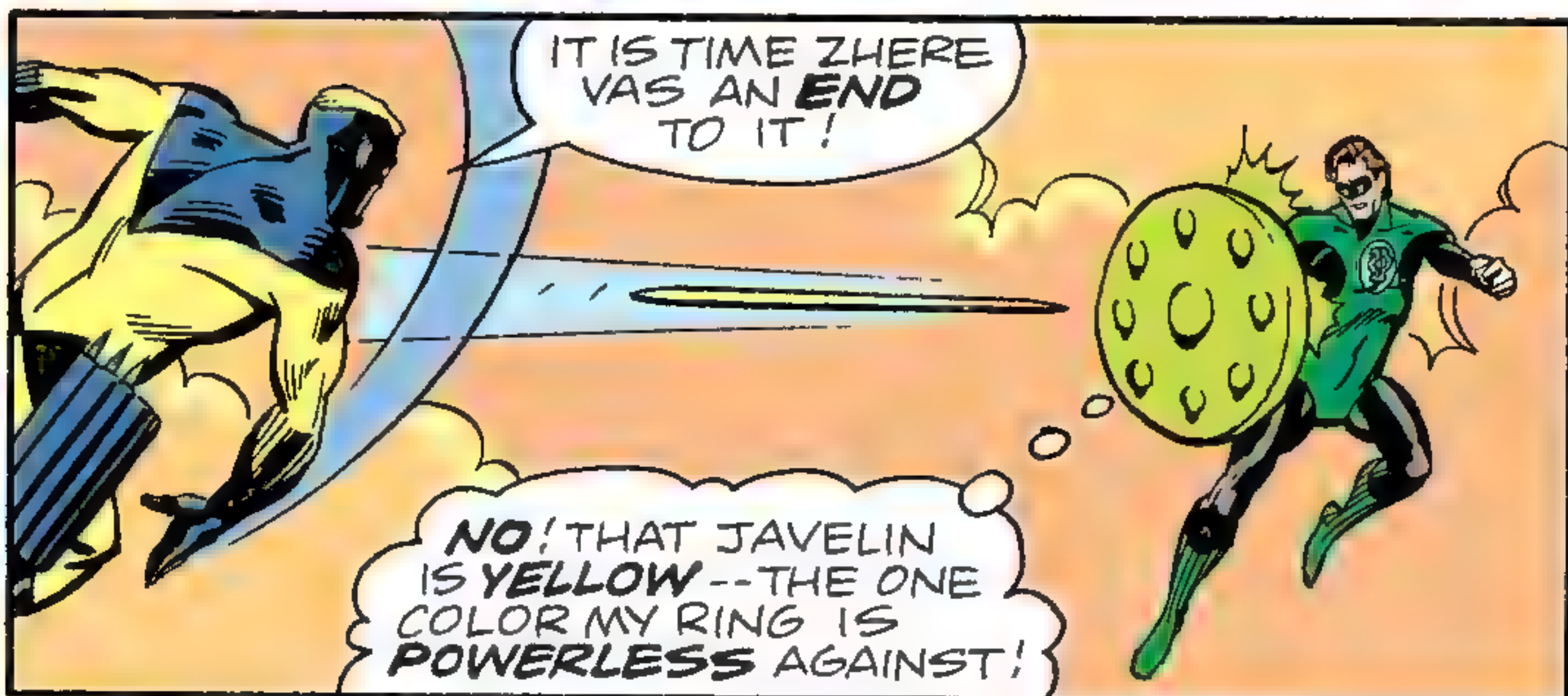






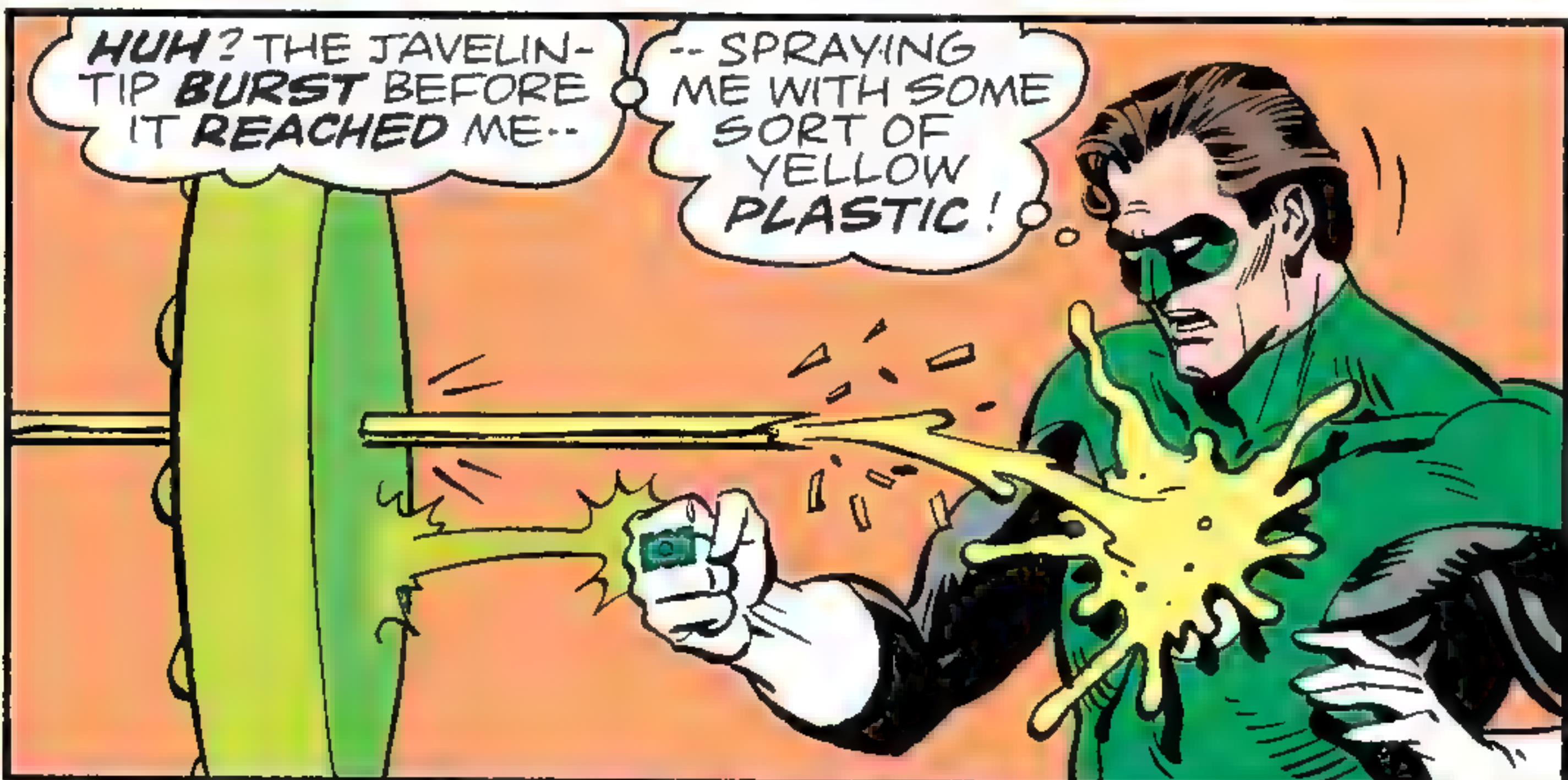
NOR AM I LIKELY TO **LEARN**, MEIN FREUND!

ZHIS FOOLISH BATTLE HAS GONE ON FAR **TOO LONG**!



IT IS TIME THERE VAS AN **END** TO IT!

**NO!** THAT JAVELIN IS **YELLOW**--THE ONE COLOR MY RING IS **POWERLESS** AGAINST!

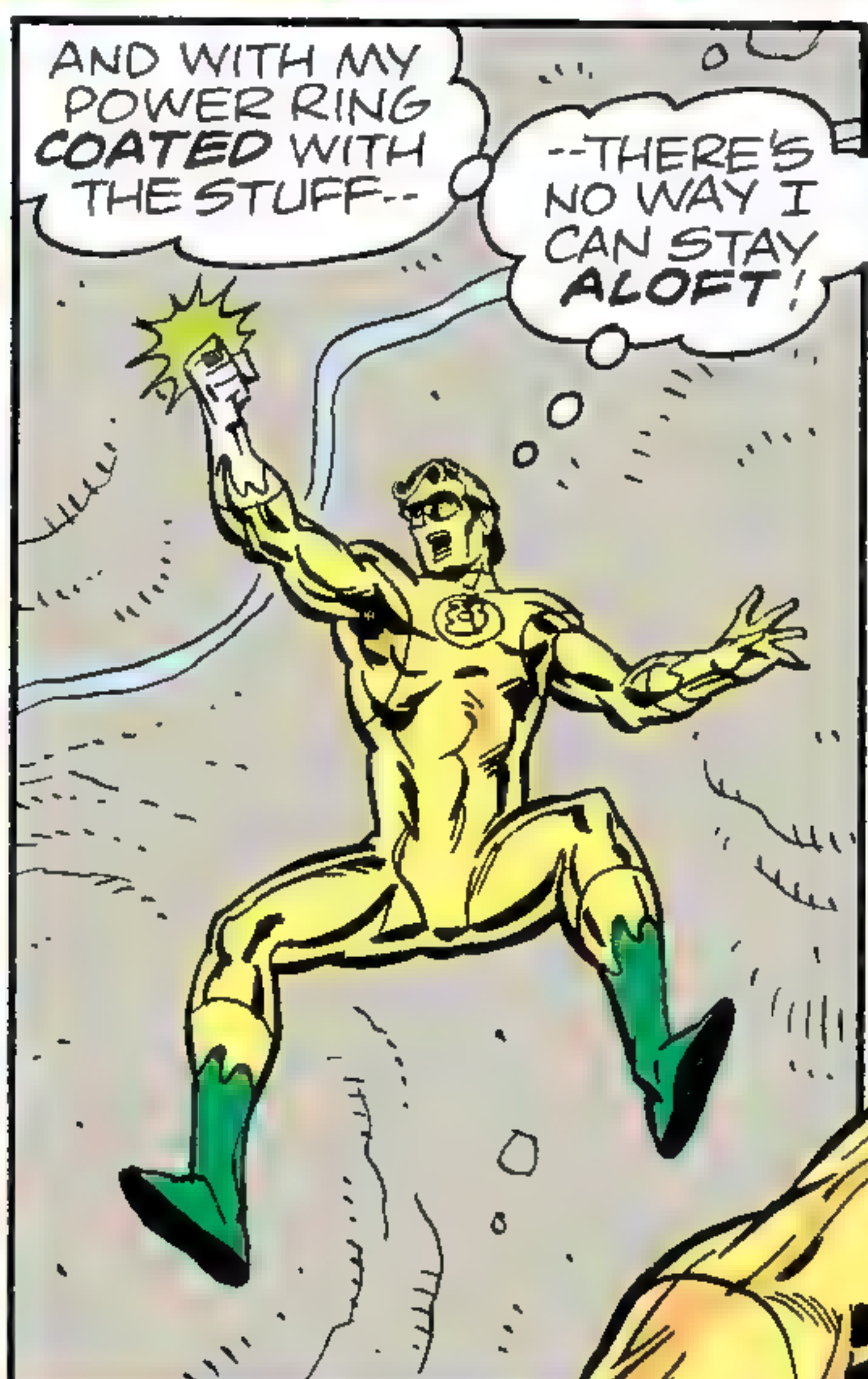


HUH? THE JAVELIN-TIP **BURST** BEFORE IT **REACHED** ME--

--SPRAYING ME WITH SOME SORT OF **YELLOW PLASTIC**!



IT'S SPREADING LIKE **WILDFIRE**--COVERING MY BODY **ENTIRELY**--!



AND WITH MY POWER RING **COATED** WITH THE STUFF--

--THERE'S NO WAY I CAN **STAY ALOFT**!



AUF WIEDERSEHEN, GREEN LANTERN-- BUT DO NOT **VORRY**!

IT IS NOT ZER **FALL** ZHAT VILL **KILL** YOU--

--IT IS ZER **SUDDEN STOP** AT ZER **BOTTOM**!

**HA HA HA HA HA**

**NEXT ISSUE**  
(ASSUMING THE EMERALD CRUSADER LIVES THAT LONG):

**"I SHOT A JAVELIN INTO THE AIR..!"**

JOIN US, WON'T YOU?





BY **LEN WEIN** AND **DAVE GIBBONS**

75¢  
174  
MAR. 84  
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

# GREEN LANTERN

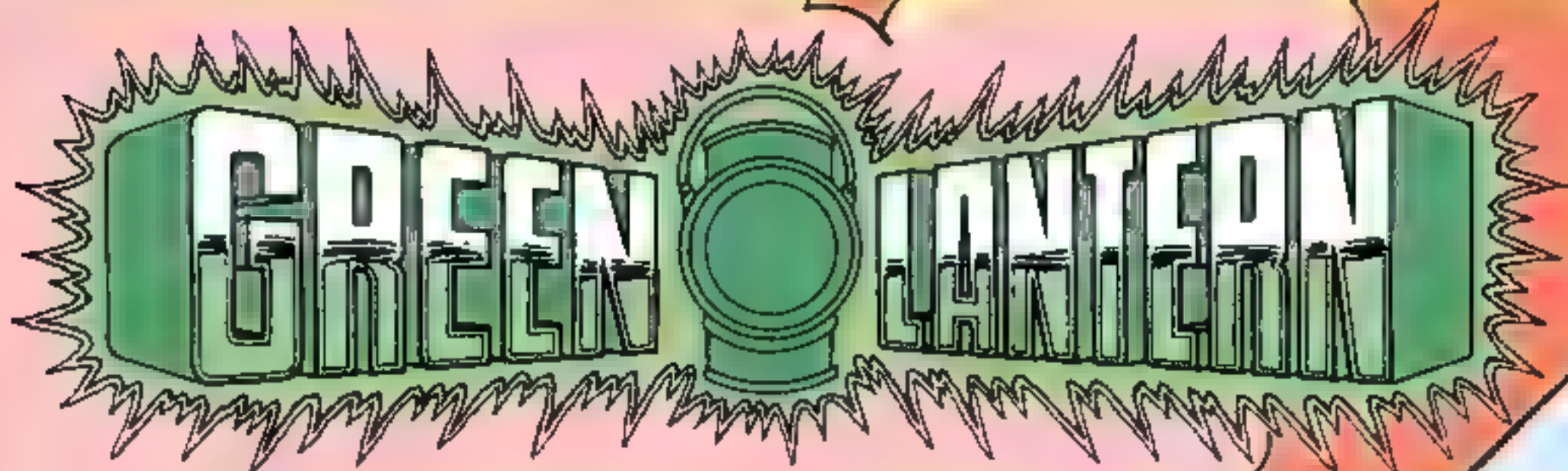
**TARGET:  
FERRIS!**

GIBBONS



WITNESS TWO IMPLACABLE FOES LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT  
15,000 FEET ABOVE THE RUGGED CALIFORNIA COASTLINE: ONE  
IS THE TEUTONIC TERROR WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE JAVELIN...

THE OTHER IS THE EMERALD GLADIATOR  
KNOWN ACROSS THE COSMOS AS ...



...AND IT DOESN'T TAKE  
MUCH AT THIS POINT TO  
GUESS WHICH SIDE  
IS WINNING!



AUF  
WIEDERSEHEN,  
GREEN LANTERN  
--BUT DO NOT  
VORRY!

IT IS  
NOT ZER FALL  
ZBAT VILL KILL  
YOU --

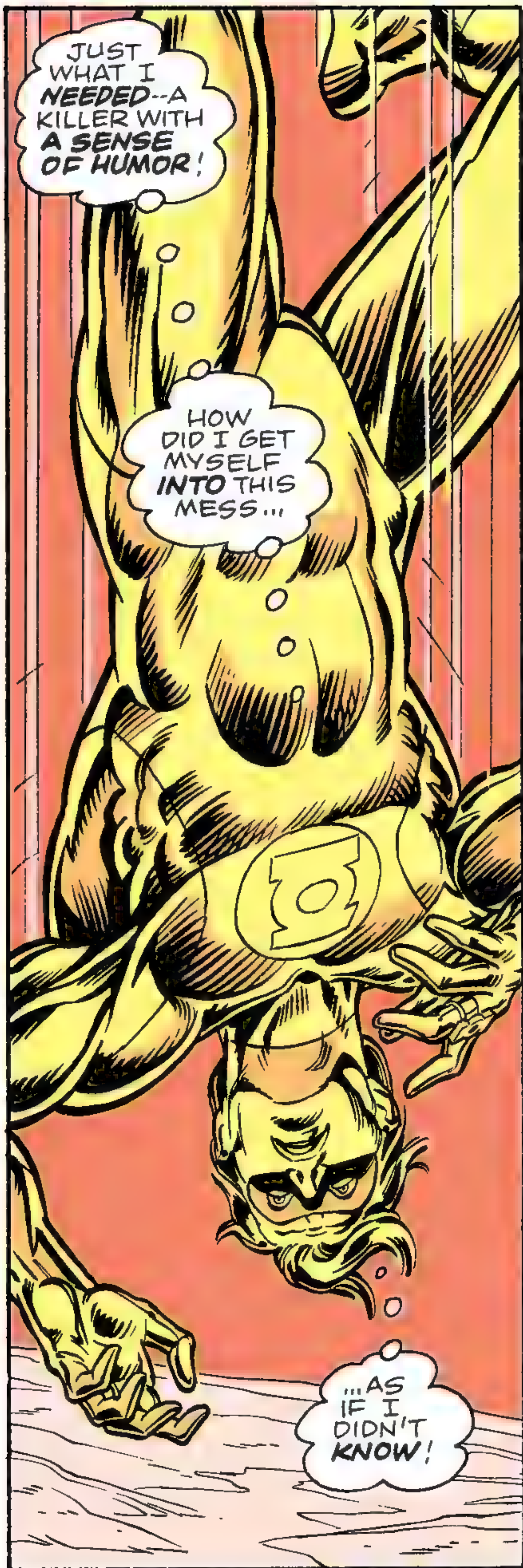
--IT IS  
ZER SUDDEN  
STOP AT ZER  
BOTTOM!



"I SHOT A JAVELIN INTO THE AIR...!"

LEN WEIN: WRITER/EDITOR \* DAVE GIBBONS: ARTIST/LETTERER \* ANTHONY TOLLIN: COLORIST

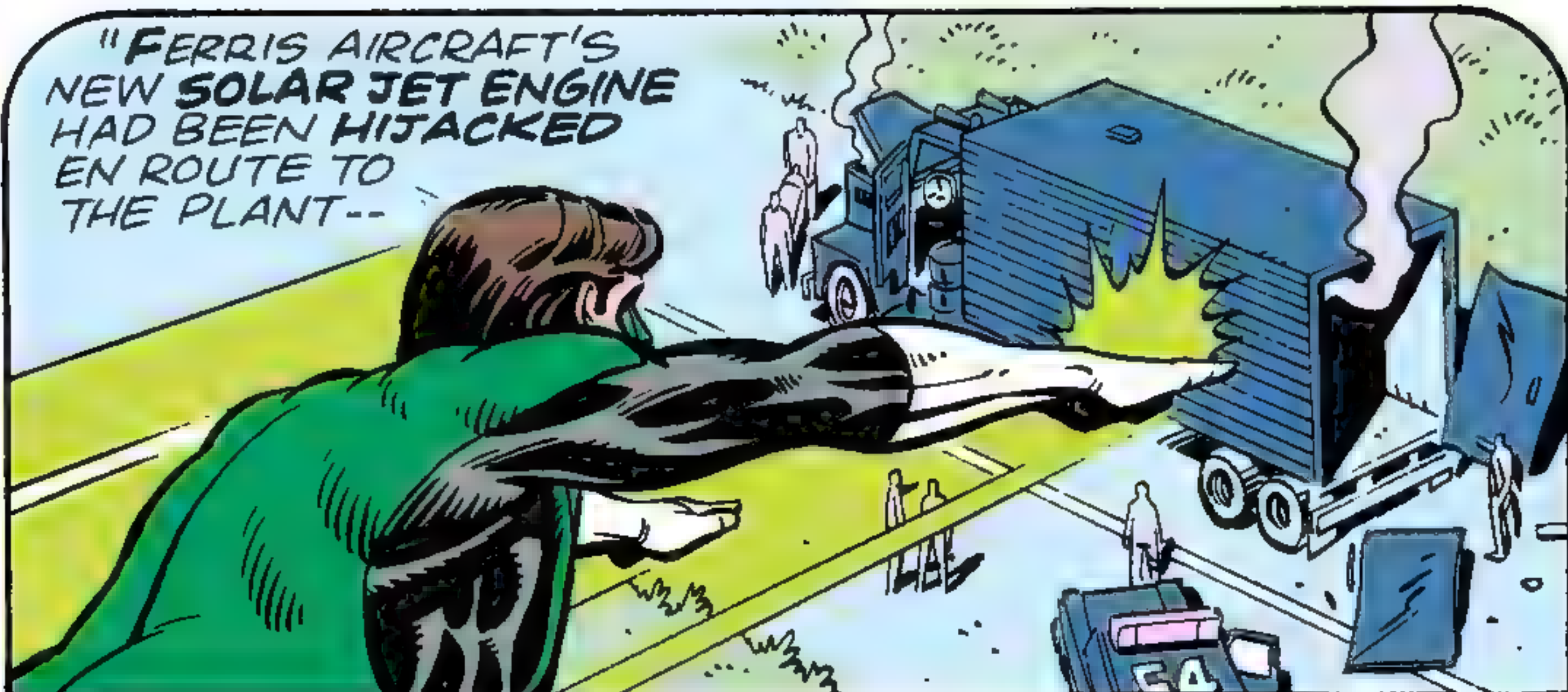




JUST WHAT I NEEDED--A KILLER WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR!

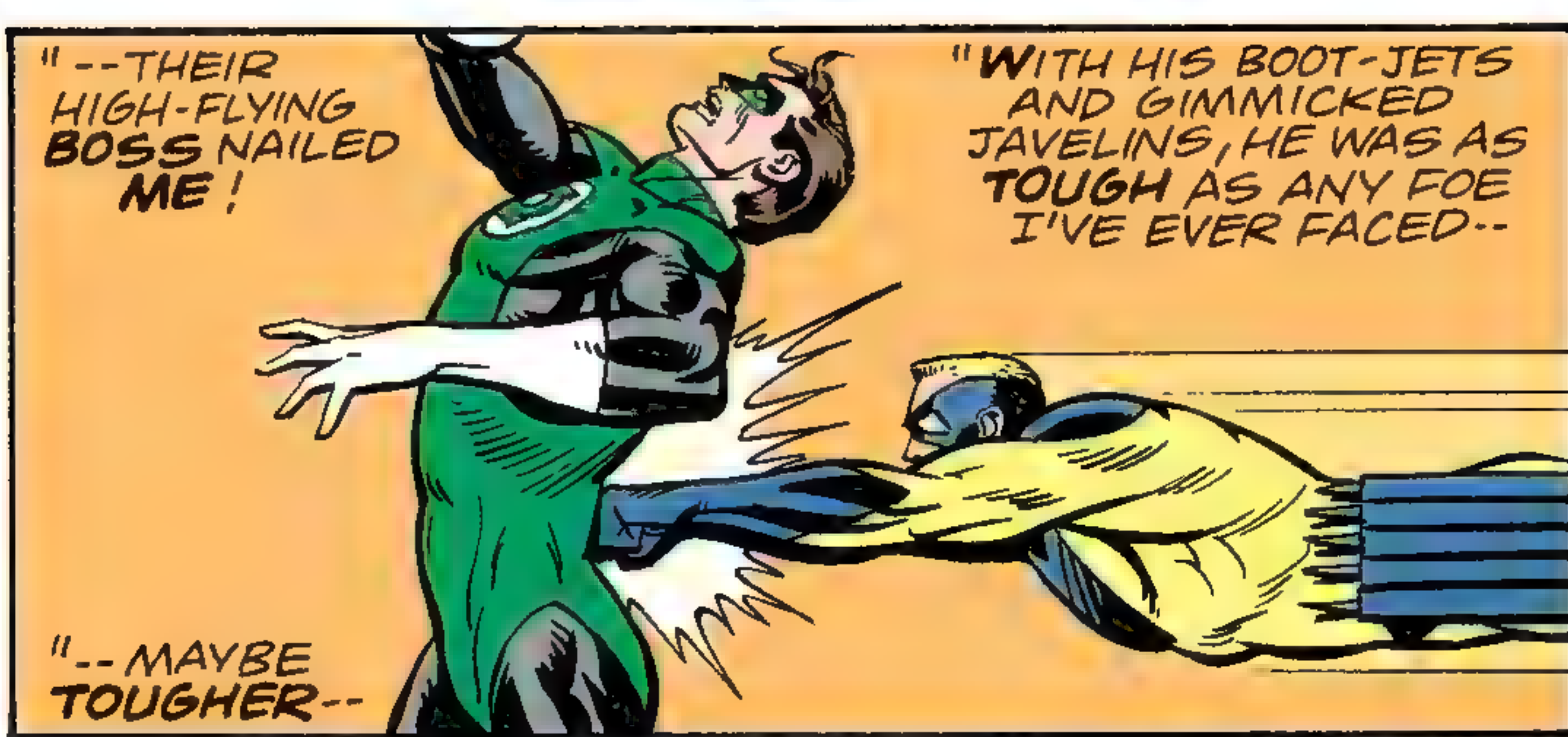
HOW DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS...

...AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!



"FERRIS AIRCRAFT'S NEW SOLAR JET ENGINE HAD BEEN HIJACKED EN ROUTE TO THE PLANT--"

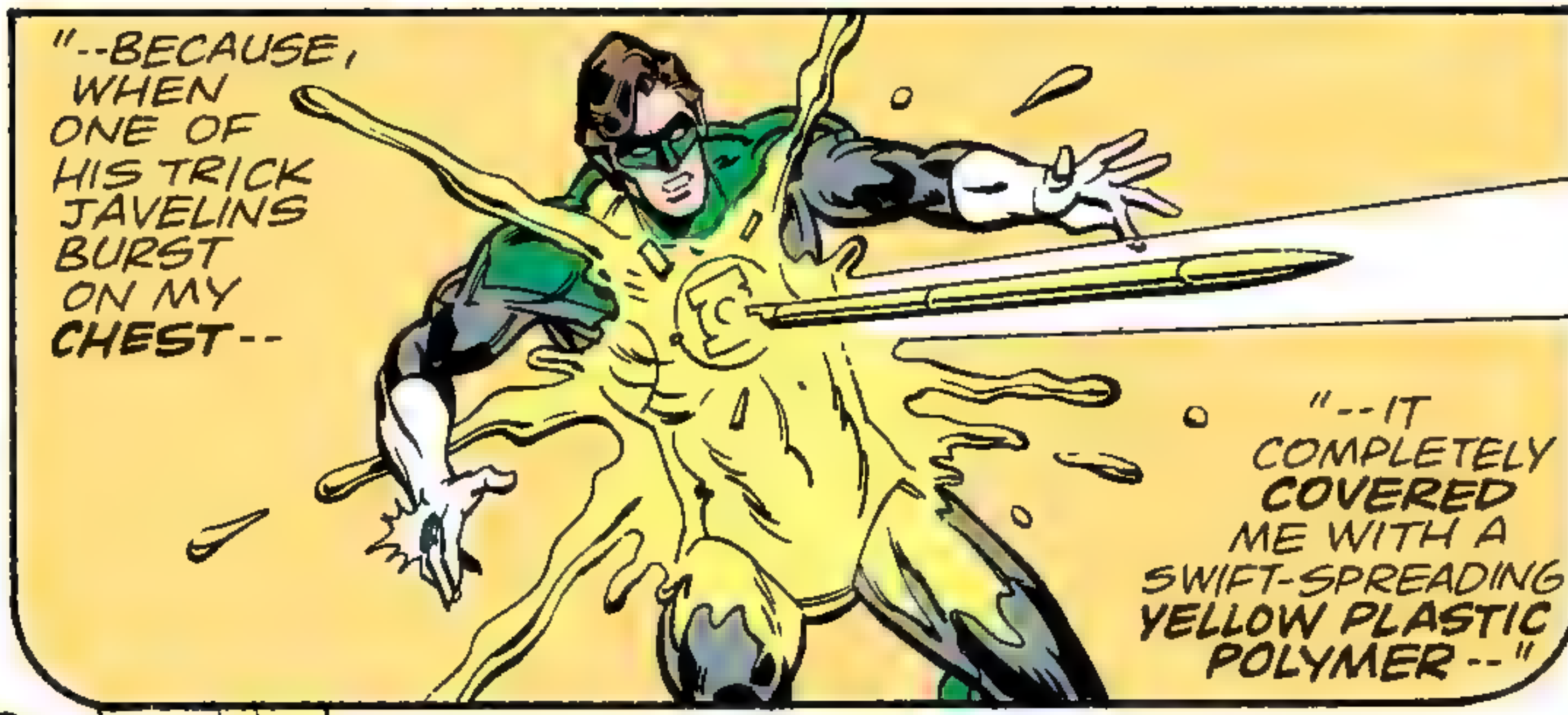
"-- AND WHEN I NAILED THE COSTUMED CREEPS WHO WERE CARRYING THE ENGINE --"



"--THEIR HIGH-FLYING BOSS NAILED ME!

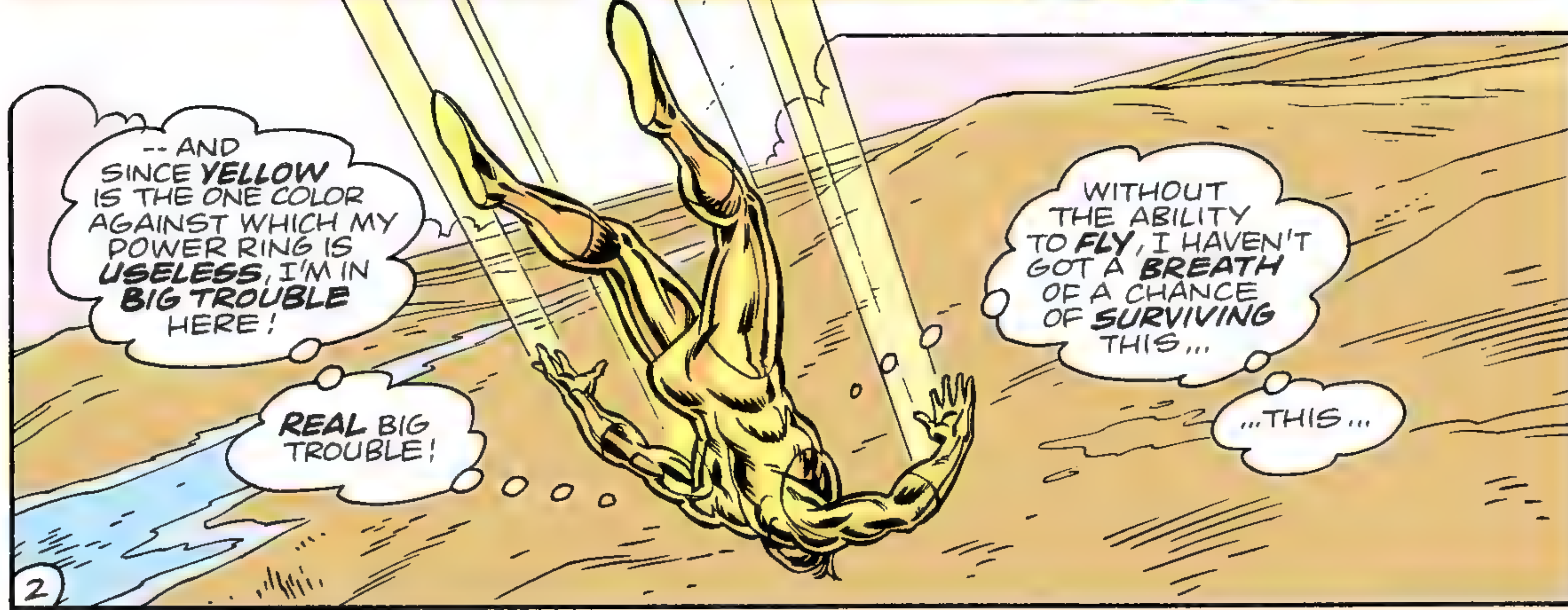
"WITH HIS BOOT-JETS AND GIMMICKED JAVELINS, HE WAS AS TOUGH AS ANY FOE I'VE EVER FACED--"

"-- MAYBE TOUGHER--"



"--BECAUSE, WHEN ONE OF HIS TRICK JAVELINS BURST ON MY CHEST--"

"--IT COMPLETELY COVERED ME WITH A SWIFT-SPREADING YELLOW PLASTIC POLYMER--"



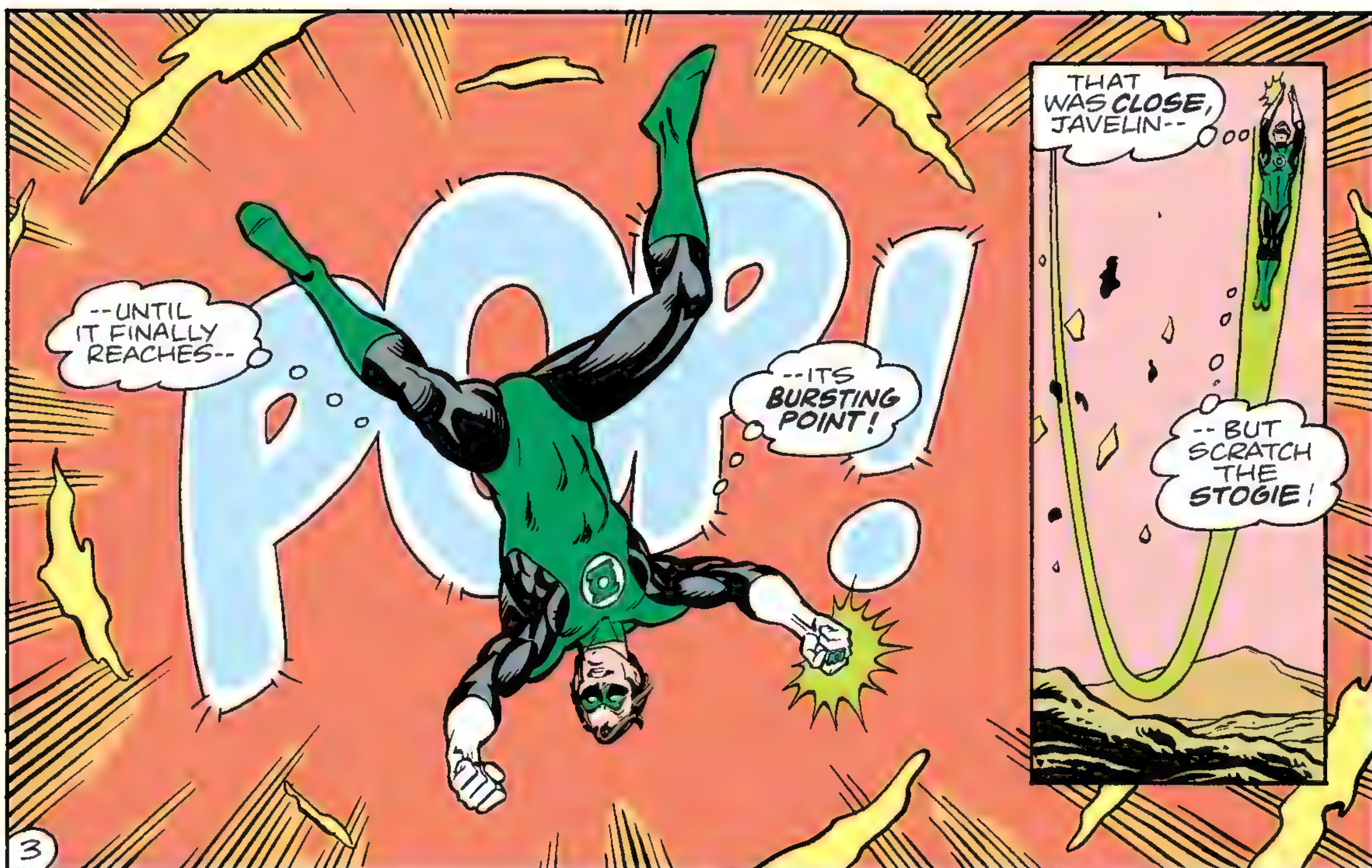
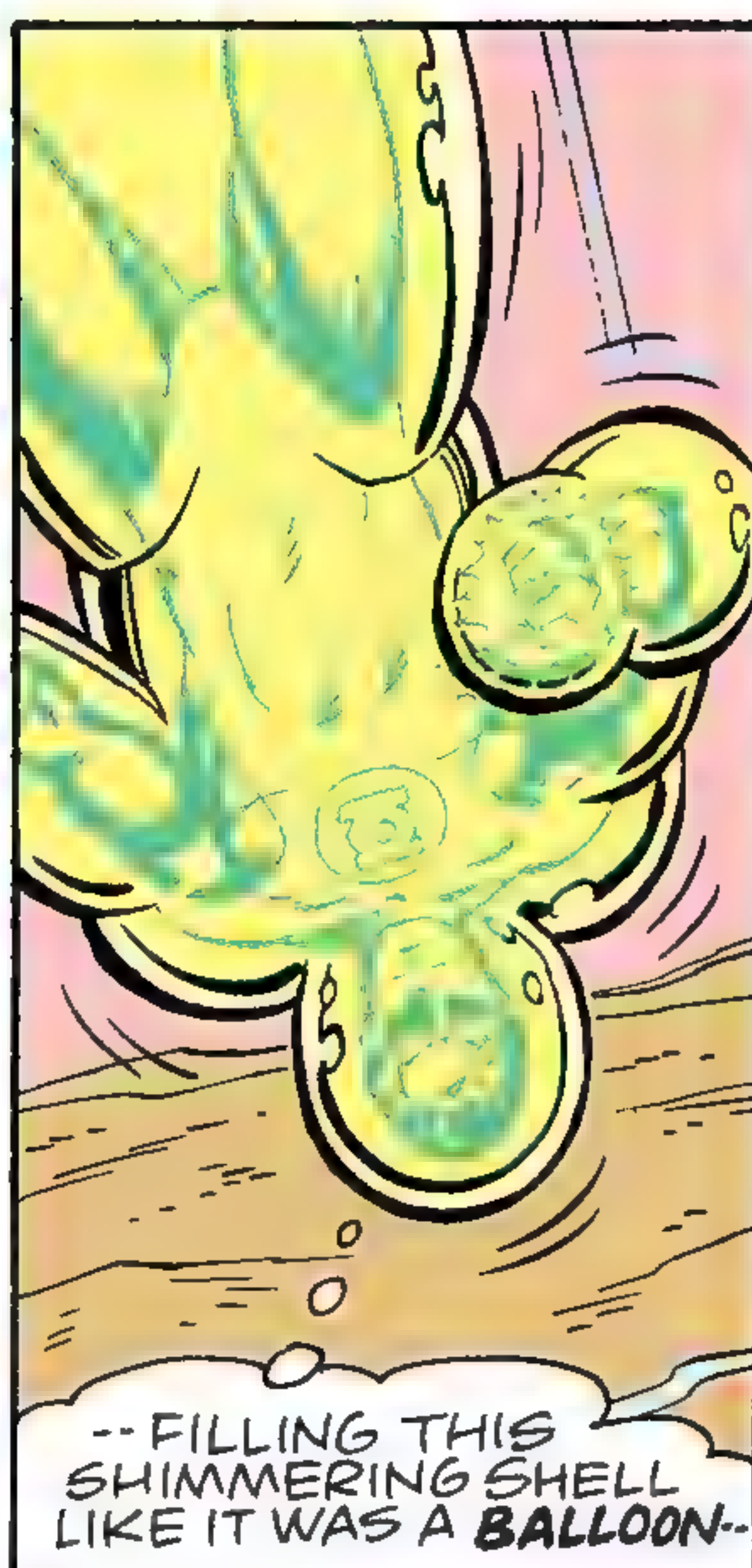
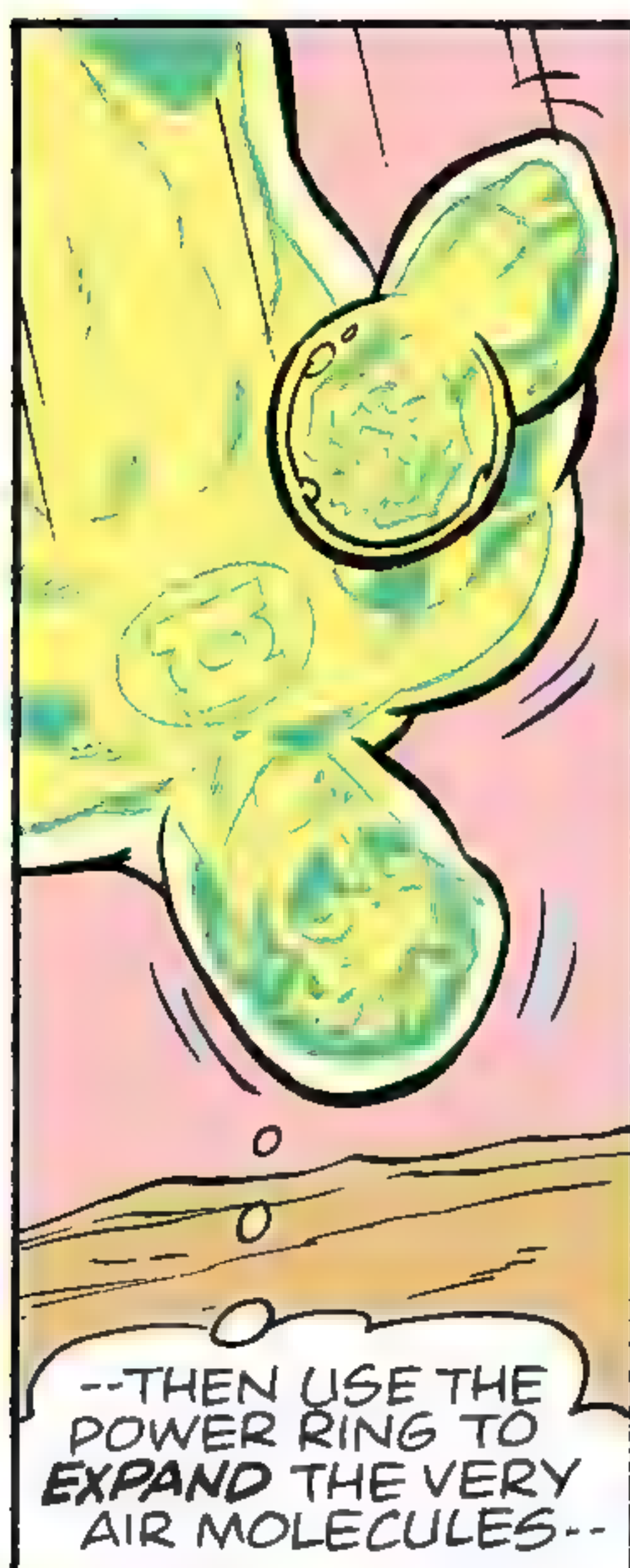
-- AND SINCE YELLOW IS THE ONE COLOR AGAINST WHICH MY POWER RING IS USELESS, I'M IN BIG TROUBLE HERE!

REAL BIG TROUBLE!

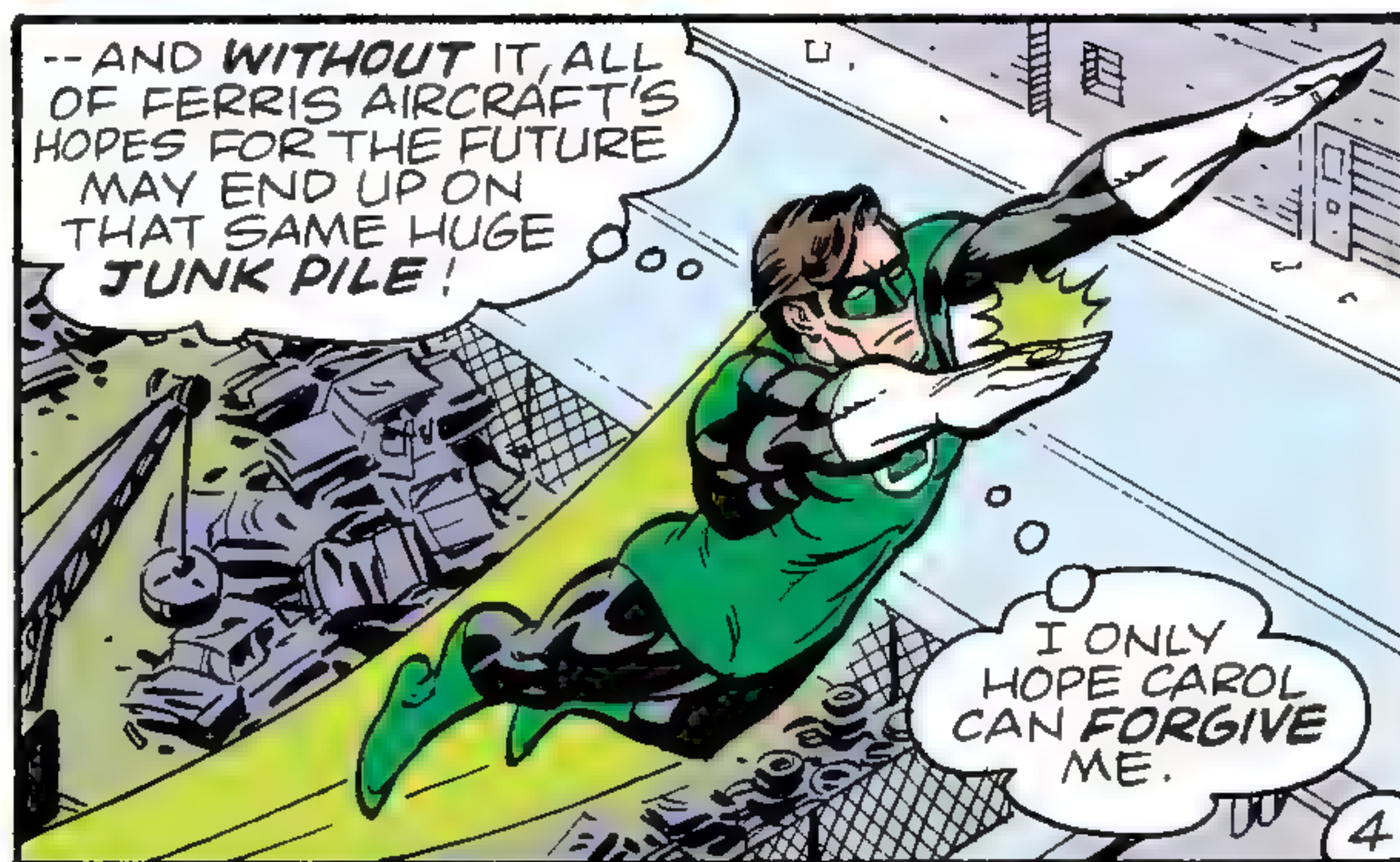
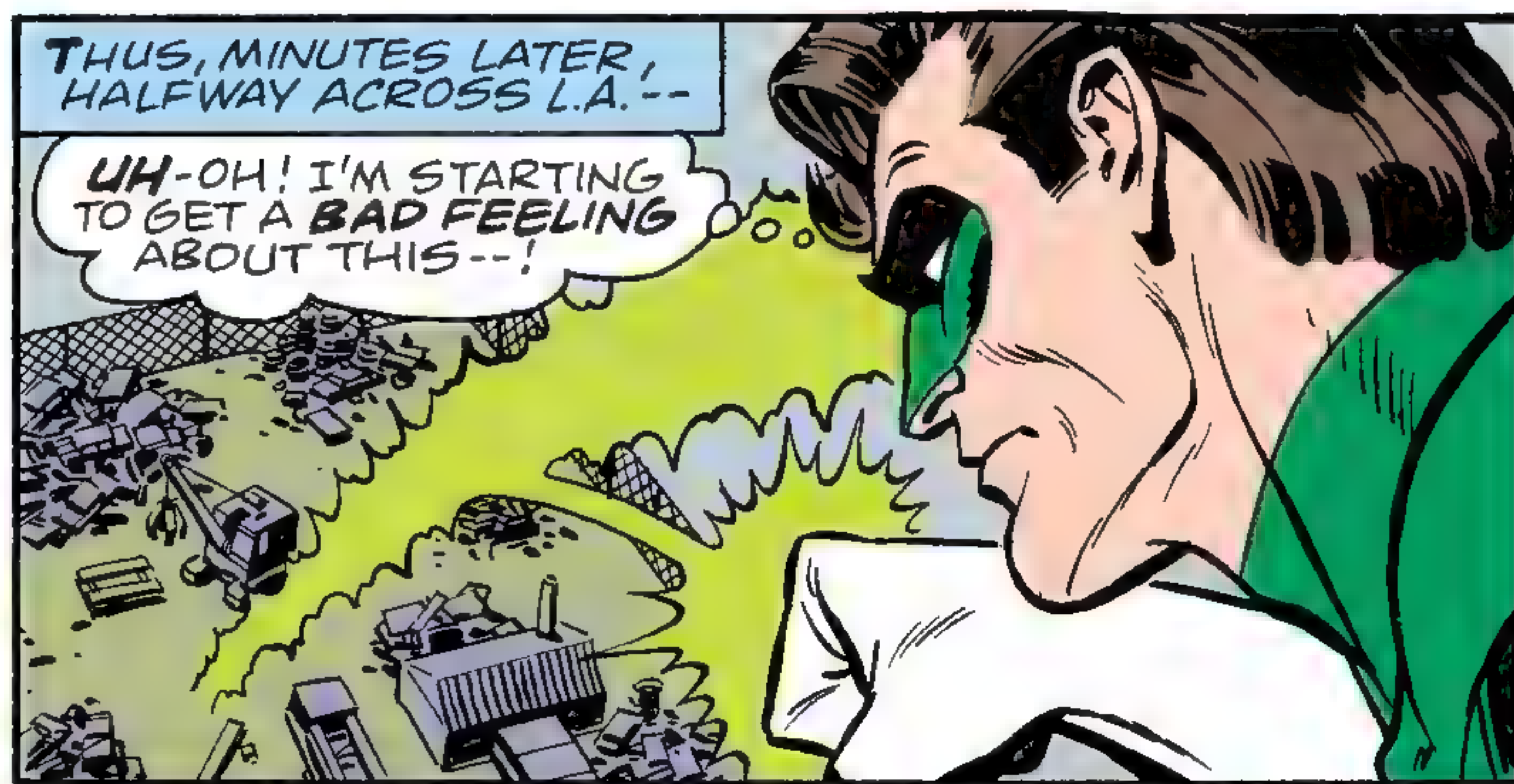
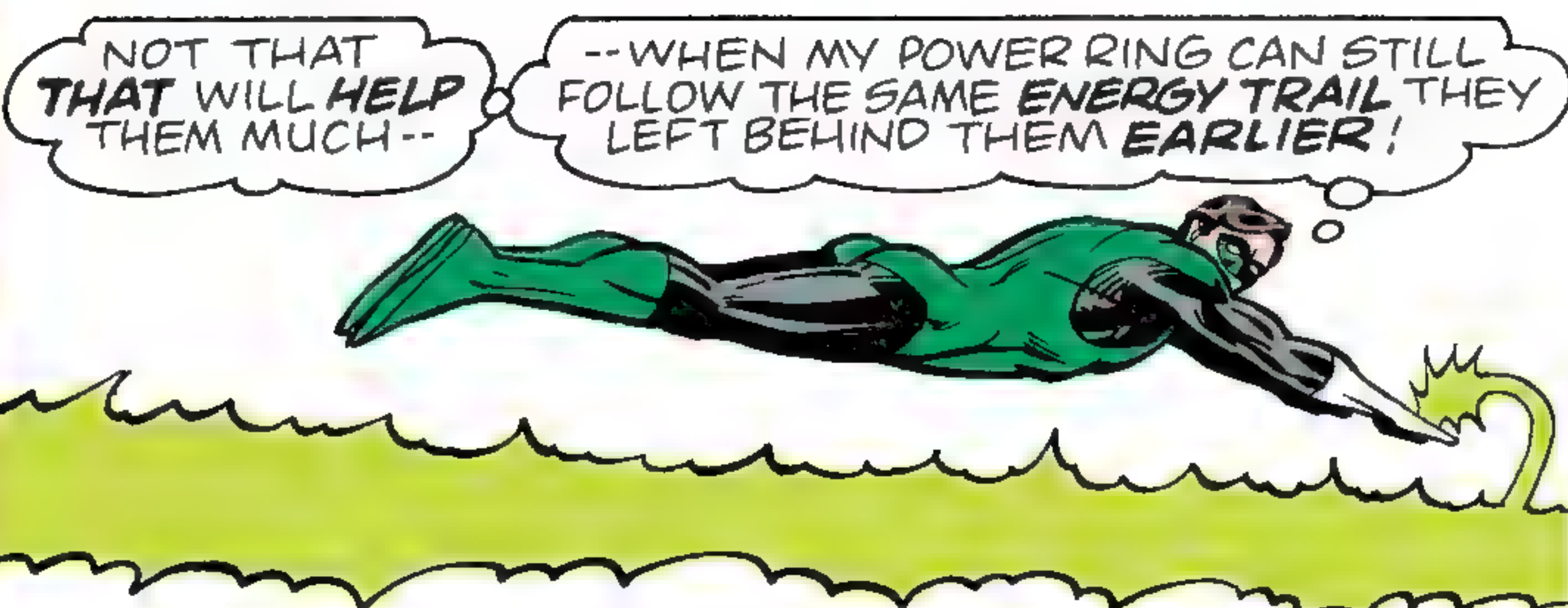
WITHOUT THE ABILITY TO FLY, I HAVEN'T GOT A BREATH OF A CHANCE OF SURVIVING THIS...

...THIS...

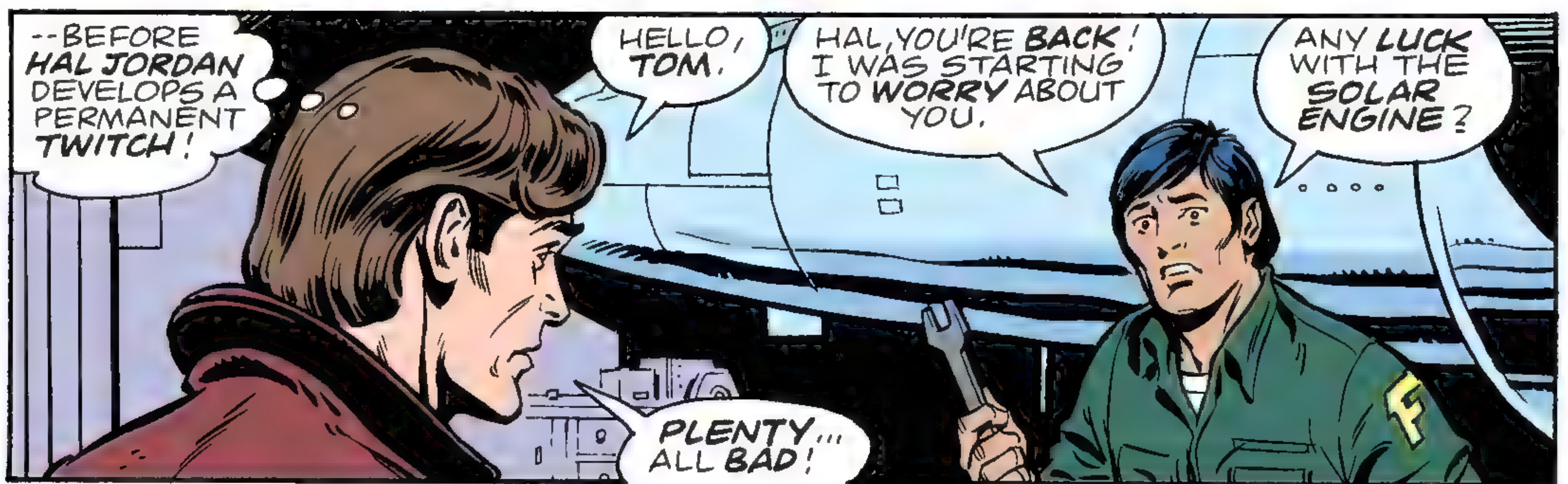
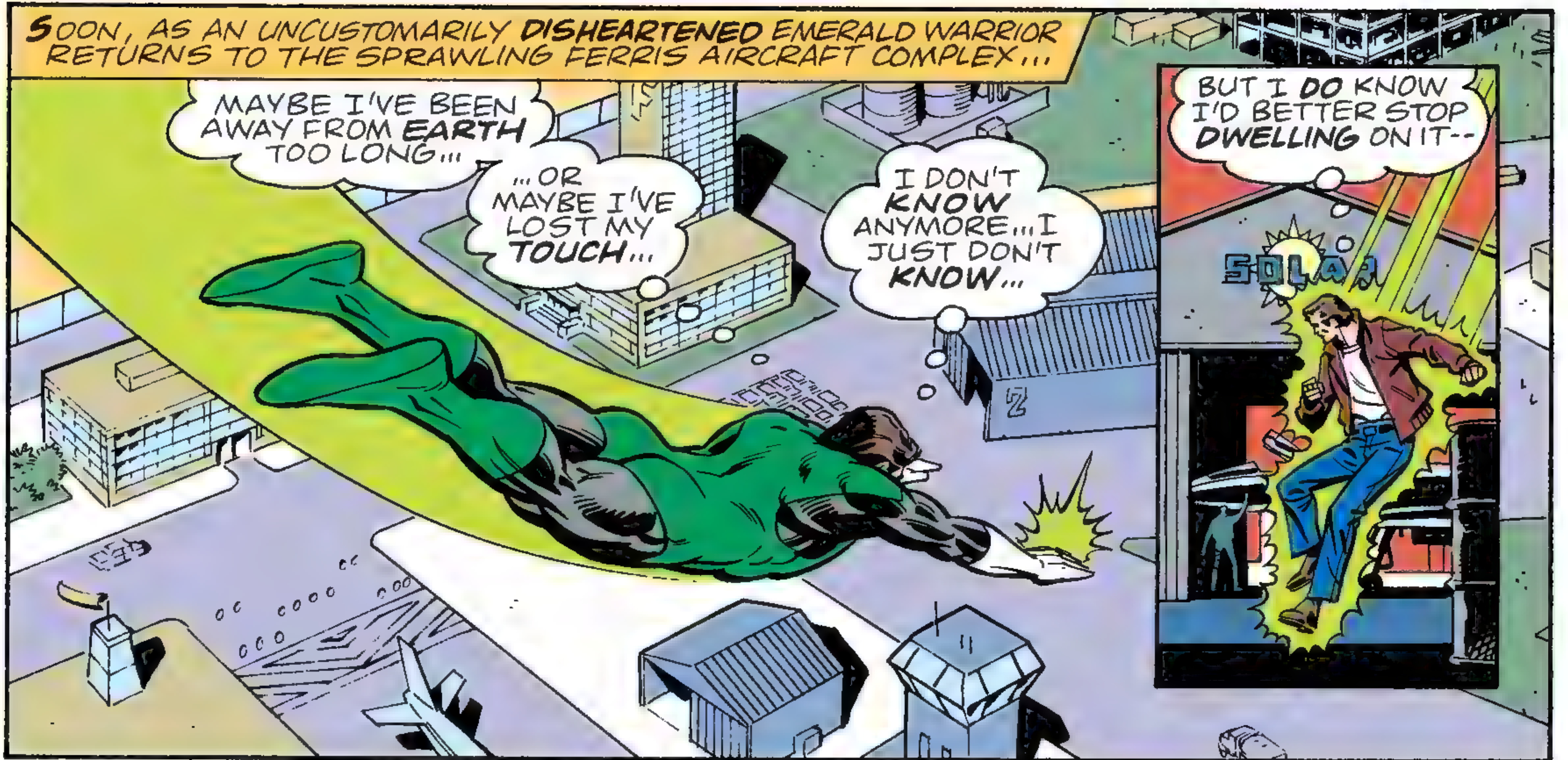




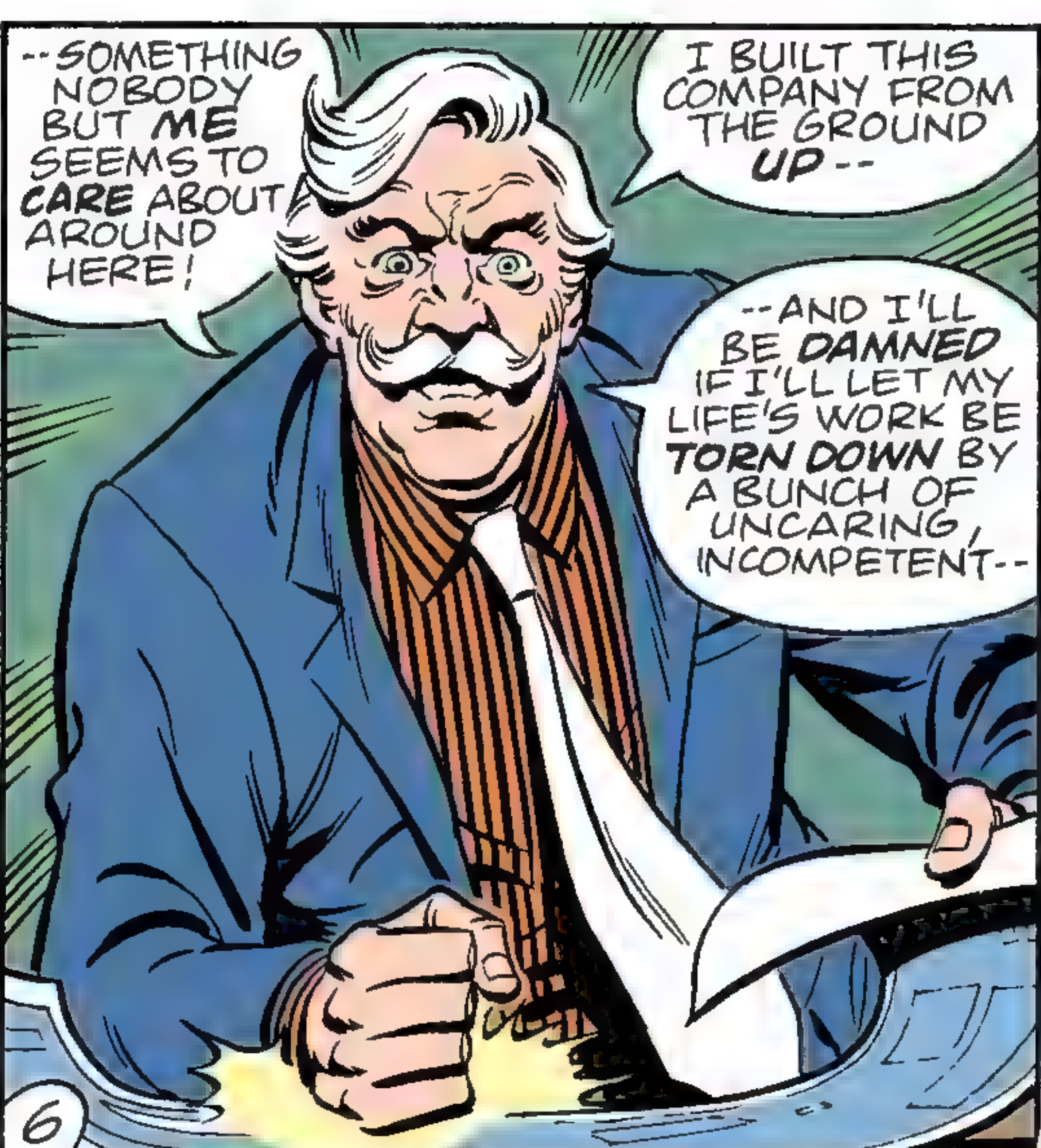
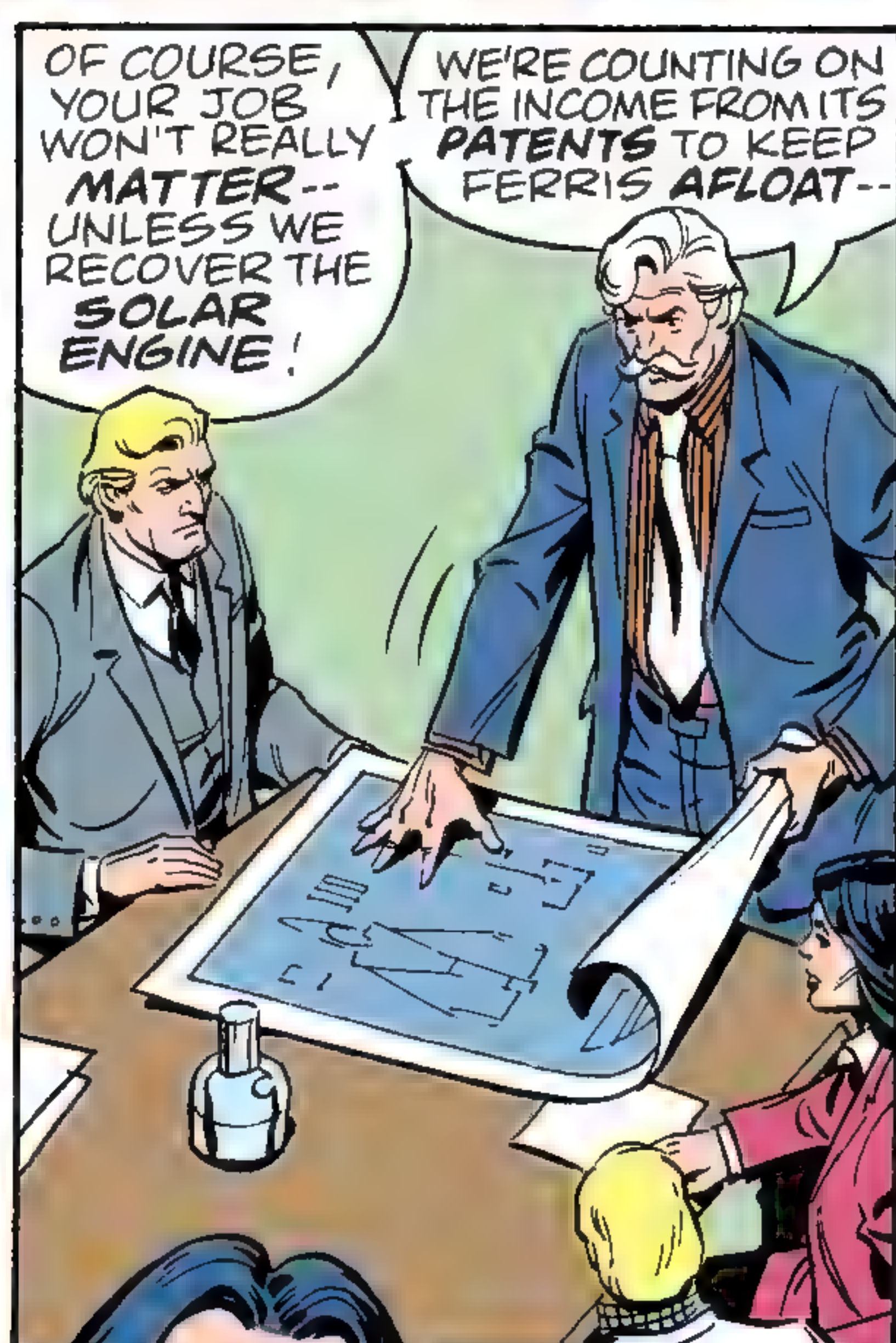
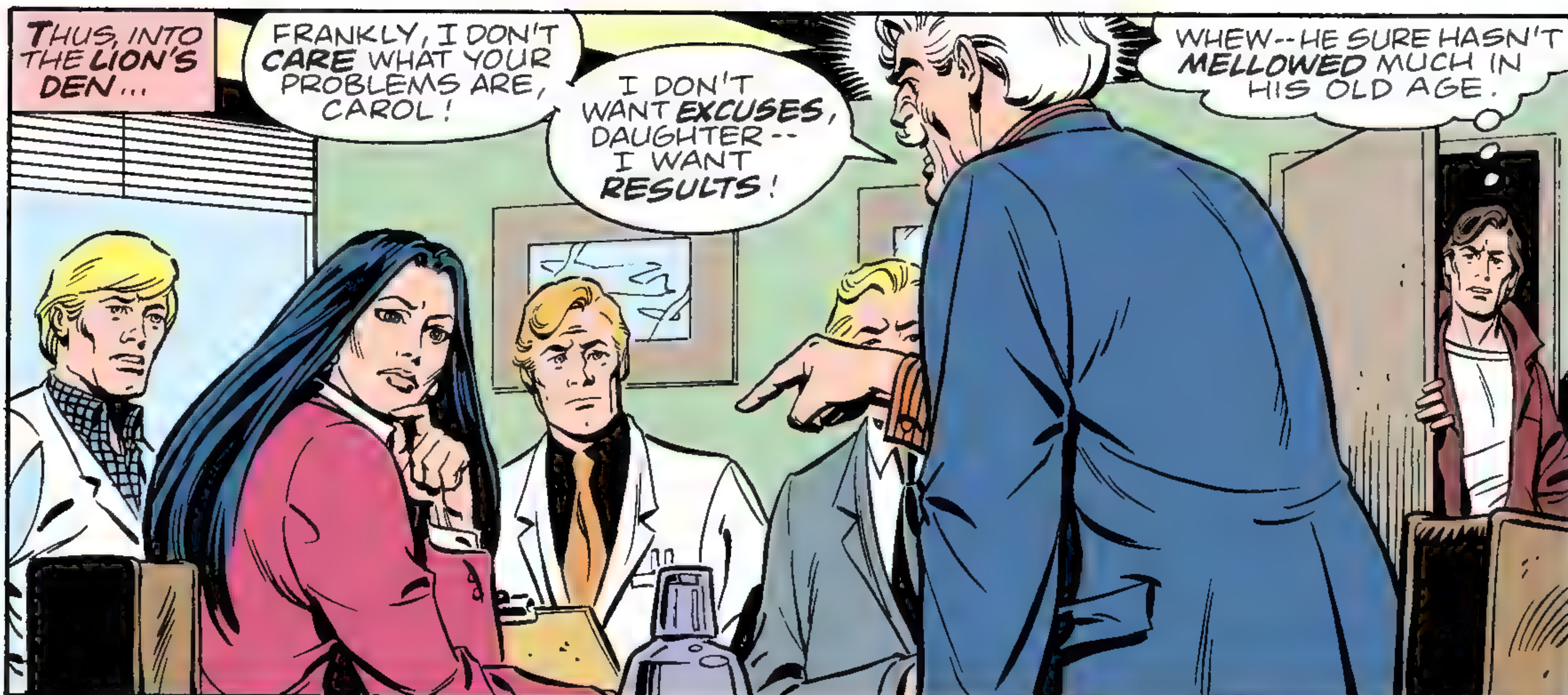




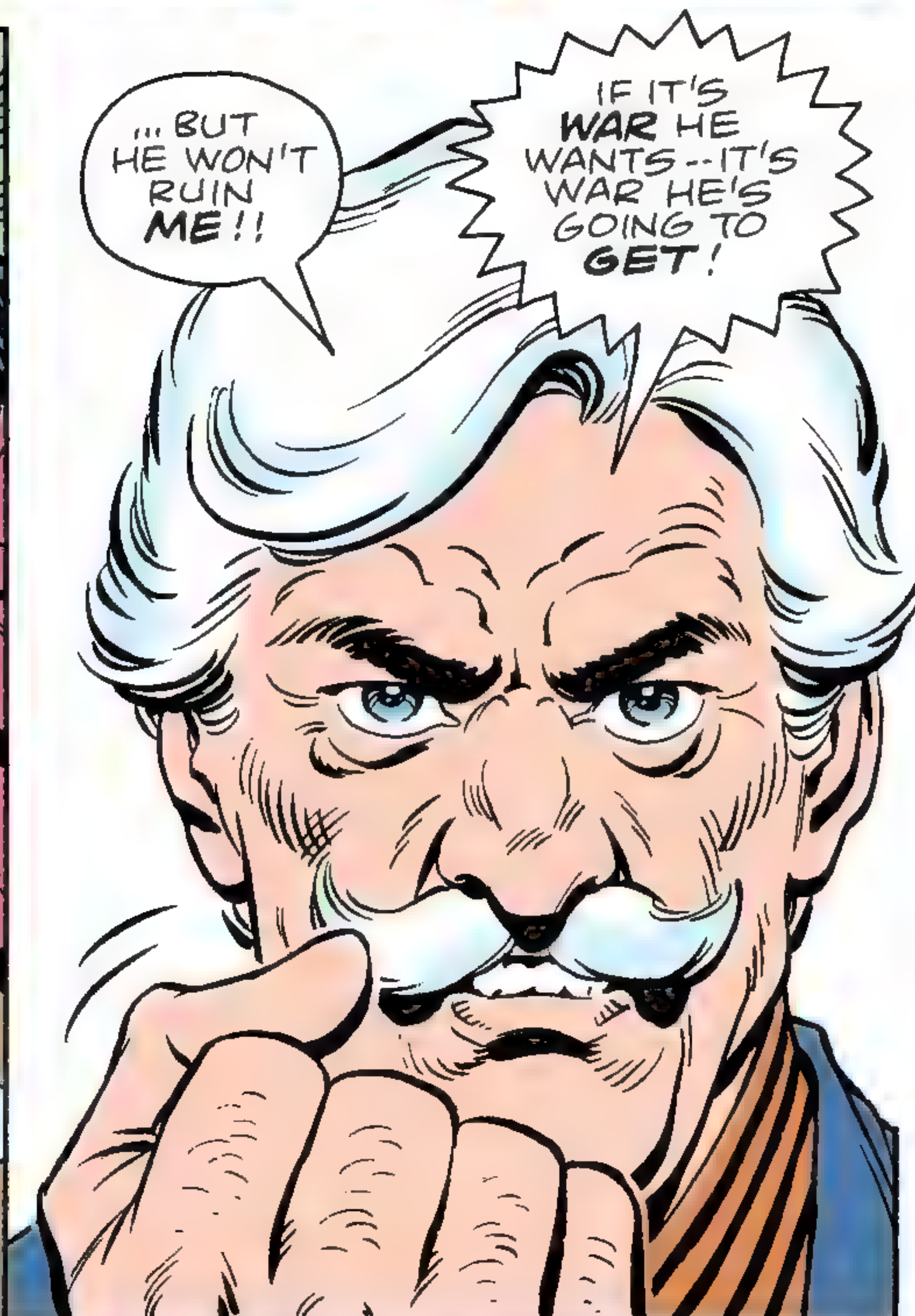
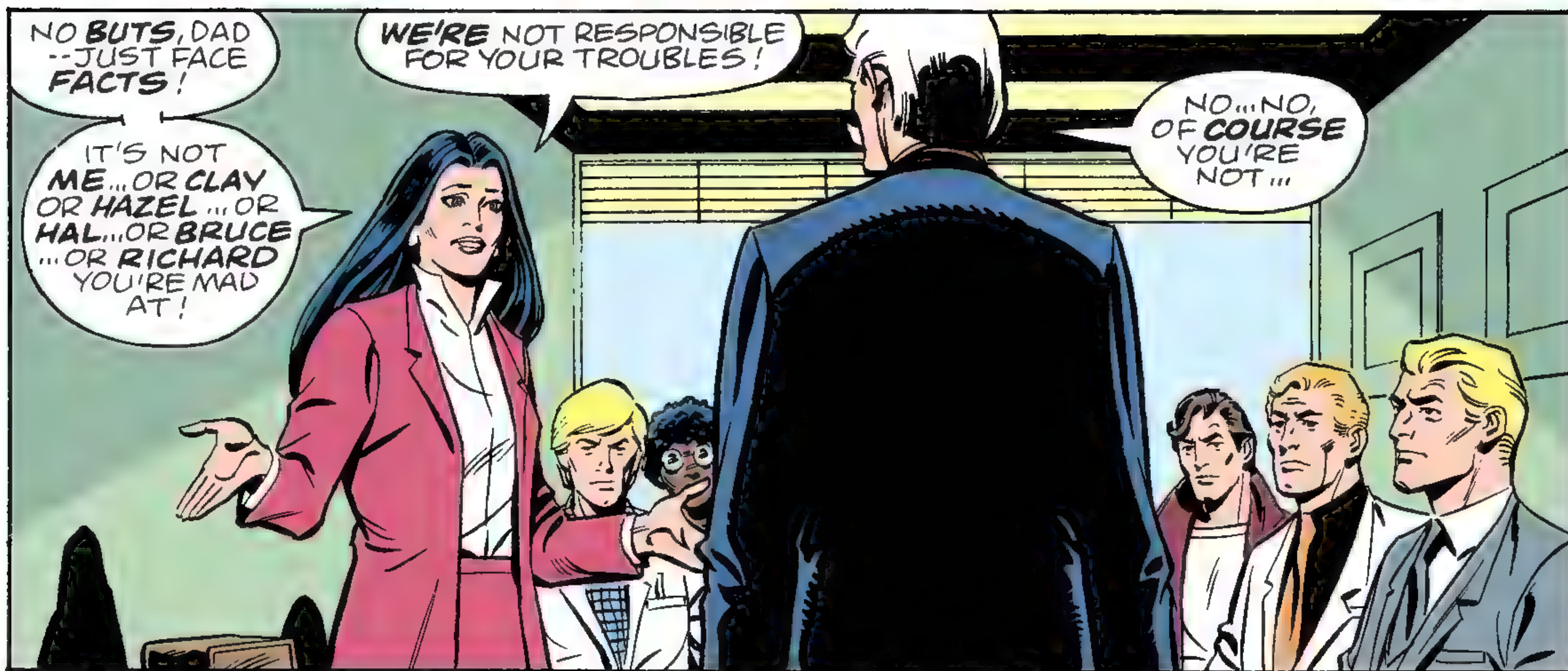
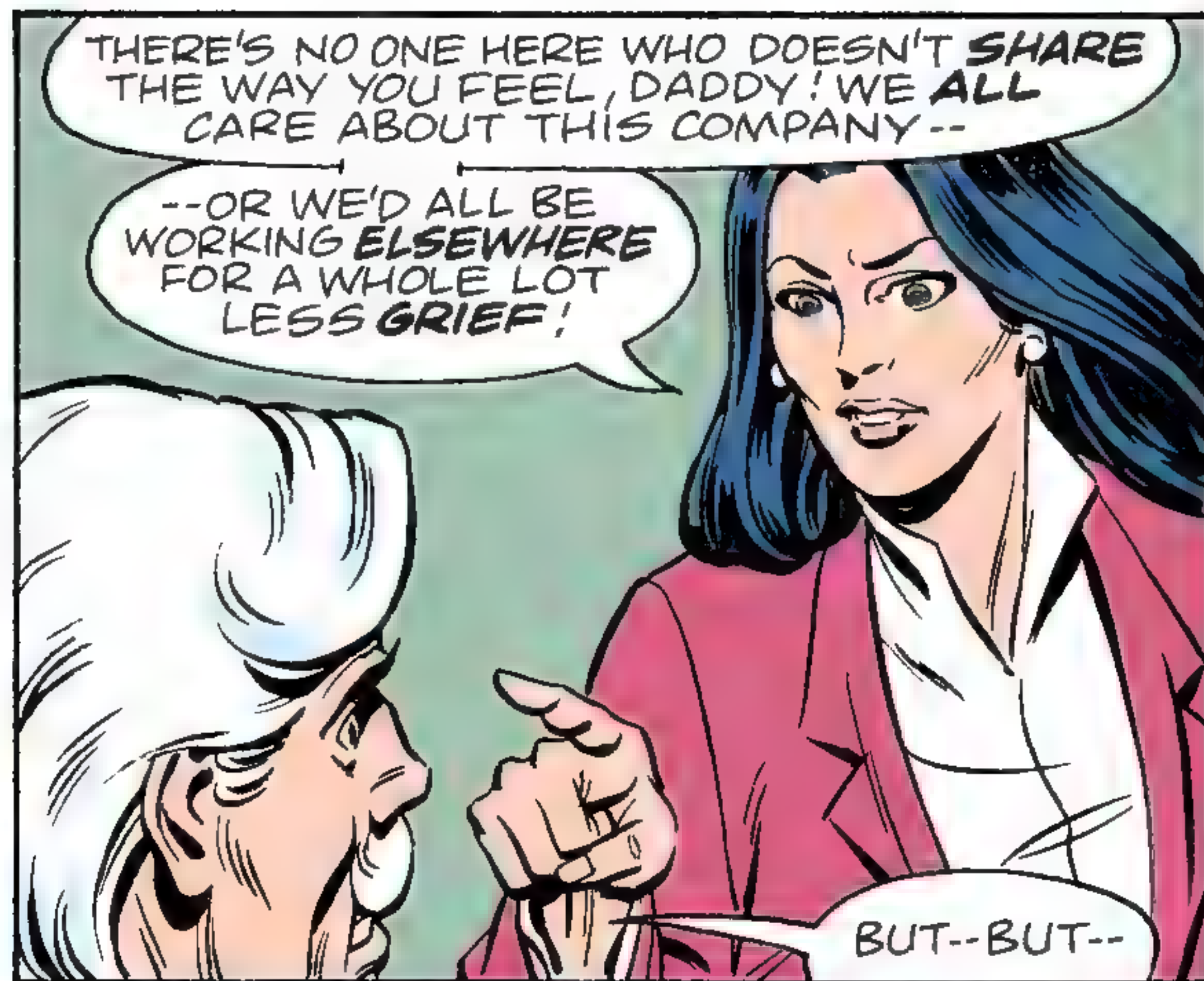








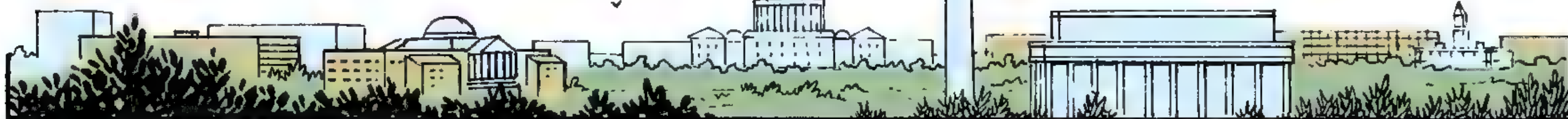






WASHINGTON, D.C.: DOWN THESE BRIGHT AND SHINING CORRIDORS STRIDE THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS OF THIS GREAT NATION --

--THOSE WHO WIELD POWER AS EASILY AS YOU OR I MIGHT WIELD A FLYSWATTER--



--WHICH IS, IN THIS CASE, A MOST APT ANALOGY...

GOOD DAY, CONGRESSMAN BLOCH.

WELL, HENSHAW --STILL WITH US, I SEE.

YES, SIR-- THANKS TO YOU!

JUST SEE YOU DON'T FORGET THAT.

OH, I ASSURE YOU, CONGRESSMAN... I WON'T!

YOU ARROGANT, SELF-SERVING SON OF A--!

WELL, HELLO THERE, MARTHA... BETSY...

HI. HOW ARE YOU, JASON?

EXCEPTIONAL, THANKS. WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER SOON.

I'D LOVE TO--

--RIGHT AFTER I HAVE BREAKFAST WITH JACK THE RIPPER!

SURE MAKES YOUR SKIN CRAWL, DOESN'T HE?

SEE THAT I'M NOT DISTURBED FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, SARAH.

YES, SIR.

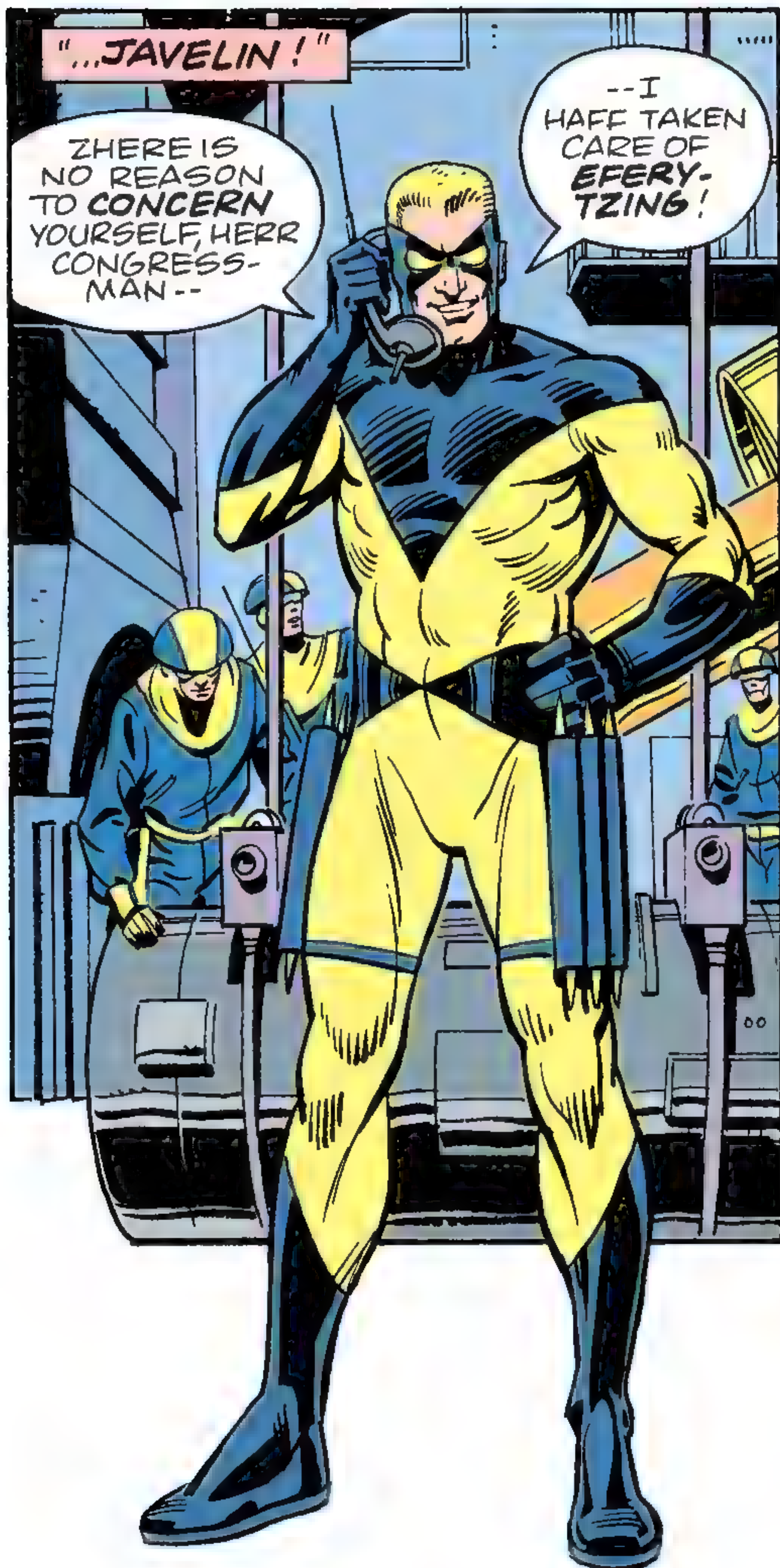
HE SHOULD BE THERE BY NOW.

HE'D BETTER BE THERE!

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEPA BEEP BEEP BEEP

WELL? HOW DID EVERYTHING GO...





"...JAVELIN!"

ZHERE IS NO REASON TO **CONCERN** YOURSELF, HERR CONGRESS-MAN--

--I HAFTE TAKEN CARE OF **EFERY-TZING!**



EXCELLENT... EXCELLENT!

THEN YOU'VE **DESTROYED** FERRIS'S BLASTED **SOLAR ENGINE?**



ACTUALLY, MEIN HERR--I HAFTE **NOT!**

I DECIDED IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO **VASTE** SUCH A MARVELOUS MECHANISM!



WHAT--?!?

WHEN **THE MONITOR** PUT ME IN **TOUCH** WITH YOU, MISTER--HE SAID YOU WERE A MAN WHO GOT THE **JOB DONE!**

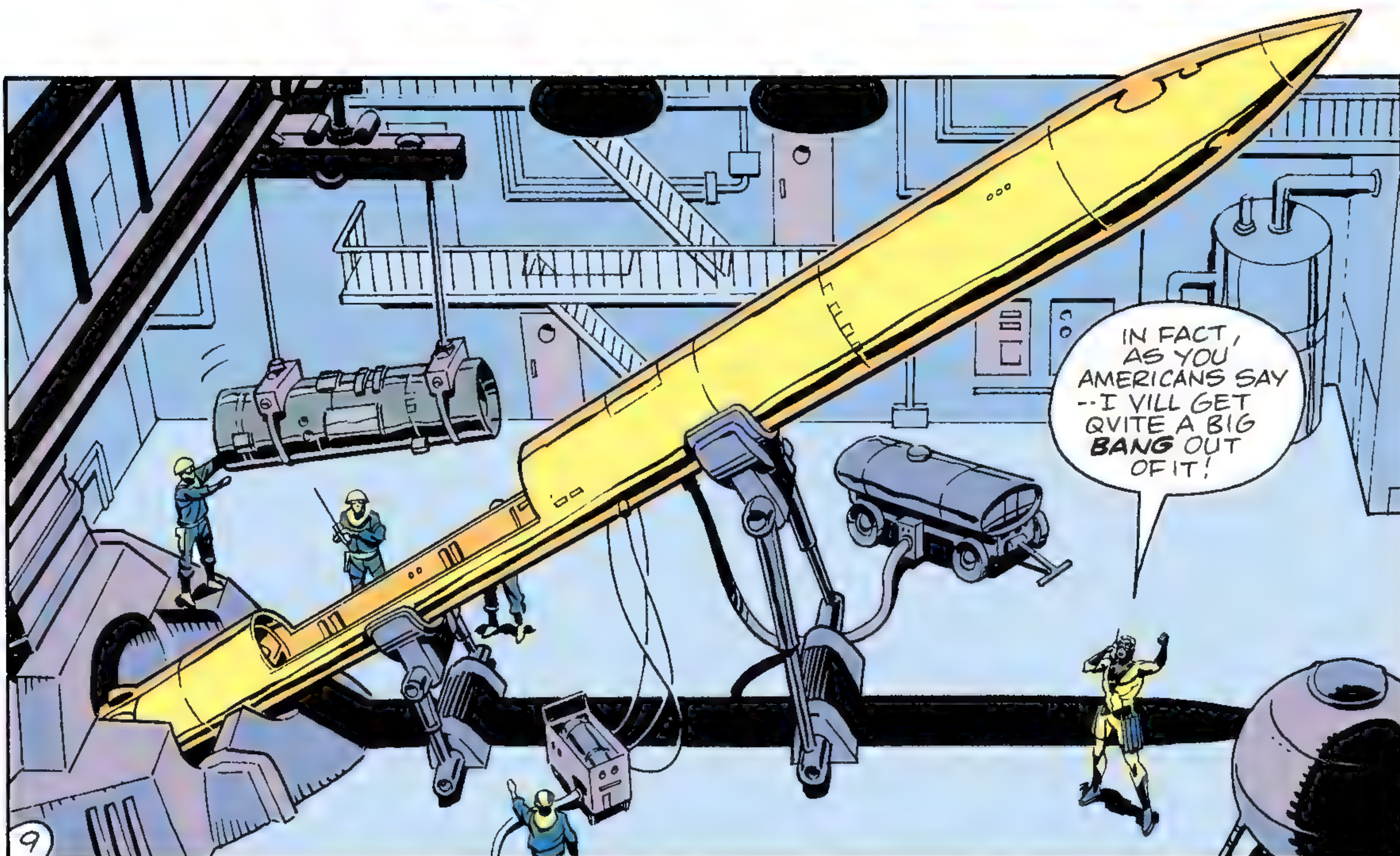
I INTEND TO **DESTROY** FERRIS AIRCRAFT FOR DESTROYING MY **FATHER**--AND IF YOU **CROSS** ME, JAVELIN...



...I'LL DESTROY YOU, **TOO!!**

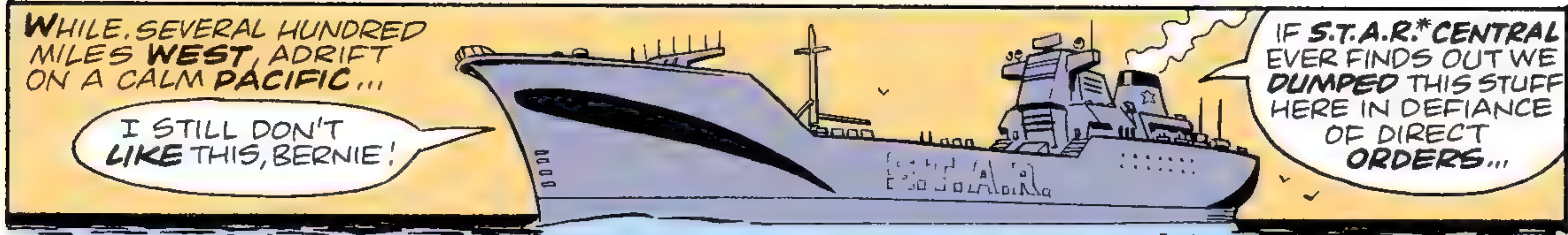
TEMPER, HERR BLOCH--**TEMPER!**

IF YOU WANT ME TO **ELIMINATE** FERRIS AIRCRAFT FOR YOU, IT WILL BE MY **PLEASURE!**



IN FACT, AS YOU AMERICANS SAY--I WILL GET QUITE A BIG **BANG** OUT OF IT!



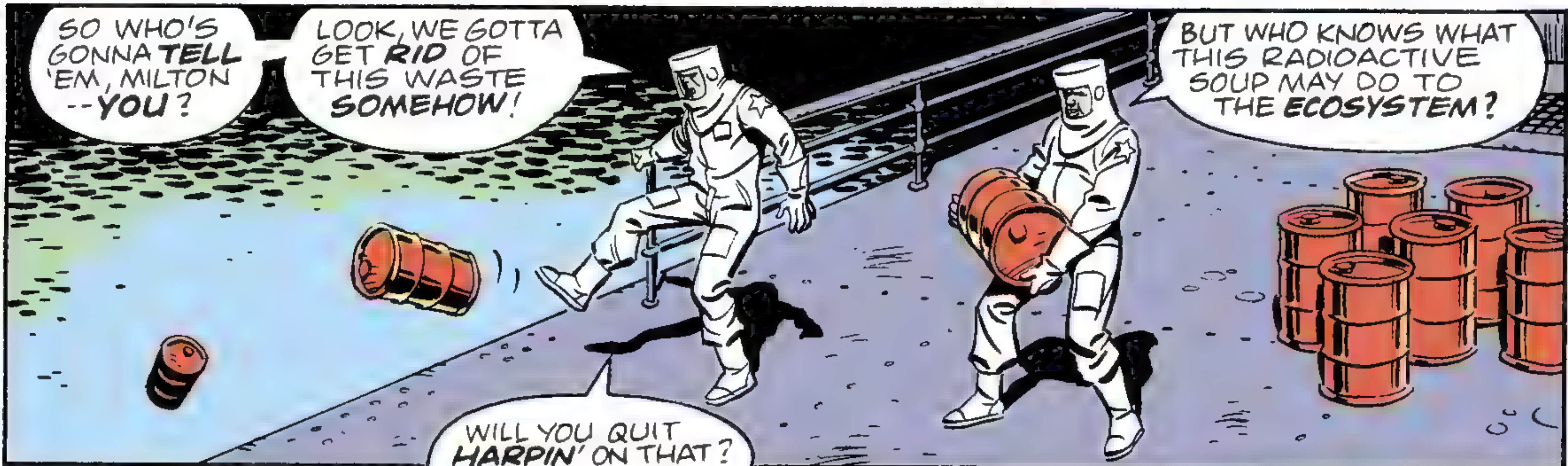


WHILE SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES WEST, ADRIFT ON A CALM PACIFIC...

I STILL DON'T LIKE THIS, BERNIE!

IF S.T.A.R.\* CENTRAL EVER FINDS OUT WE DUMPED THIS STUFF HERE IN DEFIANCE OF DIRECT ORDERS...

\* SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCED RESEARCH -- LEN.



SO WHO'S GONNA TELL 'EM, MILTON -- YOU?

LOOK, WE GOTTA GET RID OF THIS WASTE SOMEHOW!

BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS RADIOACTIVE SOUP MAY DO TO THE ECOSYSTEM?

WILL YOU QUIT HARPIN' ON THAT?



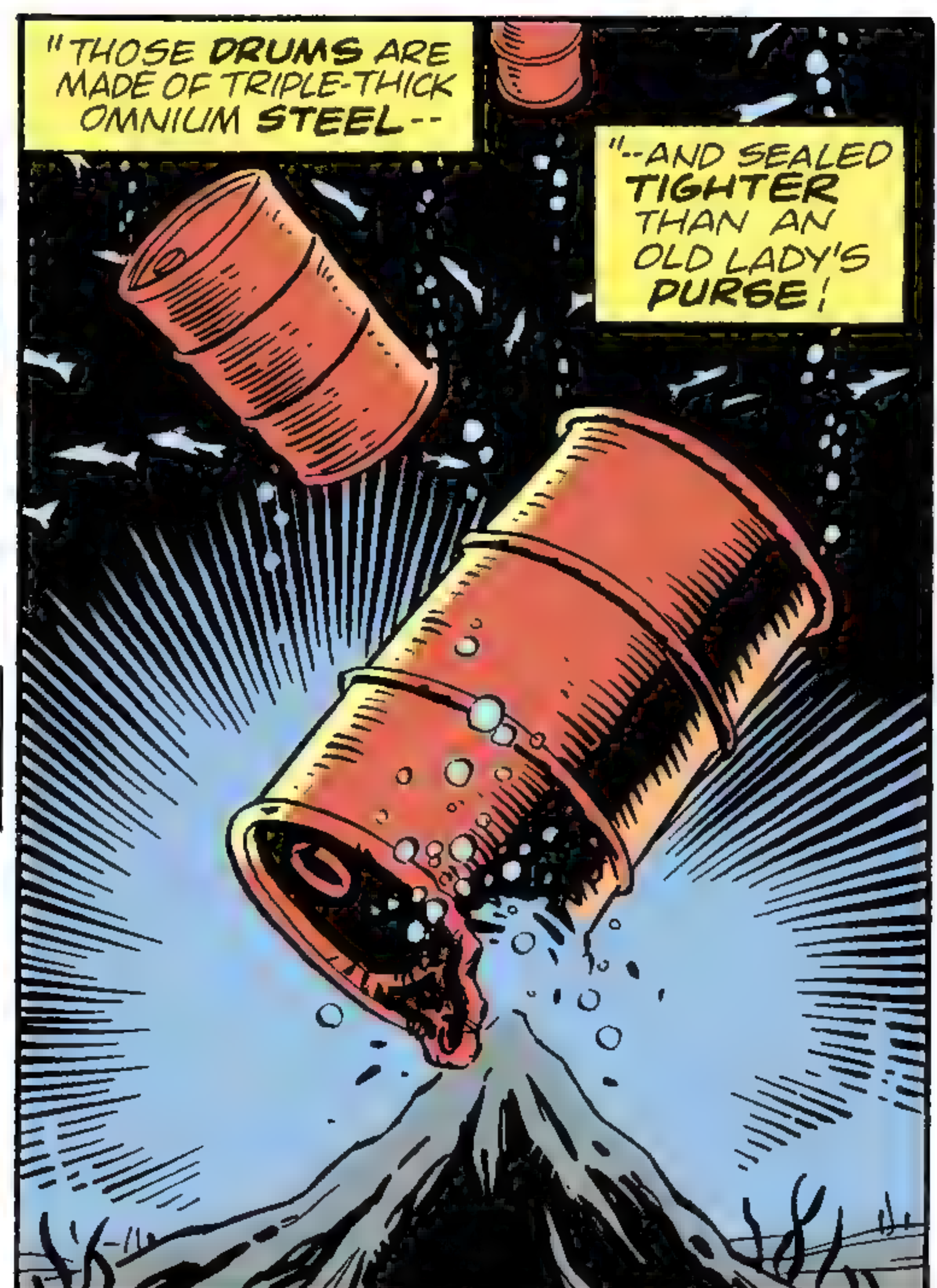
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN', I TELL YA!

GOOD...I'LL REMIND YOU OF THAT WHEN THE NEXT CAN OF TUNA YOU BUY GLOWS IN THE DARK!



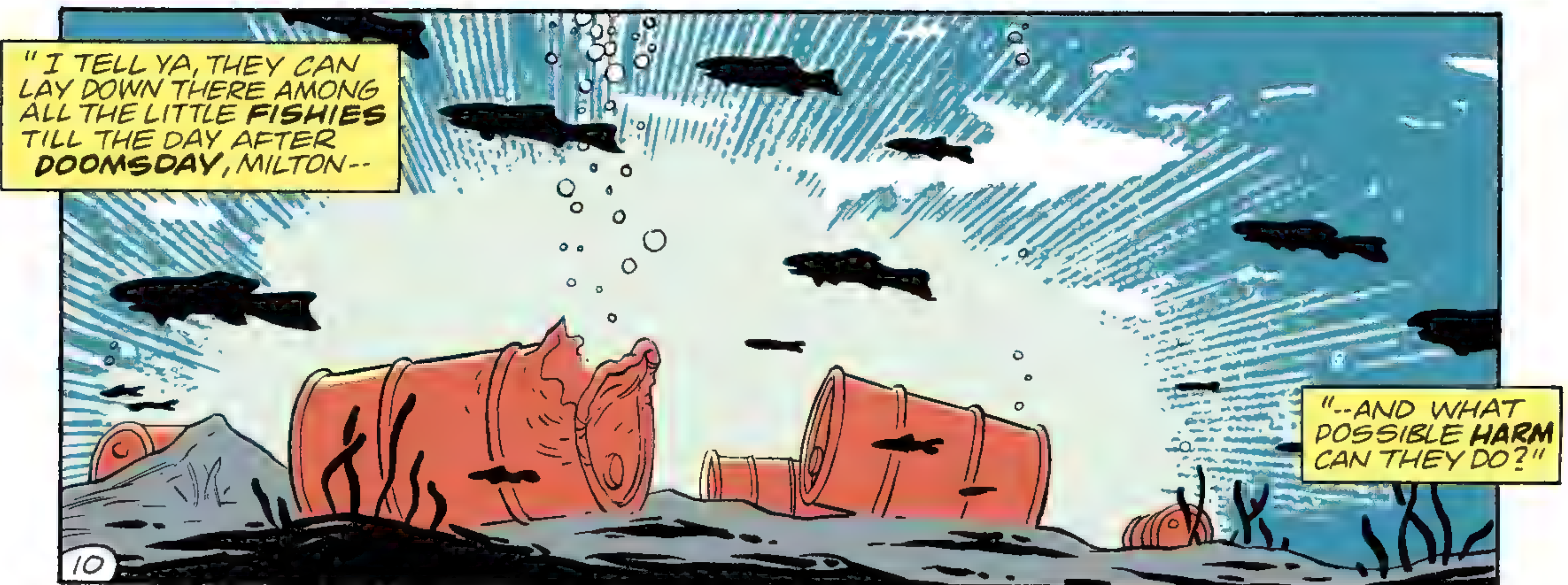
"Y'KNOW, MILTON -- YOU'RE REALLY GETTIN' ANTSY IN YOUR OLD AGE!"

"WHAT'RE YOU SO WORRIED ABOUT?"



"THOSE DRUMS ARE MADE OF TRIPLE-THICK OMNIUM STEEL --

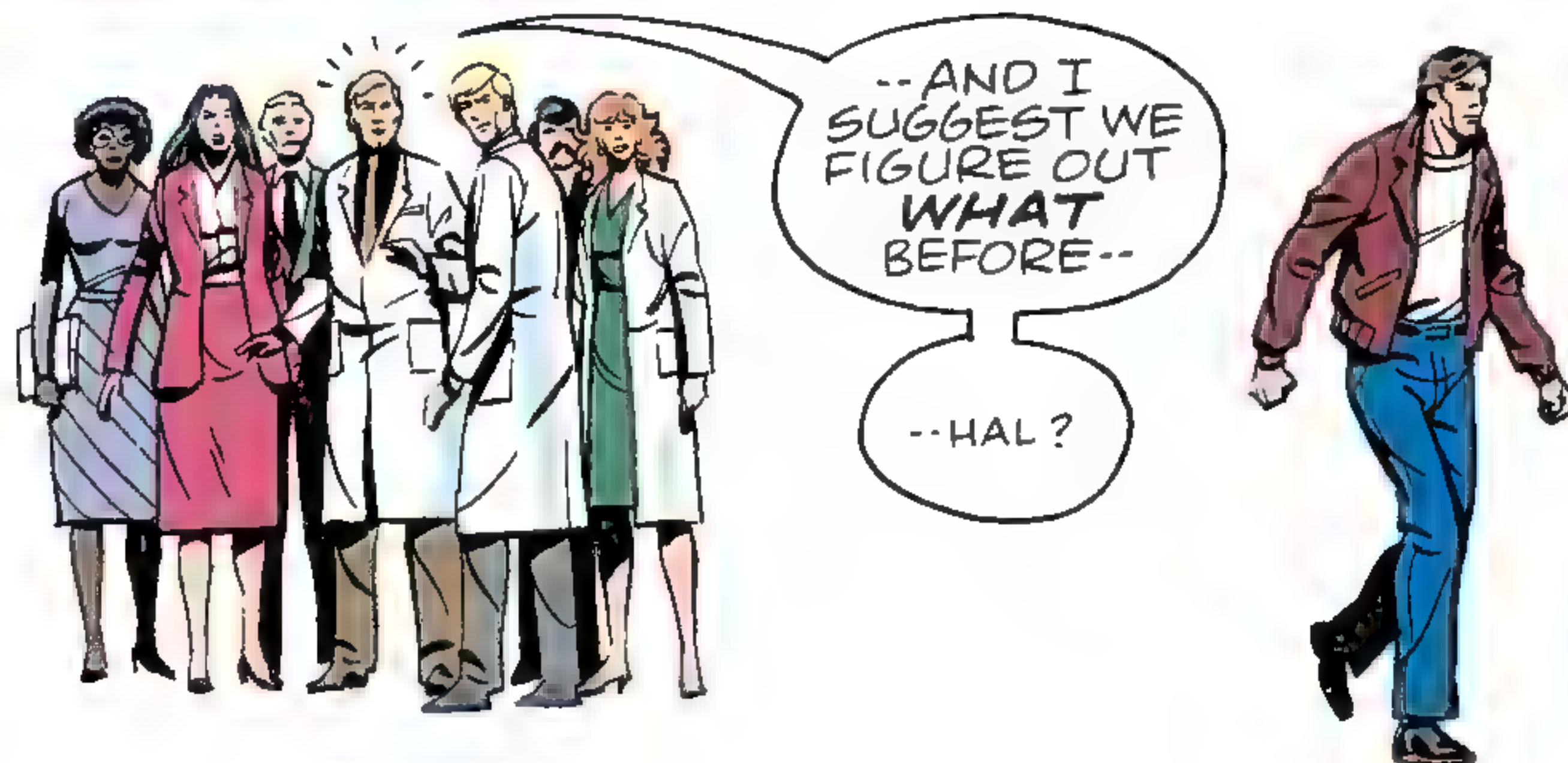
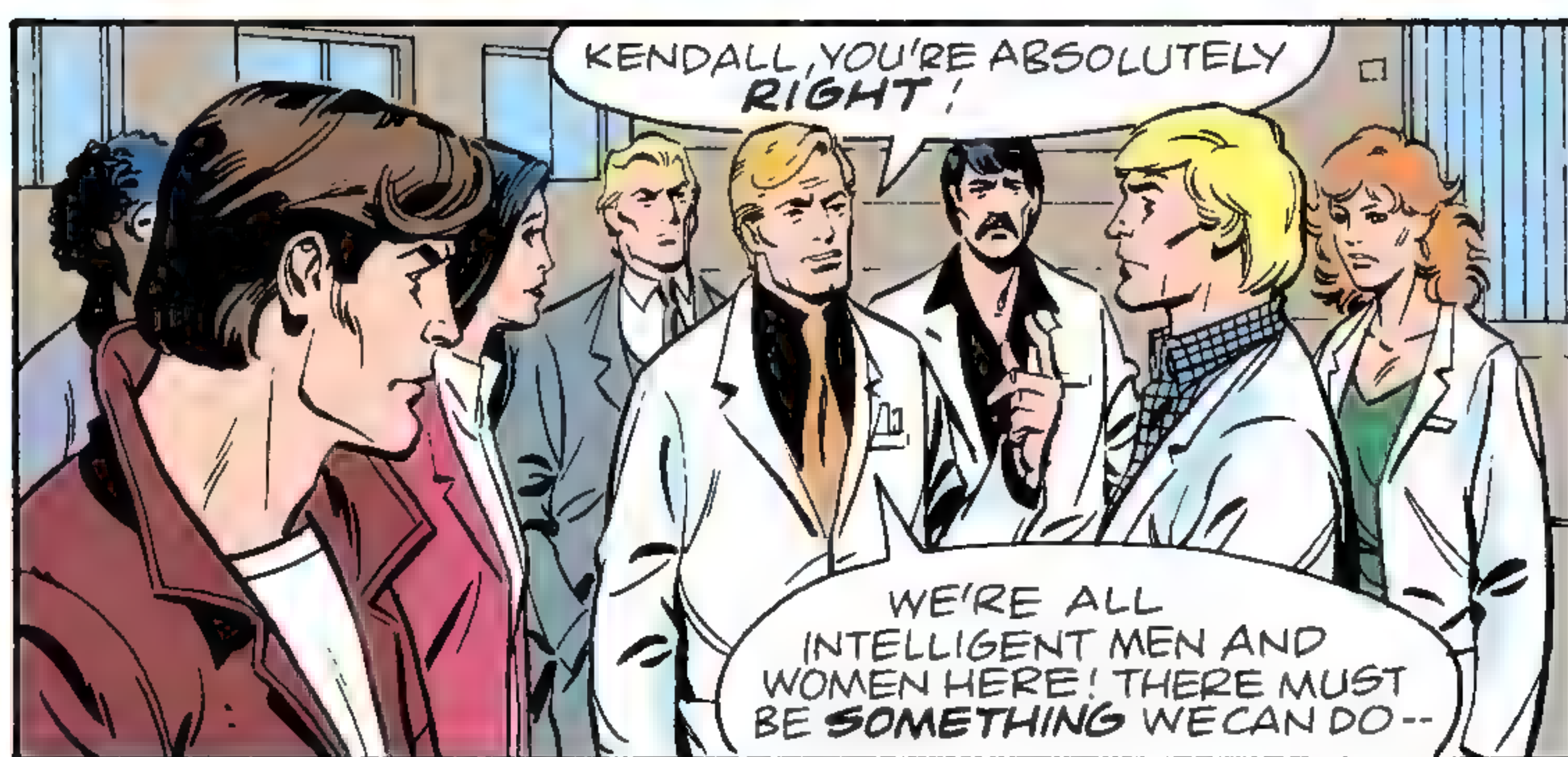
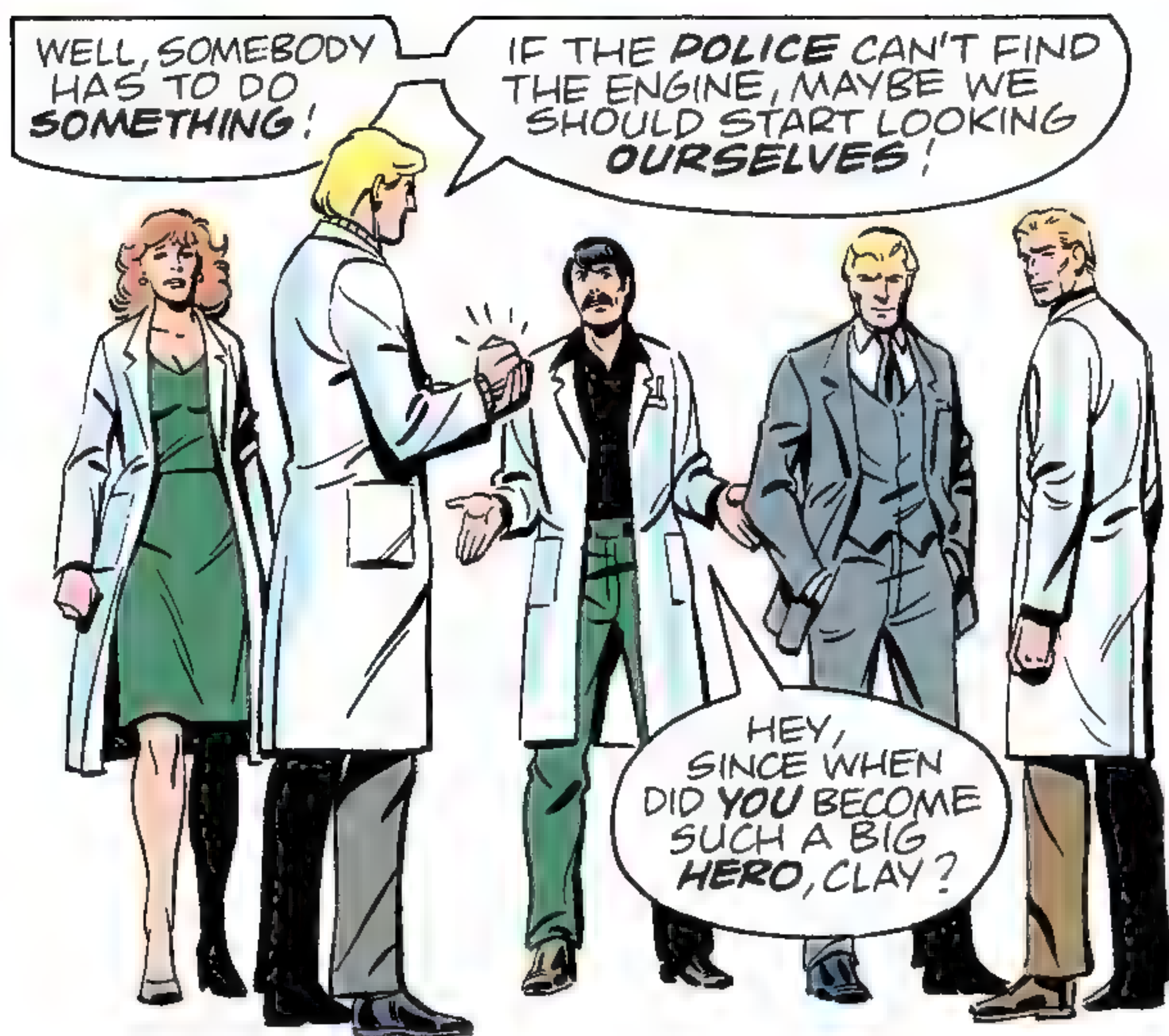
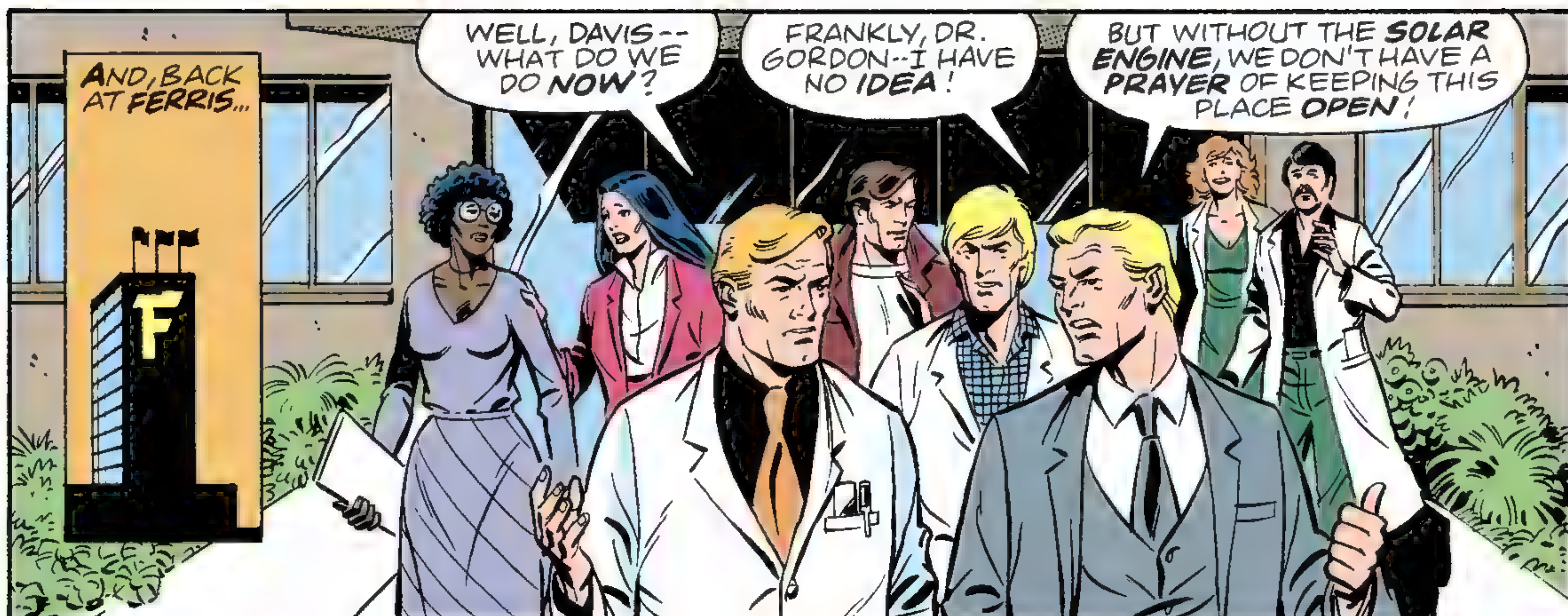
--AND SEALED TIGHTER THAN AN OLD LADY'S PURSE!"



"I TELL YA, THEY CAN LAY DOWN THERE AMONG ALL THE LITTLE FISHIES TILL THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY, MILTON --

"--AND WHAT POSSIBLE HARM CAN THEY DO?"

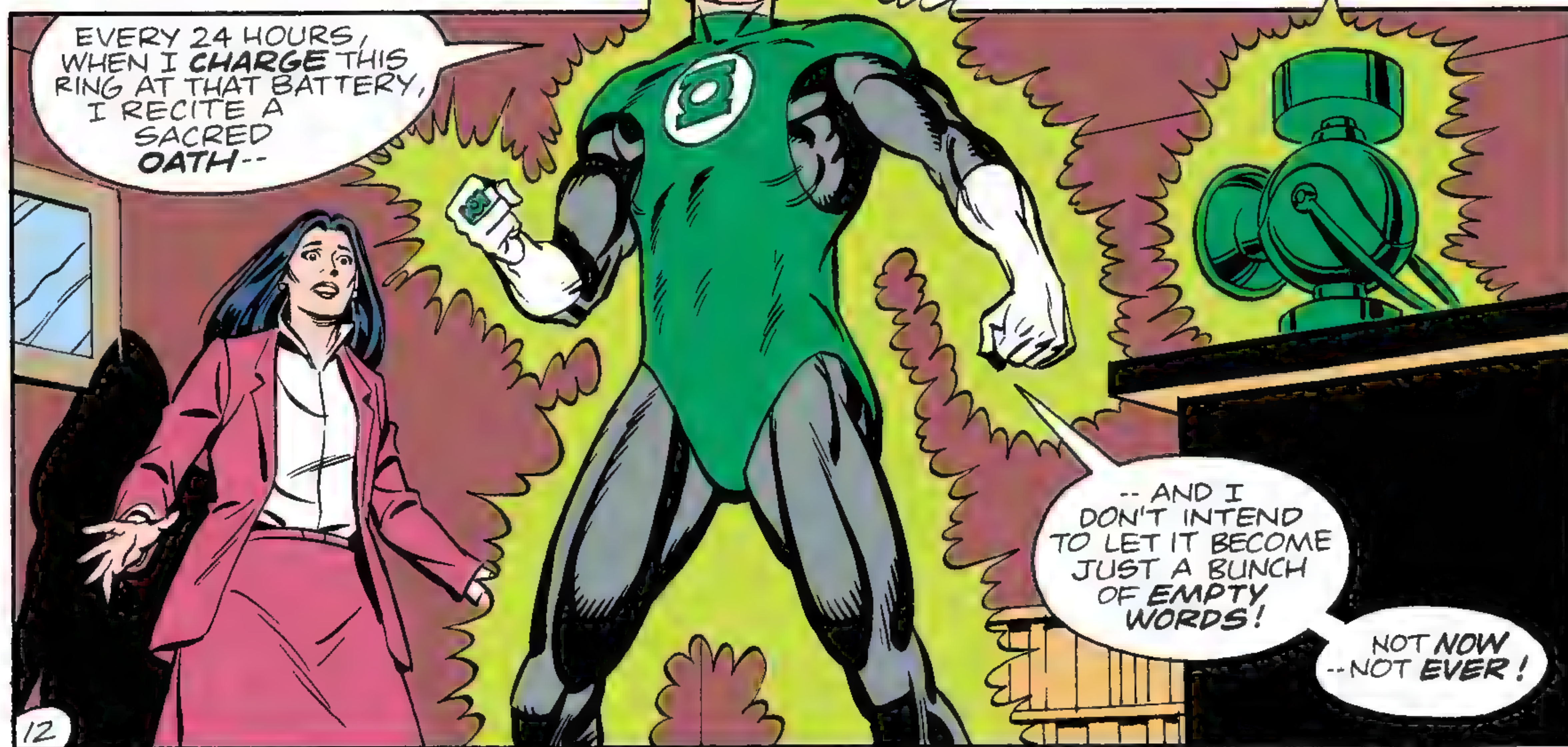
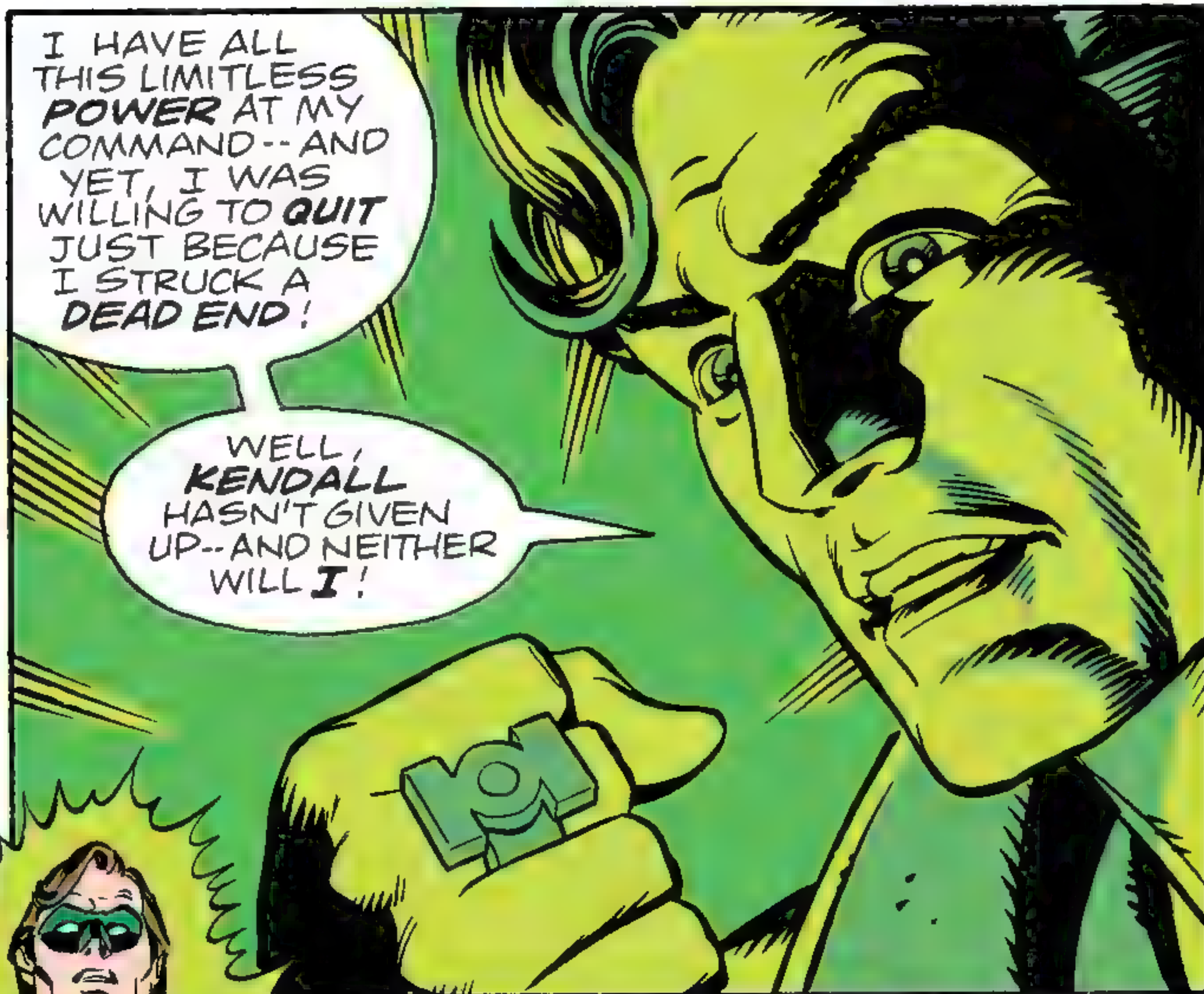
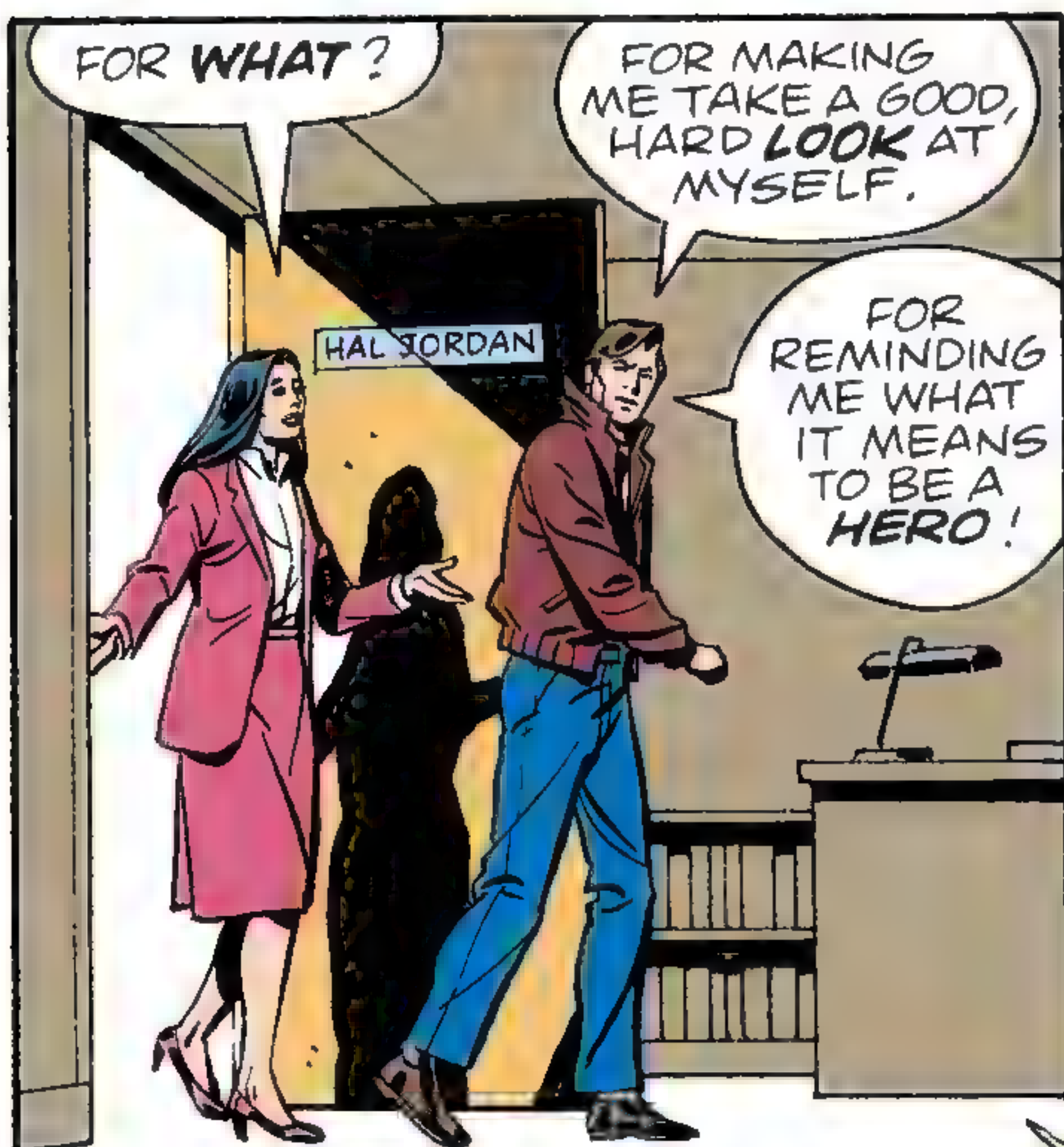
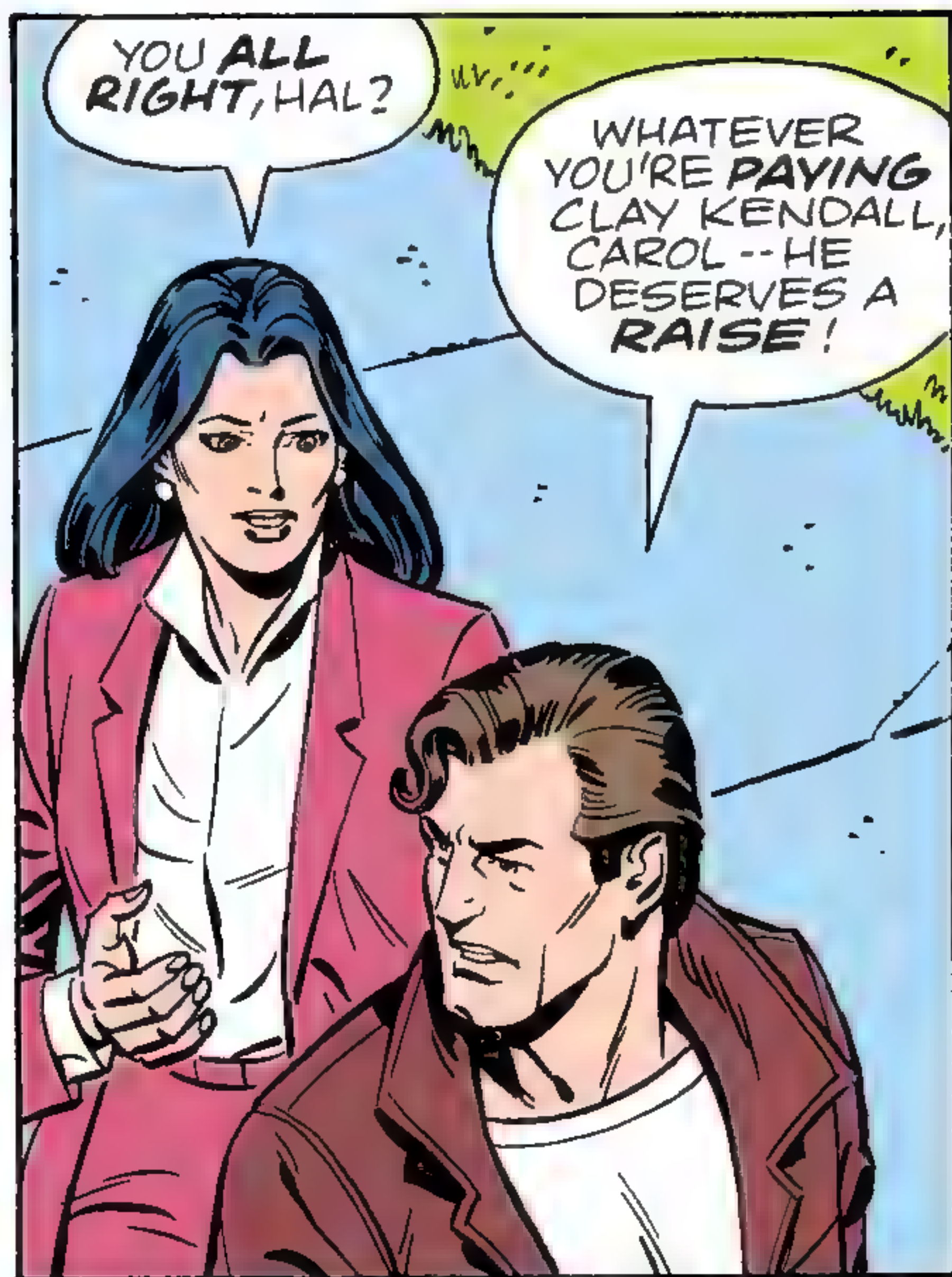




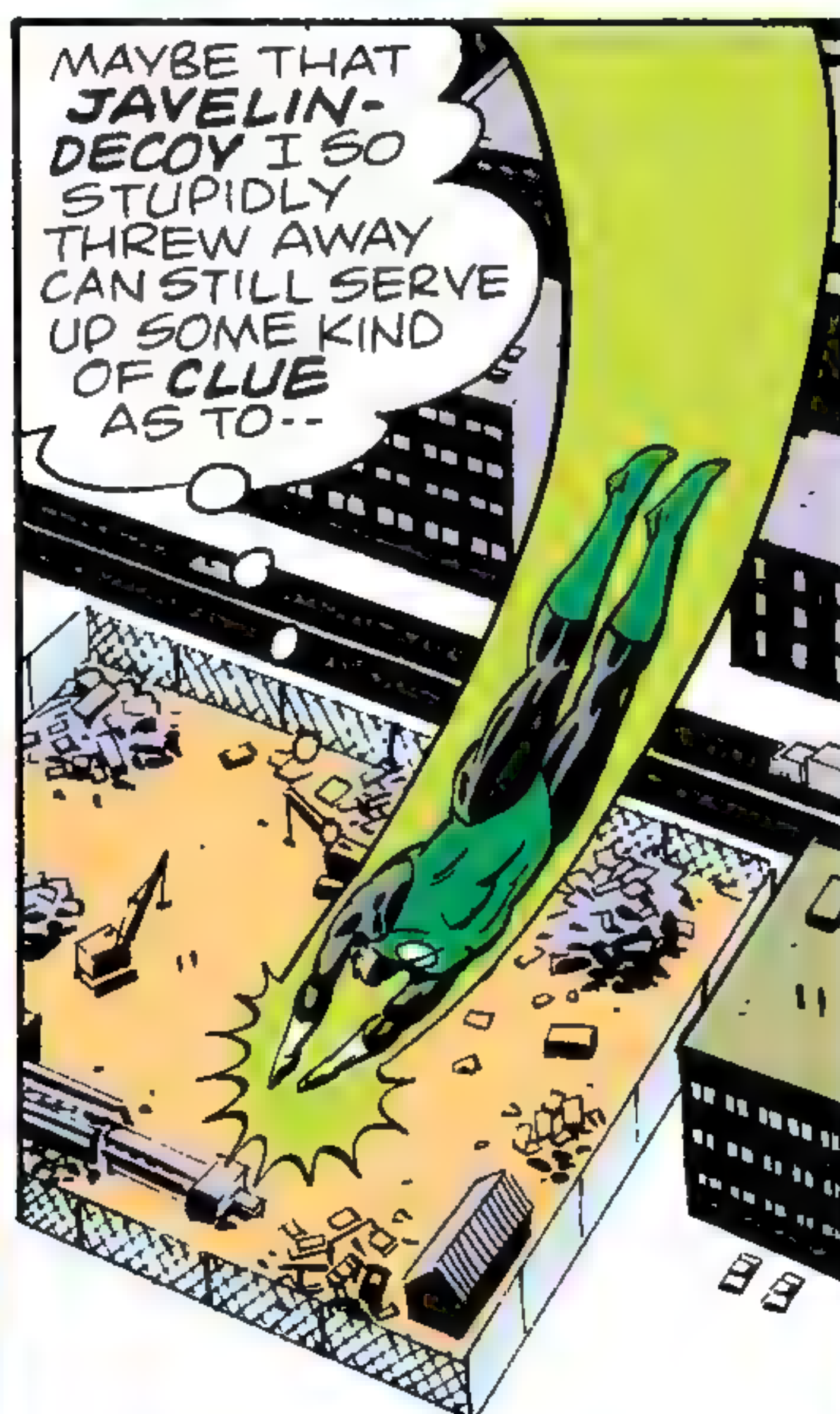
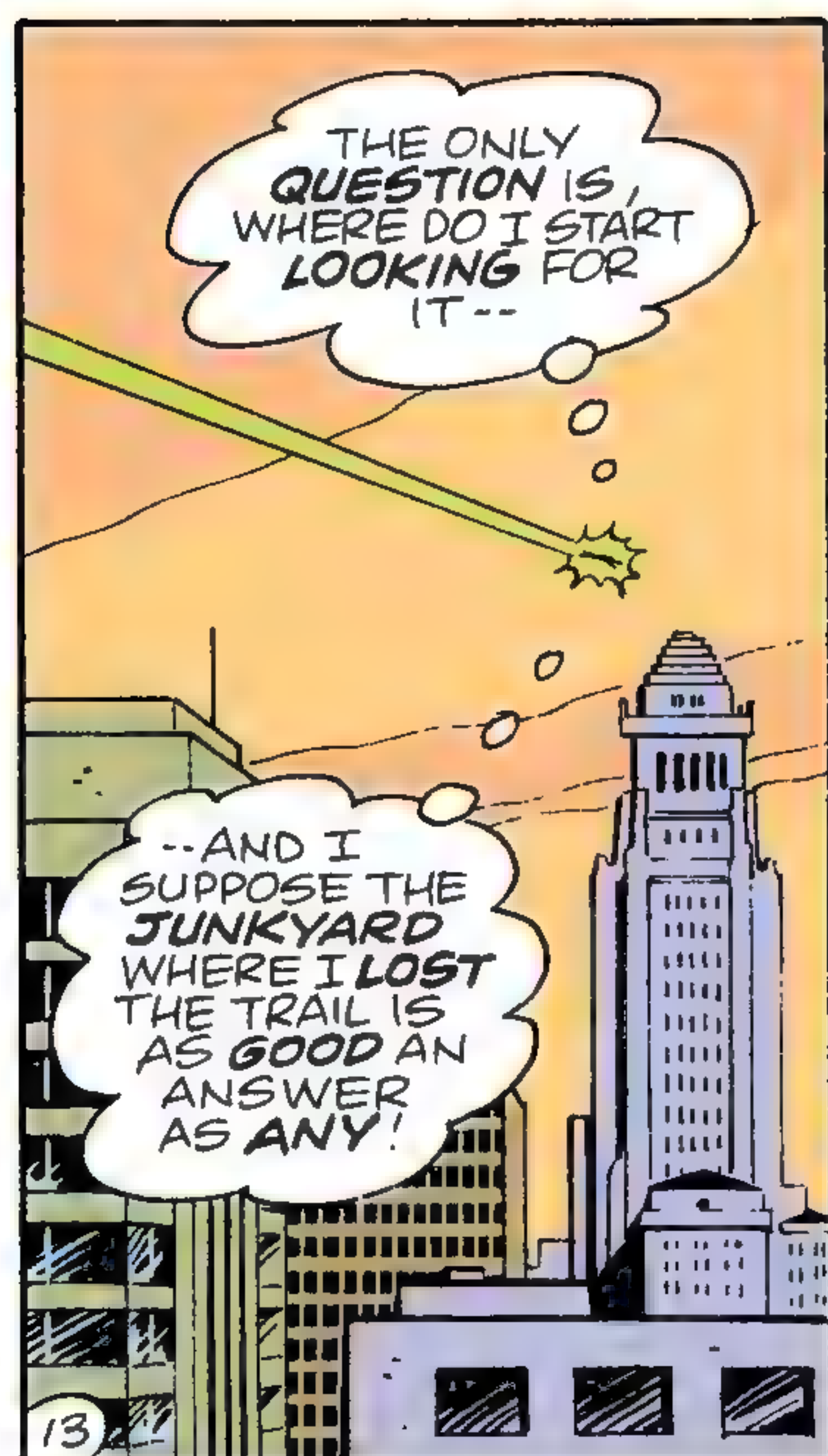
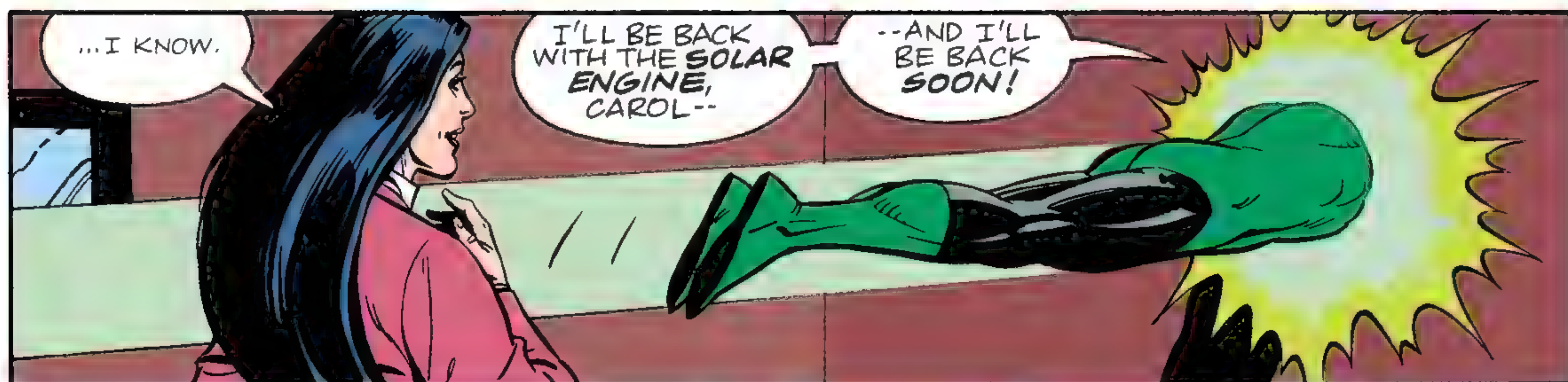




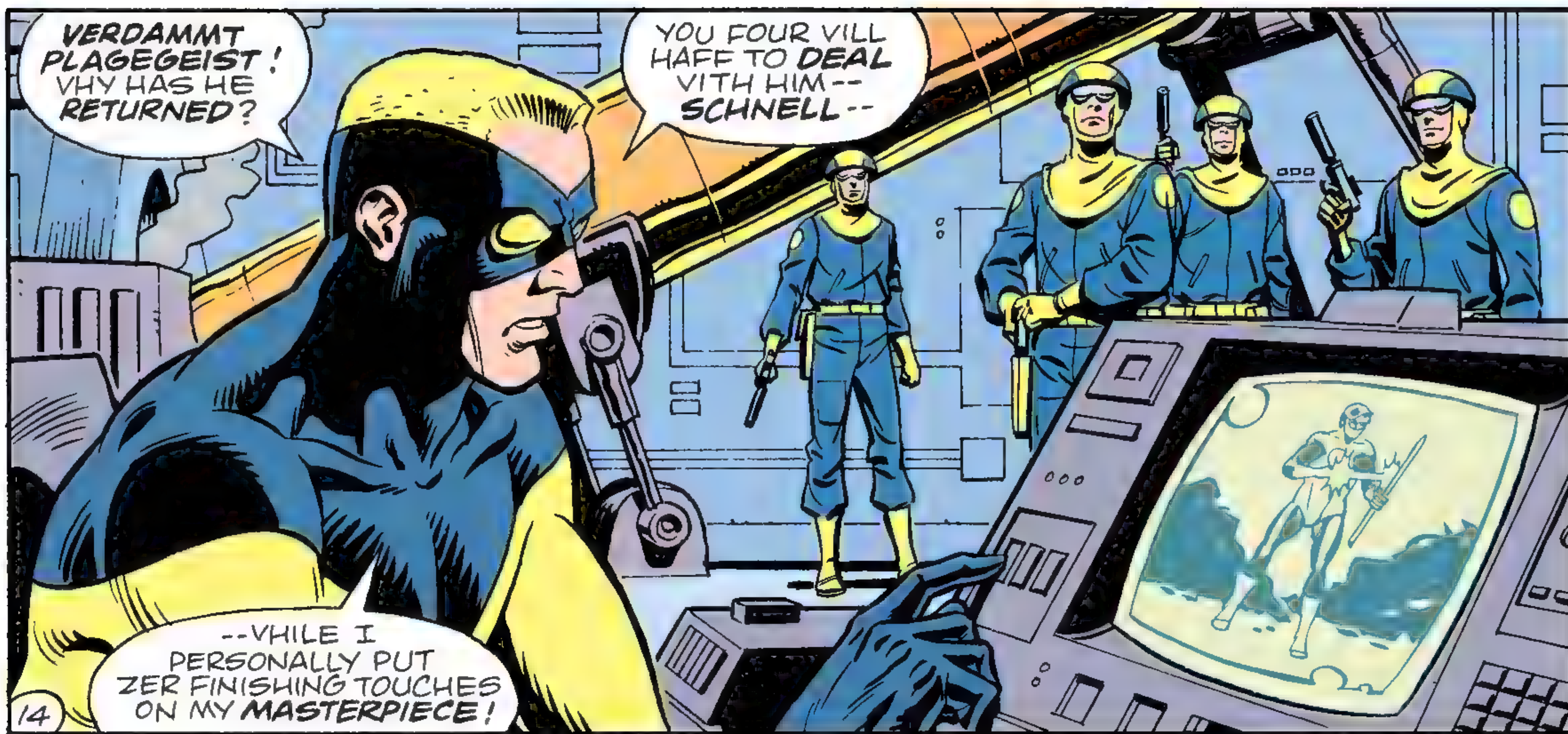
GEE, WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?







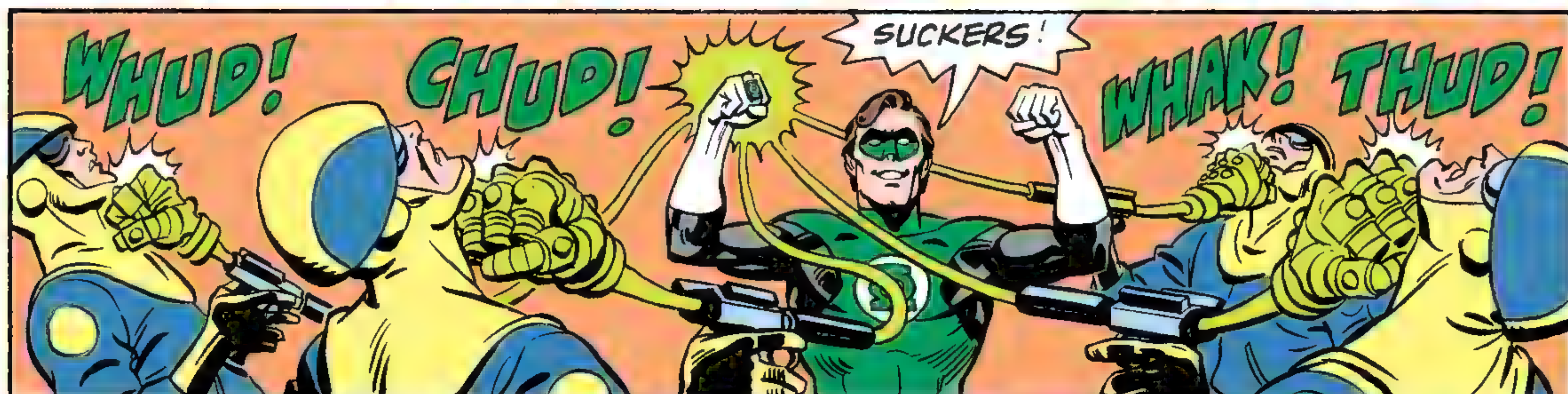
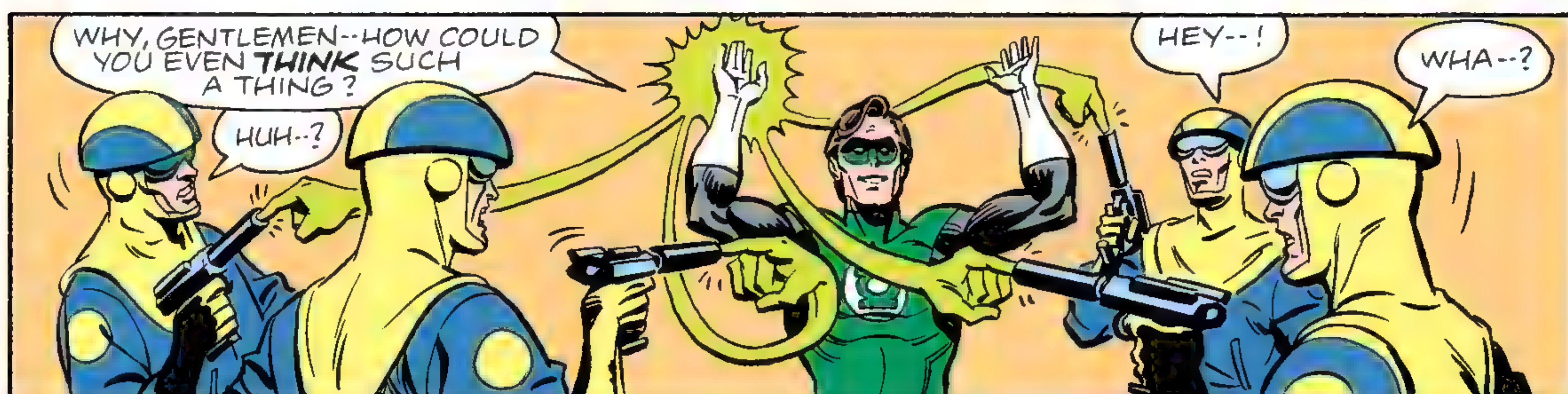
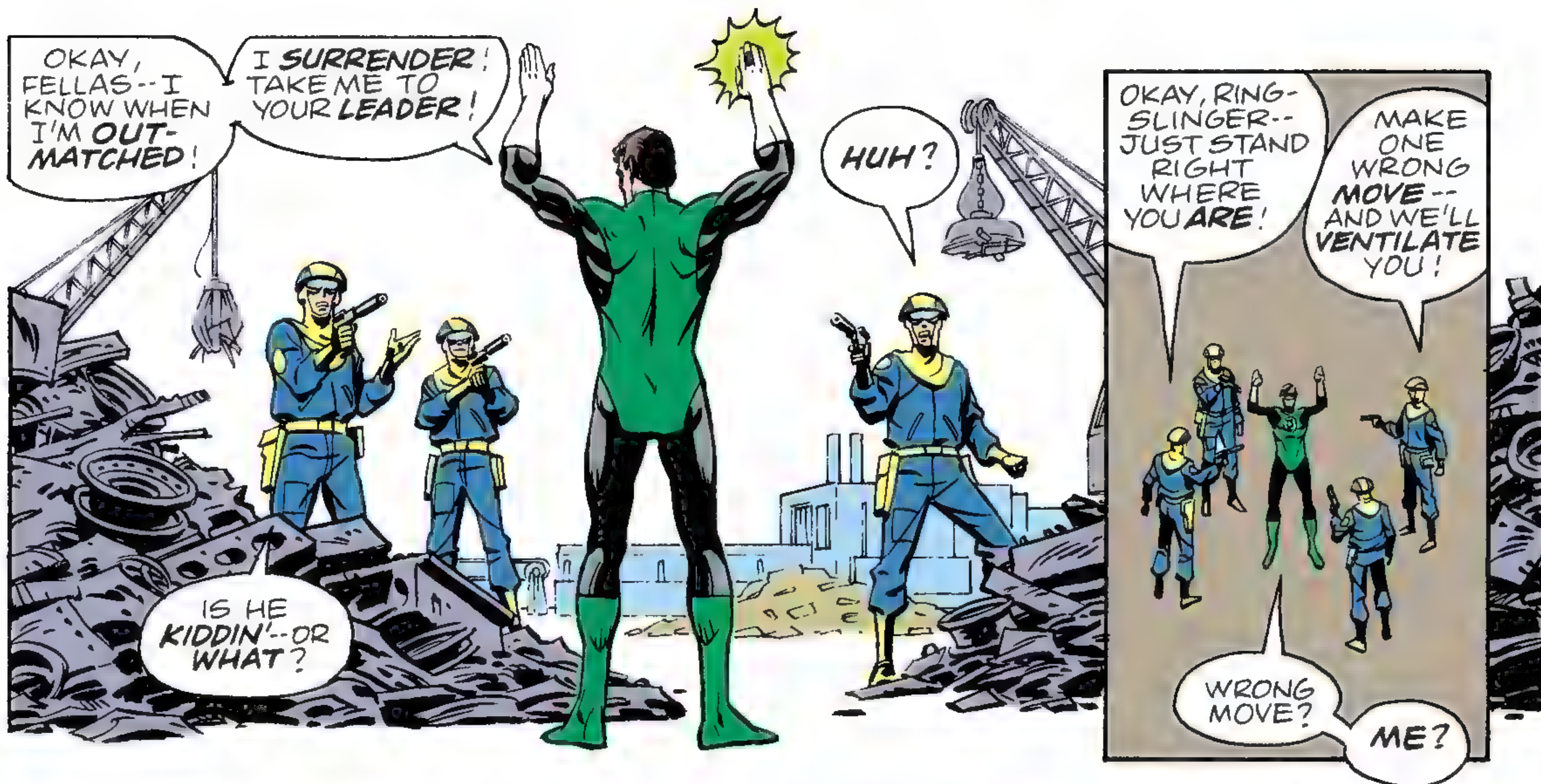








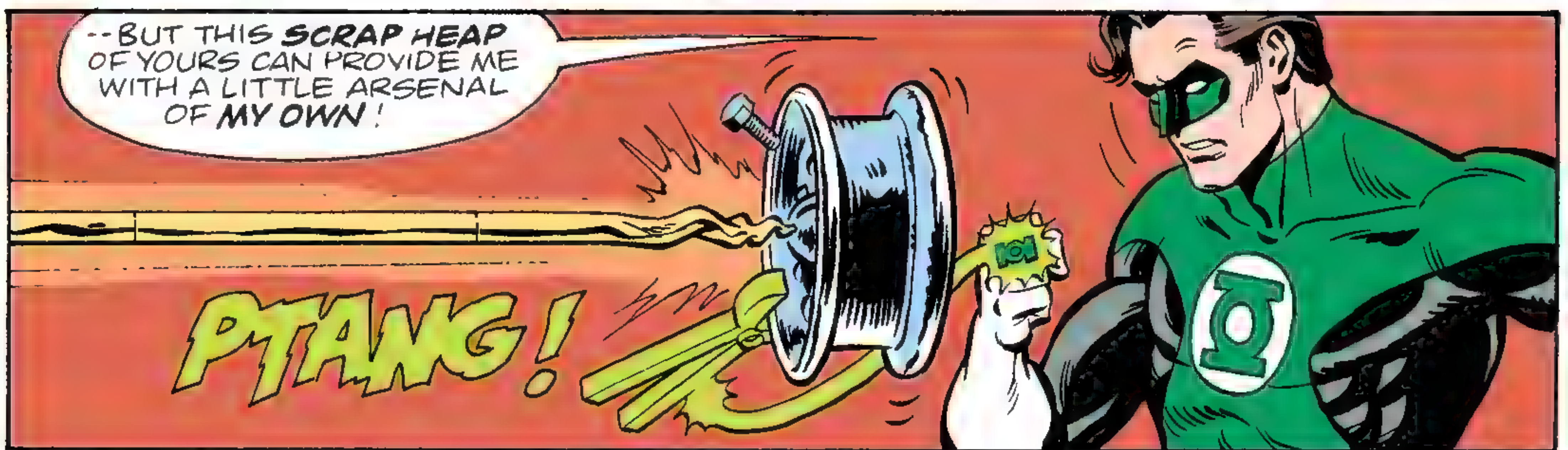
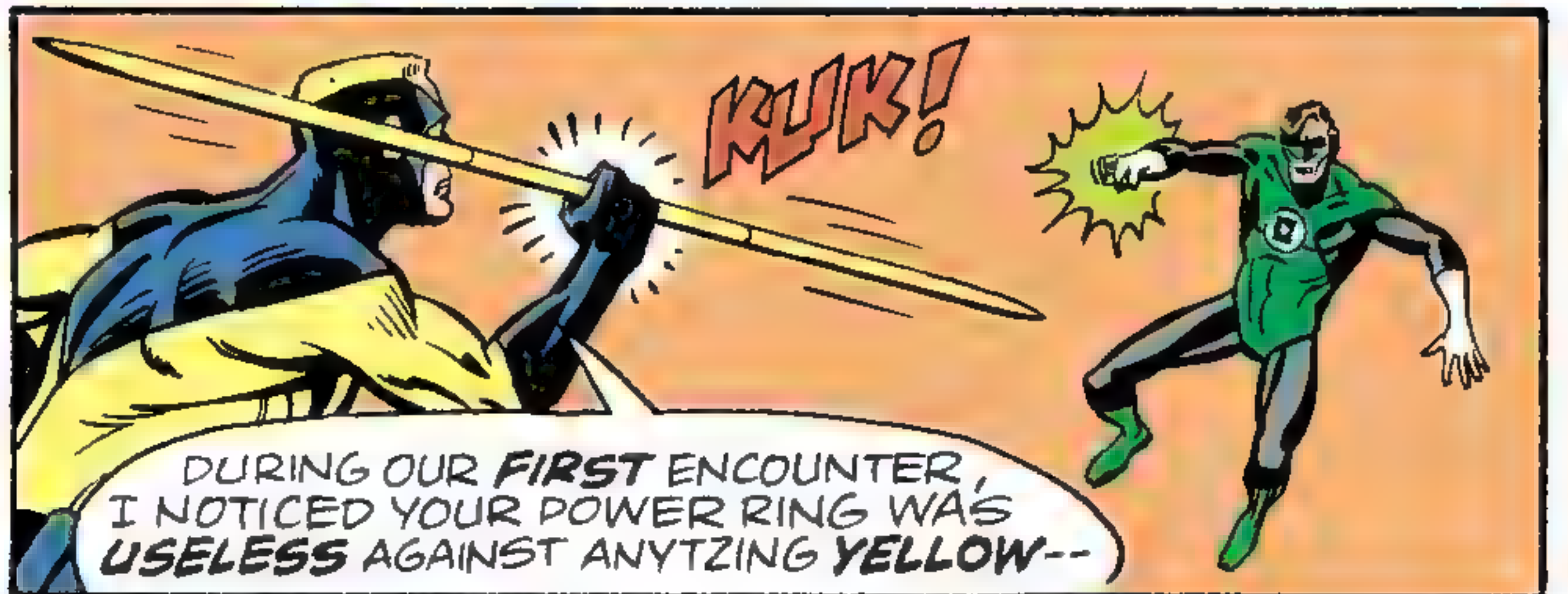
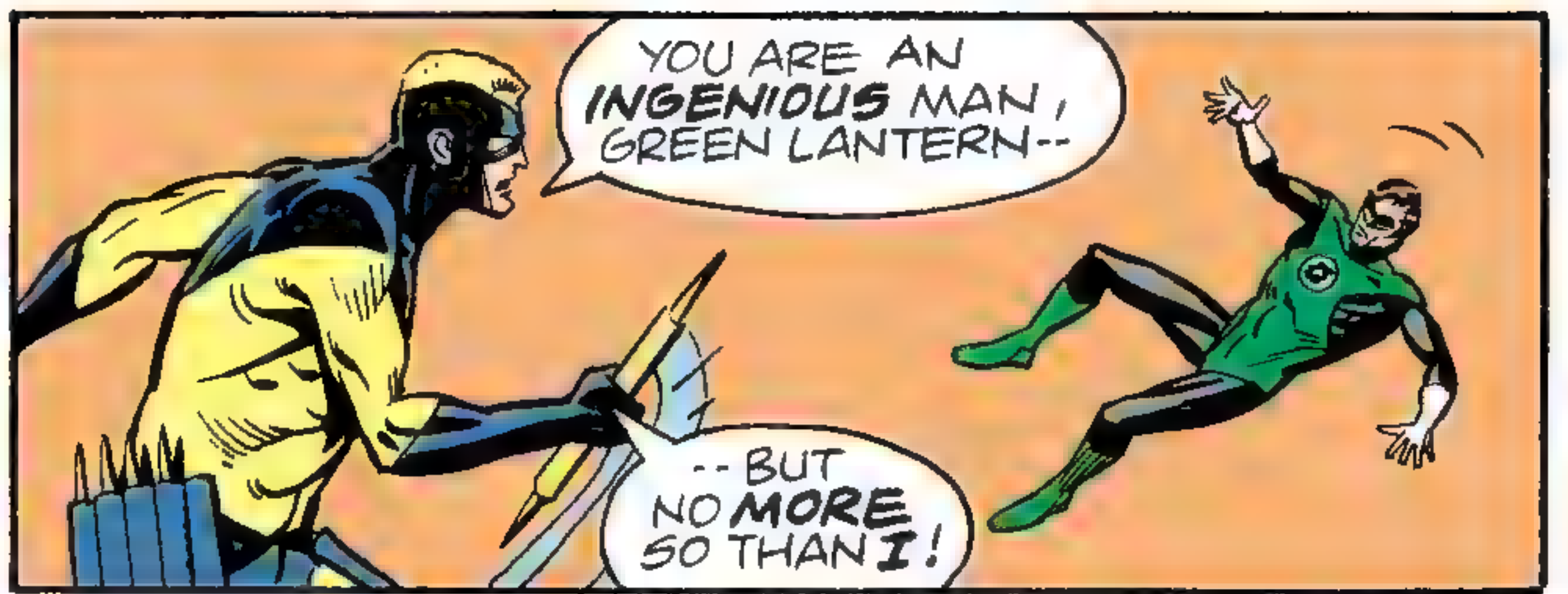
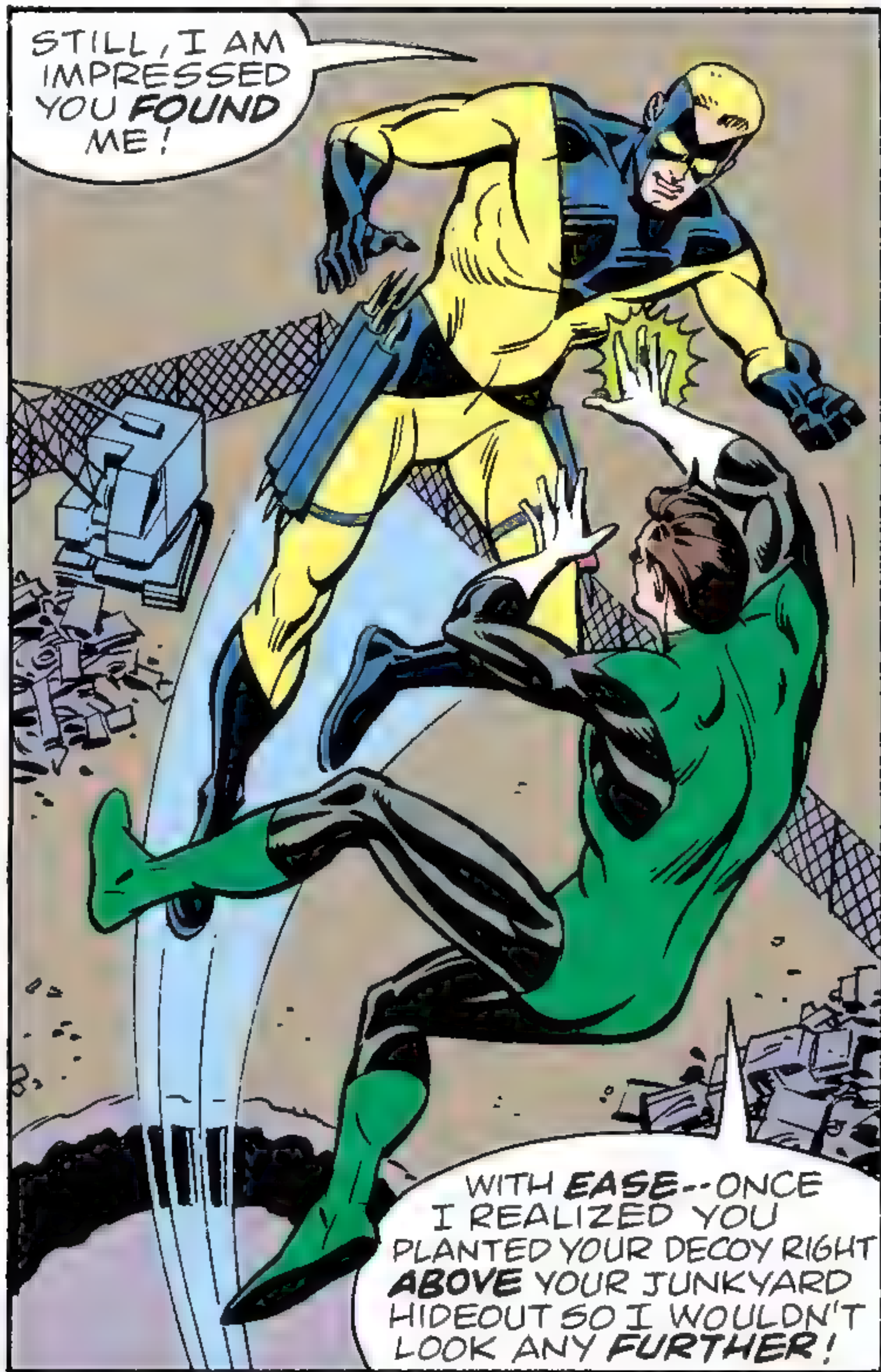




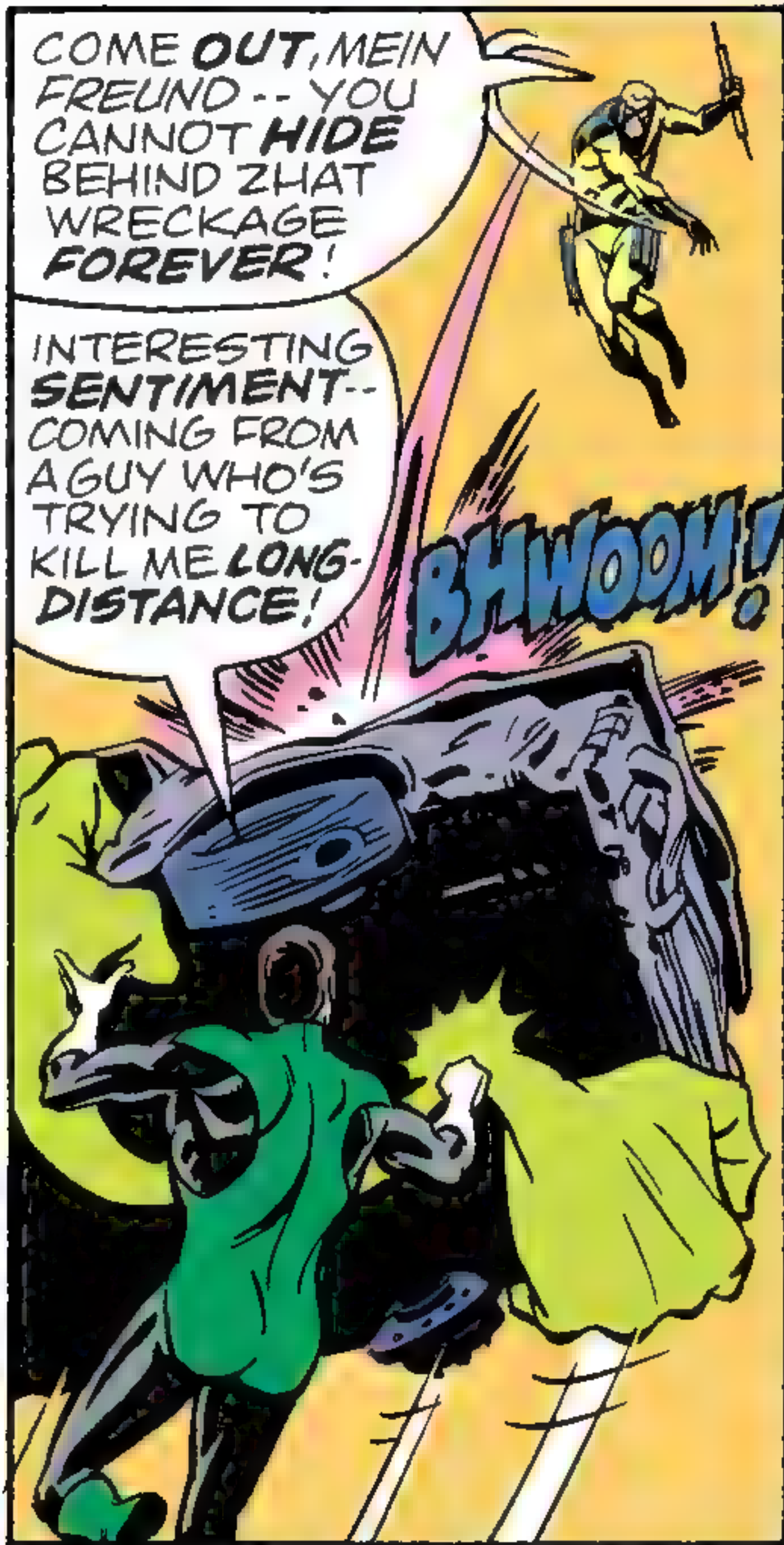












COME OUT, MEIN FREUND -- YOU CANNOT HIDE BEHIND ZHAT WRECKAGE FOREVER!

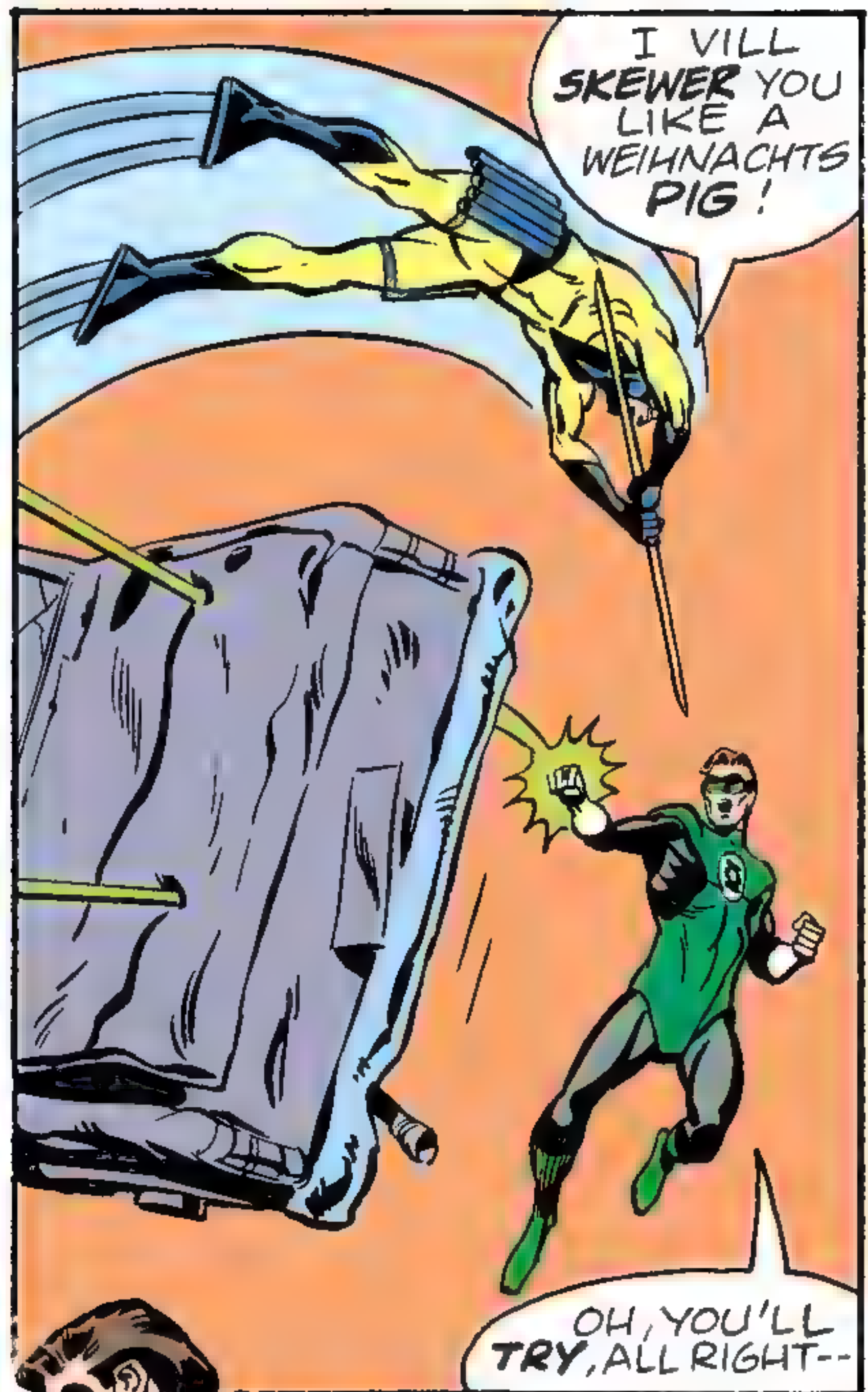
INTERESTING SENTIMENT-- COMING FROM A GUY WHO'S TRYING TO KILL ME LONG-DISTANCE!

**BHWOOM!**



YOU TZINK I AM AFRAID TO FACE YOU?

ZHEN YOU ARE A FOOL!



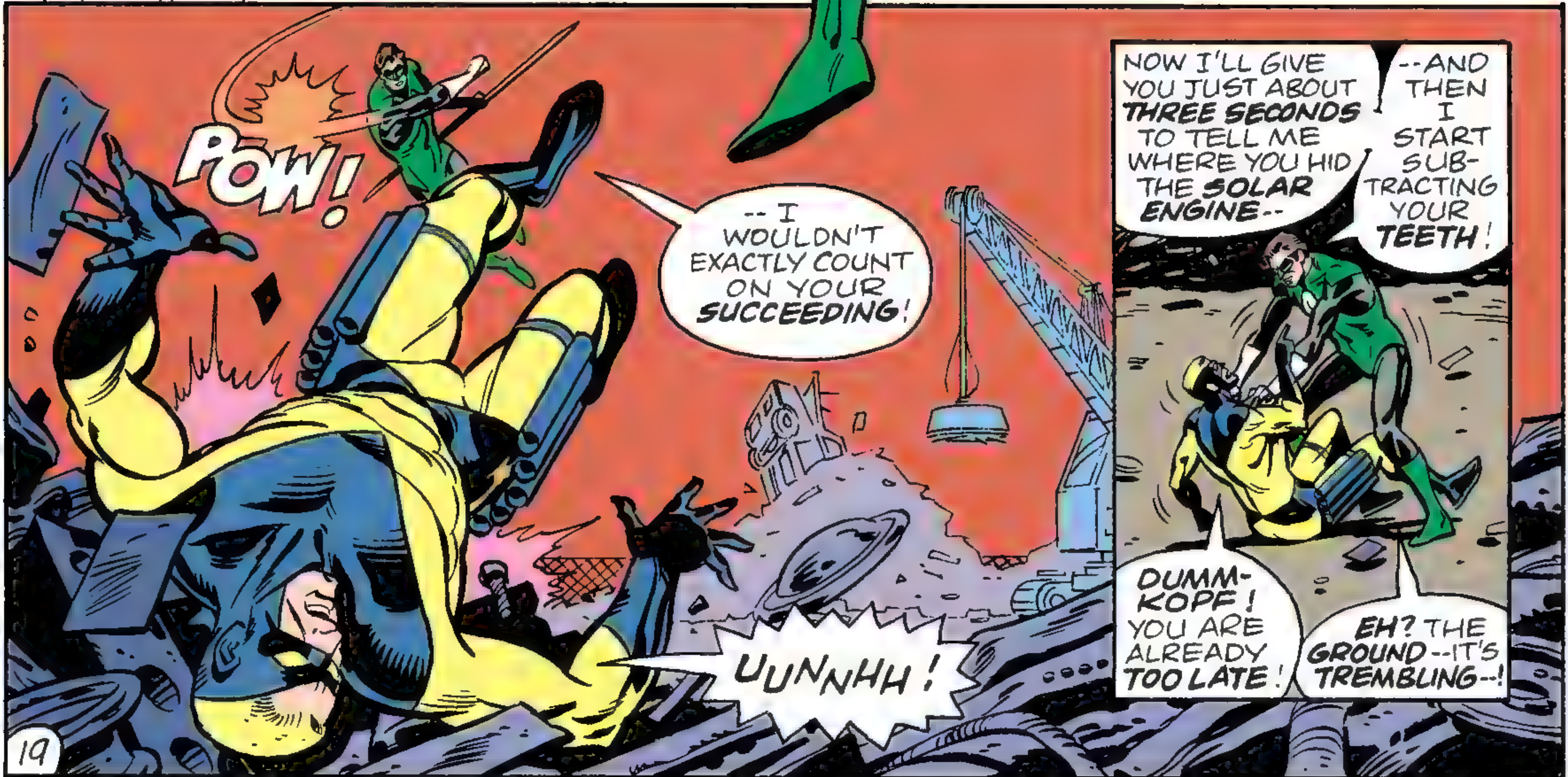
I VILL SKEWER YOU LIKE A WEIHNACHTS PIG!

OH, YOU'LL TRY, ALL RIGHT--



VAS--?!?

--BUT CONSIDERING YOUR TRACK RECORD SO FAR--



**POW!**

-- I WOULDN'T EXACTLY COUNT ON YOUR SUCCEEDING!

**UUNHH!**

NOW I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ABOUT THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHERE YOU HID THE SOLAR ENGINE--

--AND THEN I START SUBTRACTING YOUR TEETH!

DUMM-KOPF! YOU ARE ALREADY TOO LATE!

EH? THE GROUND--IT'S TREMBLING--!



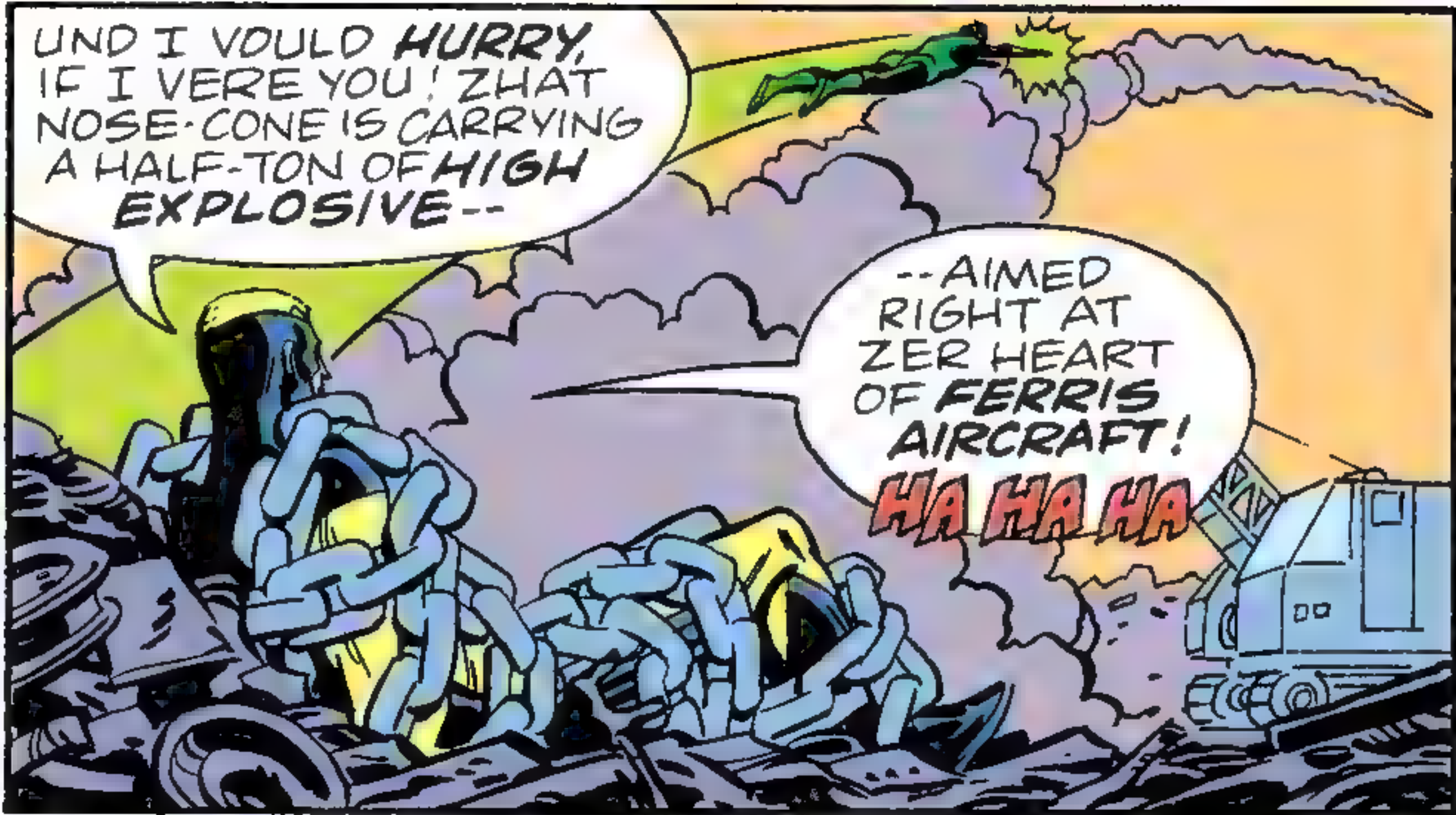
AND WITH  
GOOD  
REASON!



IF YOU  
WANT YOUR  
PRECIOUS SOLAR  
ENGINE NOW,  
MEIN FREUND--

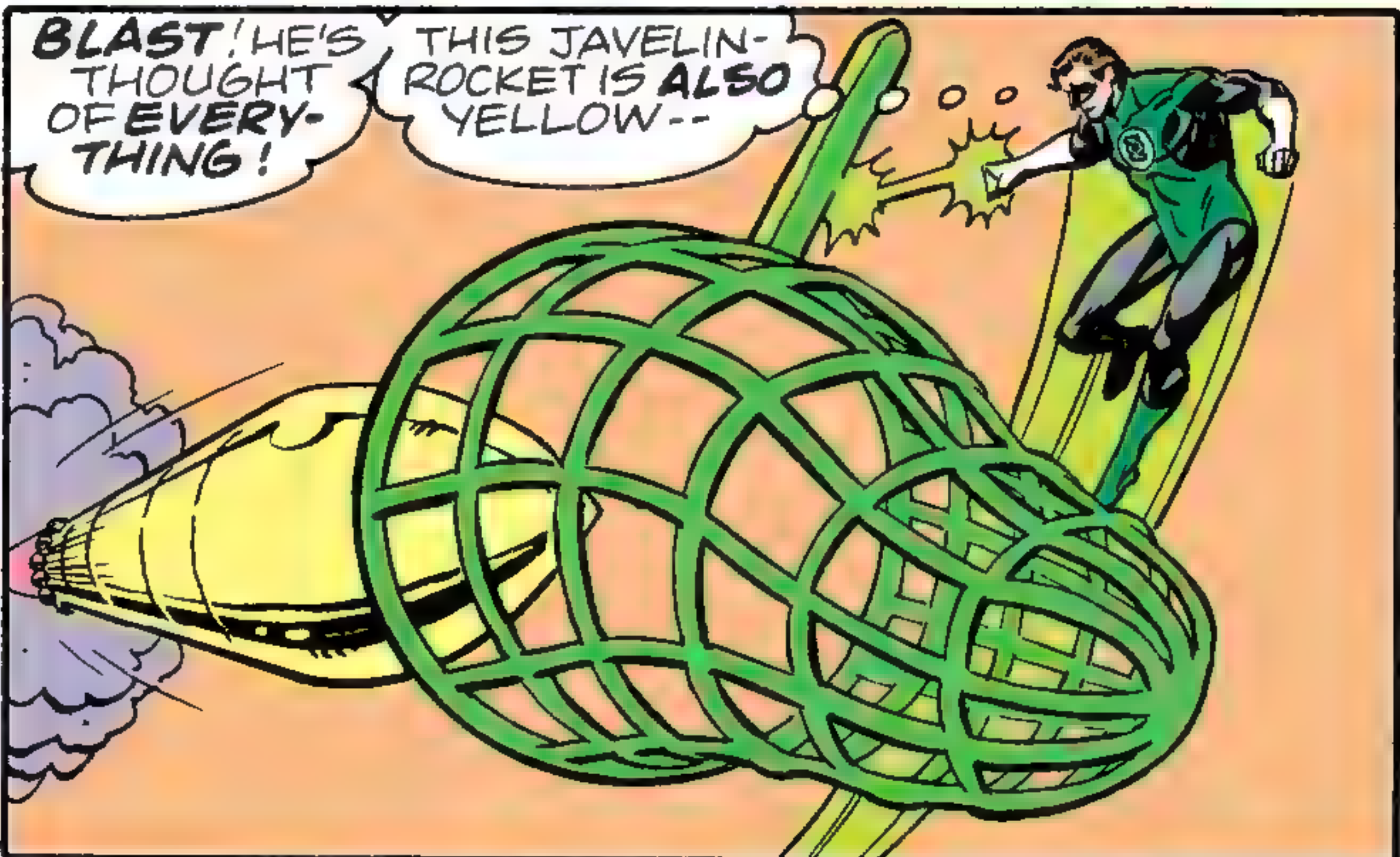
-- YOU VILL  
HAF TO  
CHASE  
IT!

GREAT  
GUARDIANS!



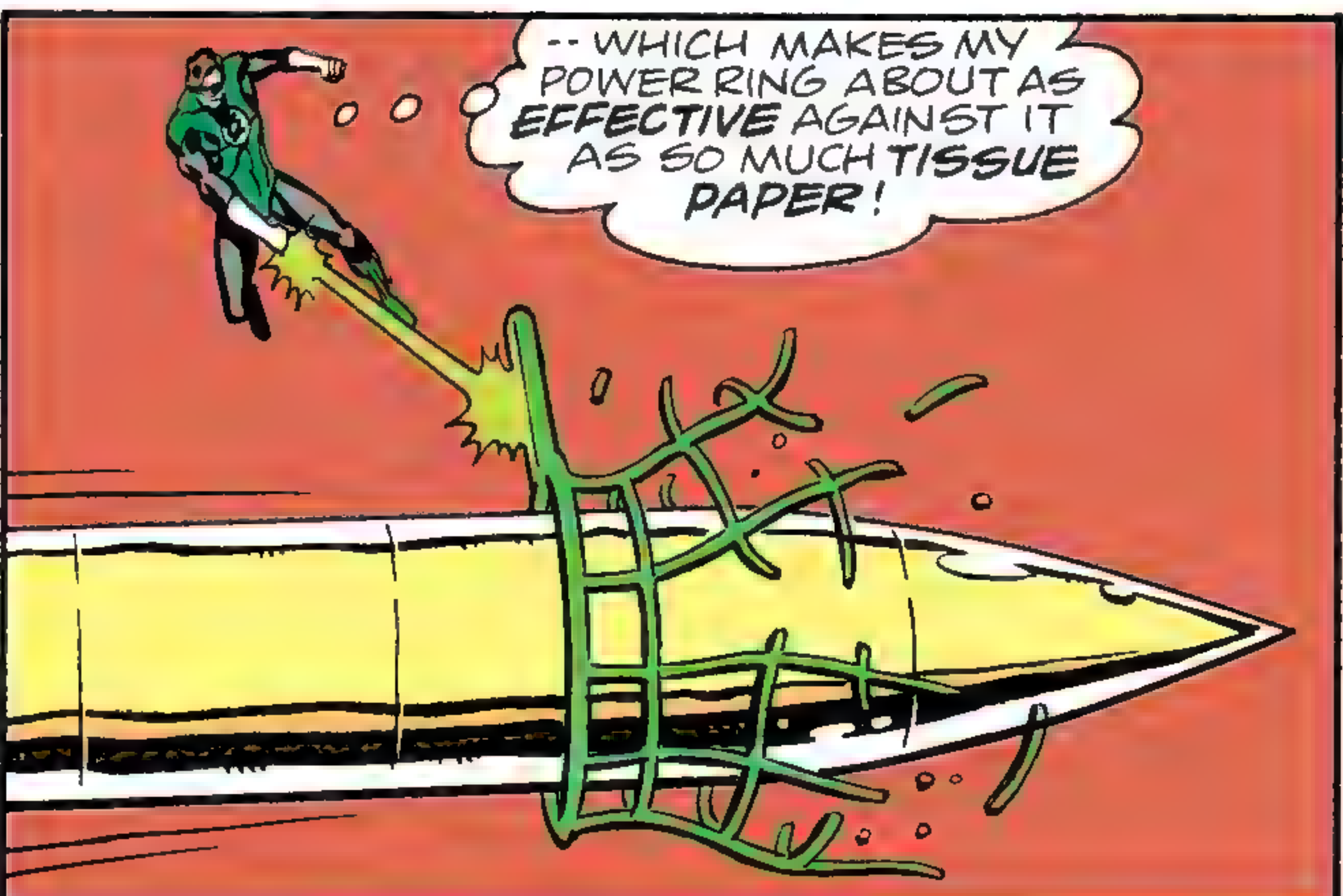
UND I VOULD HURRY,  
IF I VERE YOU! ZHAT  
NOSE-ONE IS CARRYING  
A HALF-TON OF HIGH  
EXPLOSIVE--

-- AIMED  
RIGHT AT  
ZER HEART  
OF FERRIS  
AIRCRAFT!  
**HA HA HA**

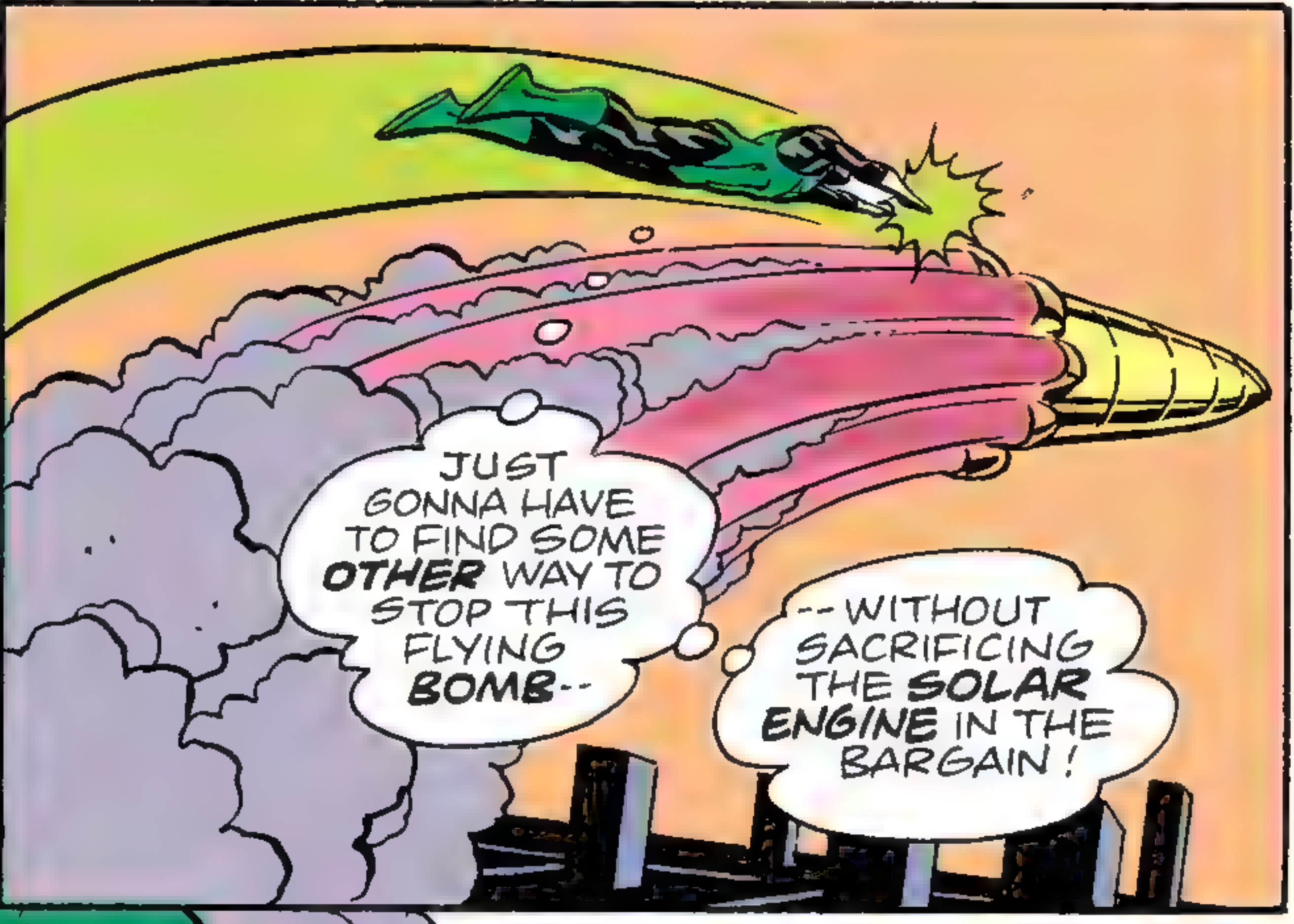


BLAST! HE'S  
THOUGHT  
OF EVERY-  
THING!

THIS JAVELIN-  
ROCKET IS ALSO  
YELLOW--



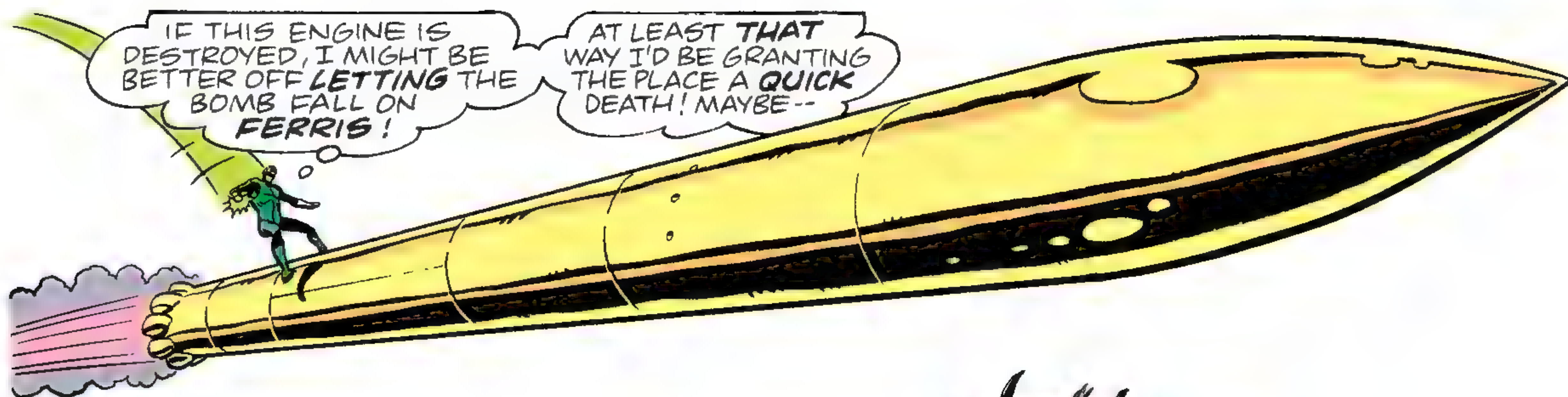
-- WHICH MAKES MY  
POWER RING ABOUT AS  
EFFECTIVE AGAINST IT  
AS SO MUCH TISSUE  
PAPER!



JUST  
GONNA HAVE  
TO FIND SOME  
OTHER WAY TO  
STOP THIS  
FLYING  
BOMB--

-- WITHOUT  
SACRIFICING  
THE SOLAR  
ENGINE IN THE  
BARGAIN!





IF THIS ENGINE IS DESTROYED, I MIGHT BE BETTER OFF **LETTING** THE BOMB FALL ON **FERRIS**!

AT LEAST **THAT** WAY I'D BE GRANTING THE PLACE A **QUICK** DEATH! MAYBE--



**NO!** THAT'S JUST ABOUT **ENOUGH** NEGATIVE THINKING!

THE OBJECT HERE IS TO **SAVE** FERRIS, NOT **MOURN** IT!

HAVE TO **CONCENTRATE** -- LOOSEN THE SCREWS TO THE **CLAMP COVER**--!



CAREFULLY, NOW ... **CAREFULLY**...

... **DID IT!** NOW TO PULL THAT **RED RELEASE** HANDLE --

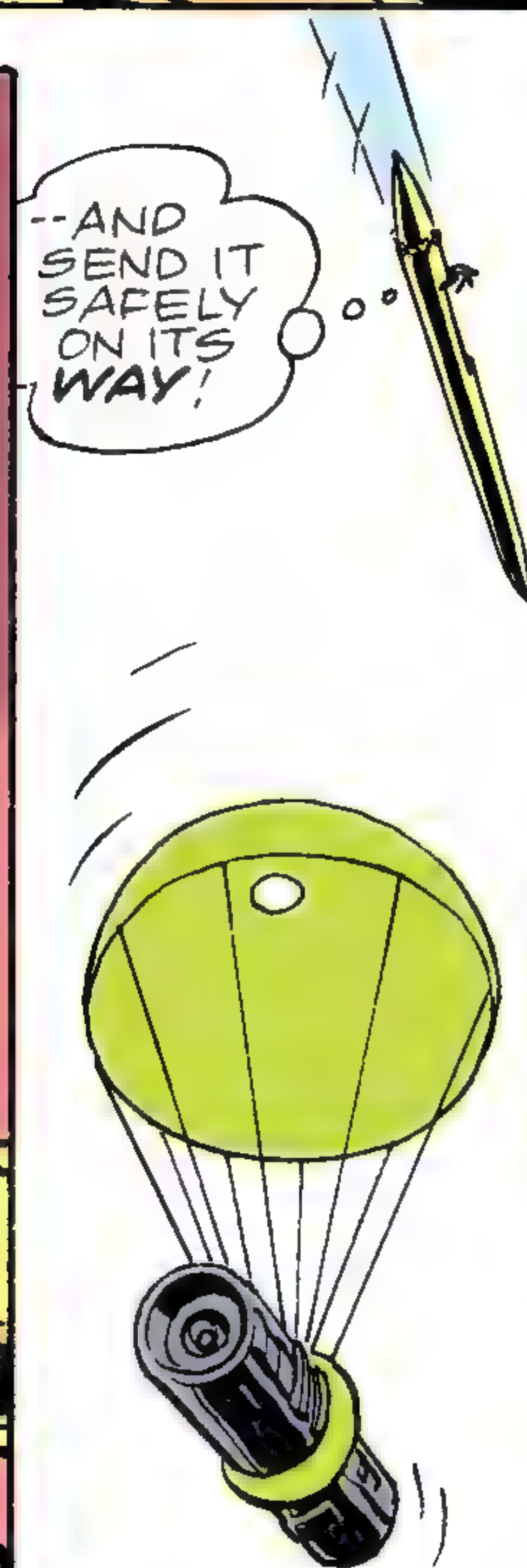


--WHICH WILL JETTISON THE **ENGINE COVER** PANEL INTO THE DESERTED HILLS BELOW--



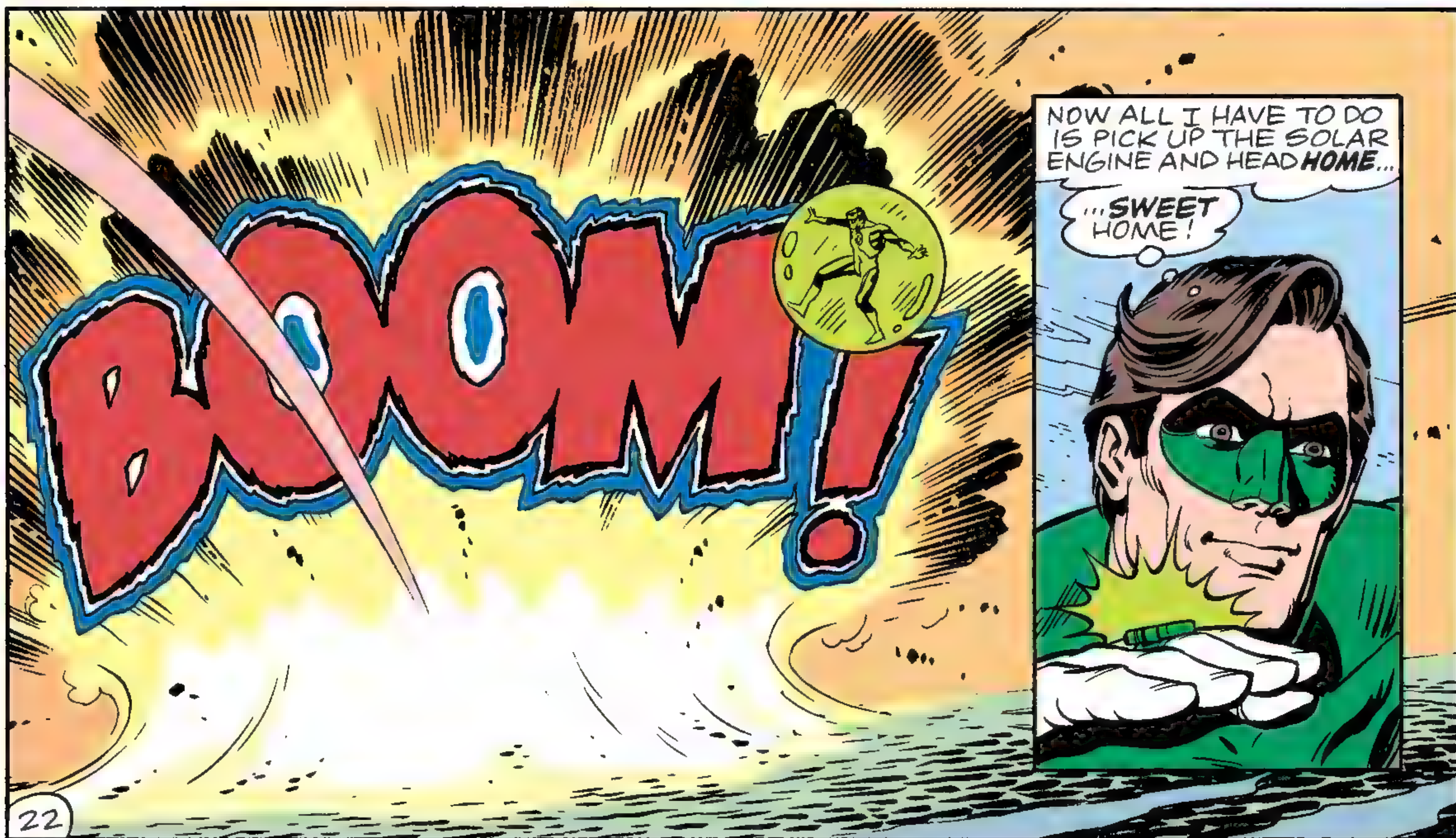
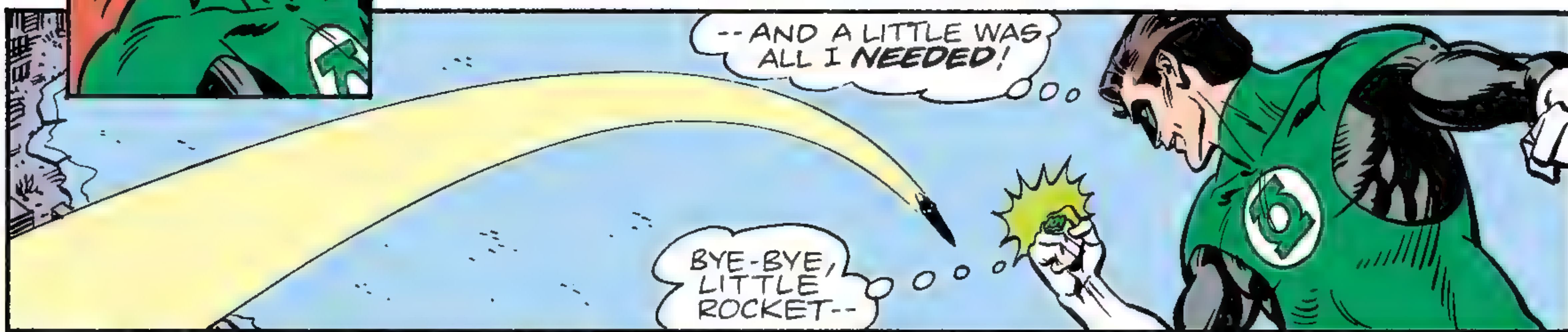
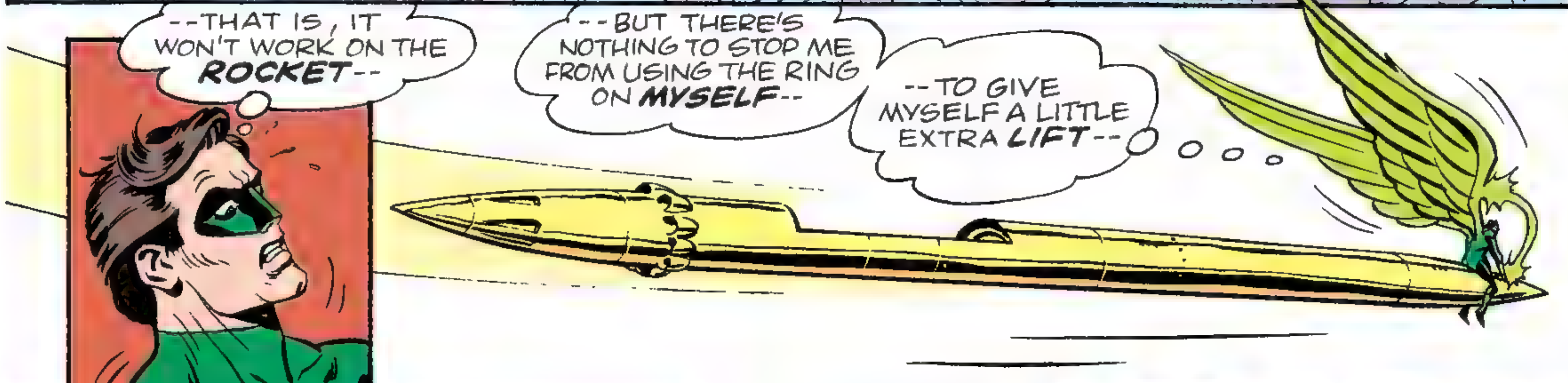
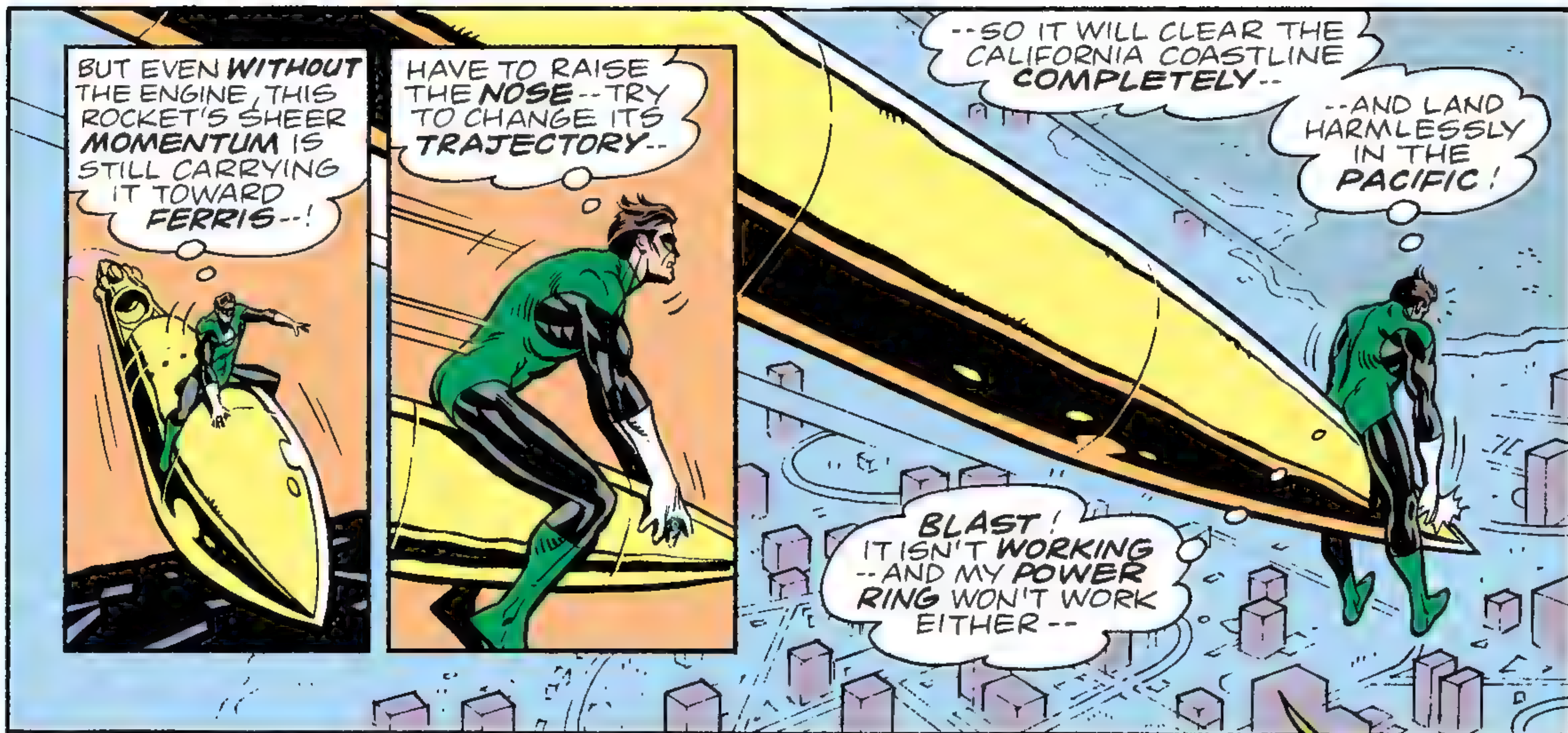
--SO I CAN GENTLY PLUCK OUT THE EVER-ELUSIVE **SOLAR ENGINE**--

--(THANK THE GUARDIANS IT ISN'T **YELLOW**)--



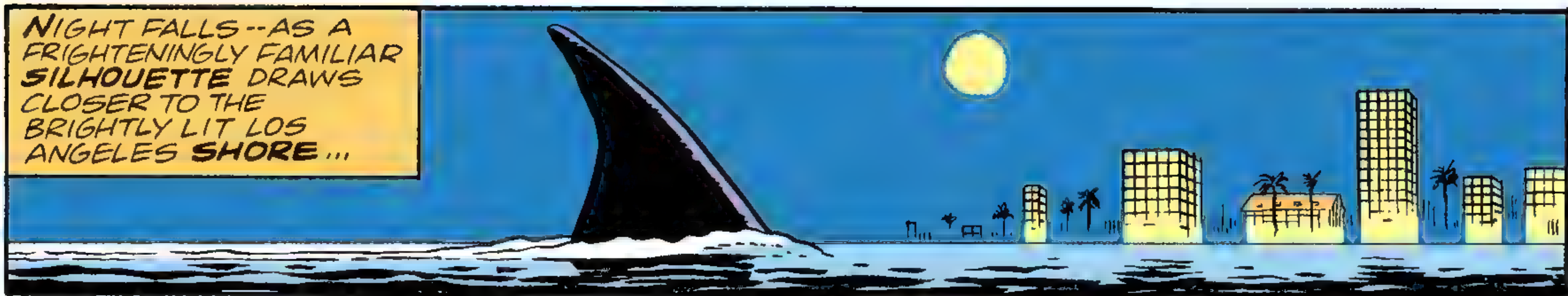
--AND SEND IT SAFELY ON ITS **WAY!**



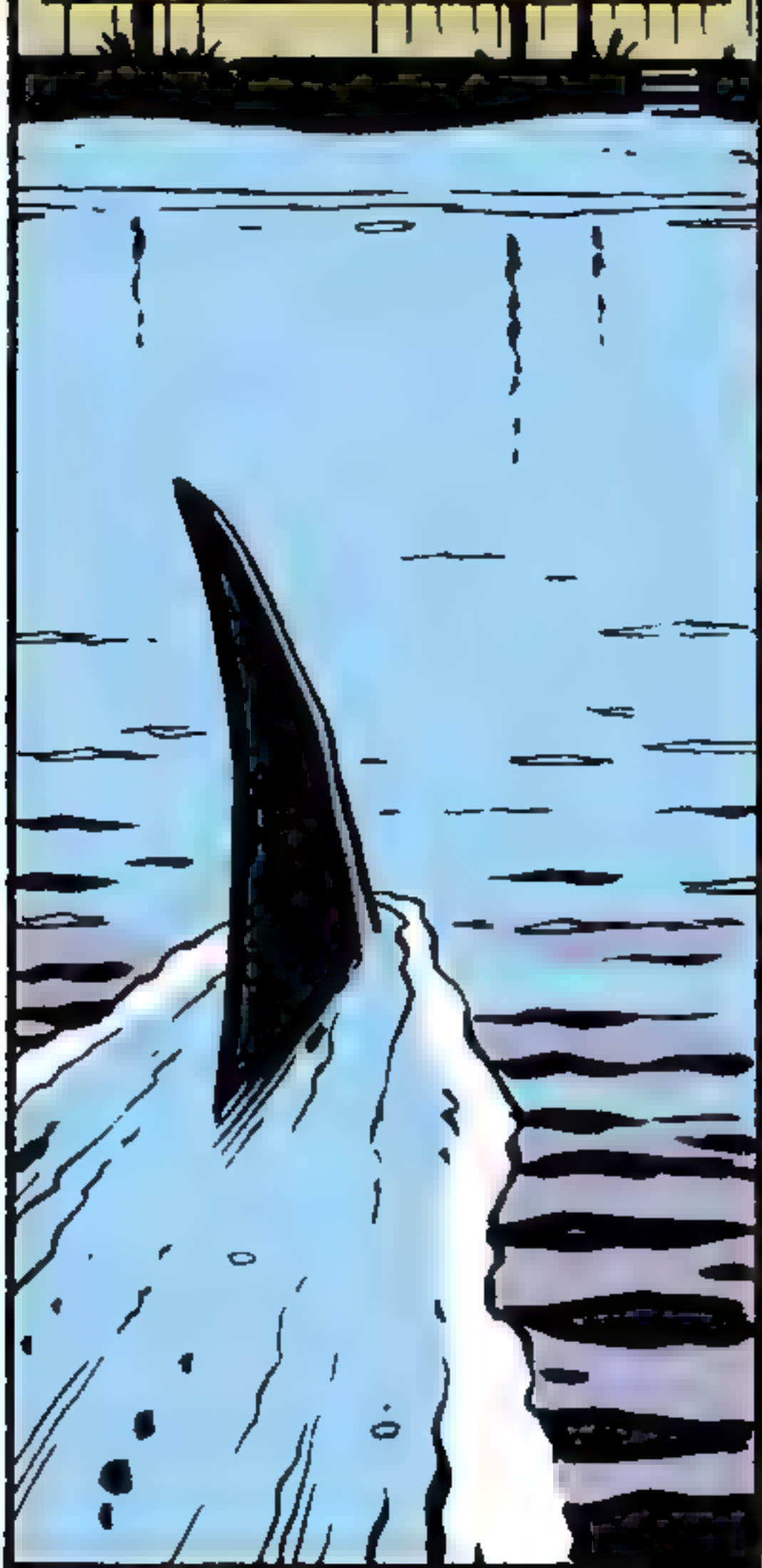




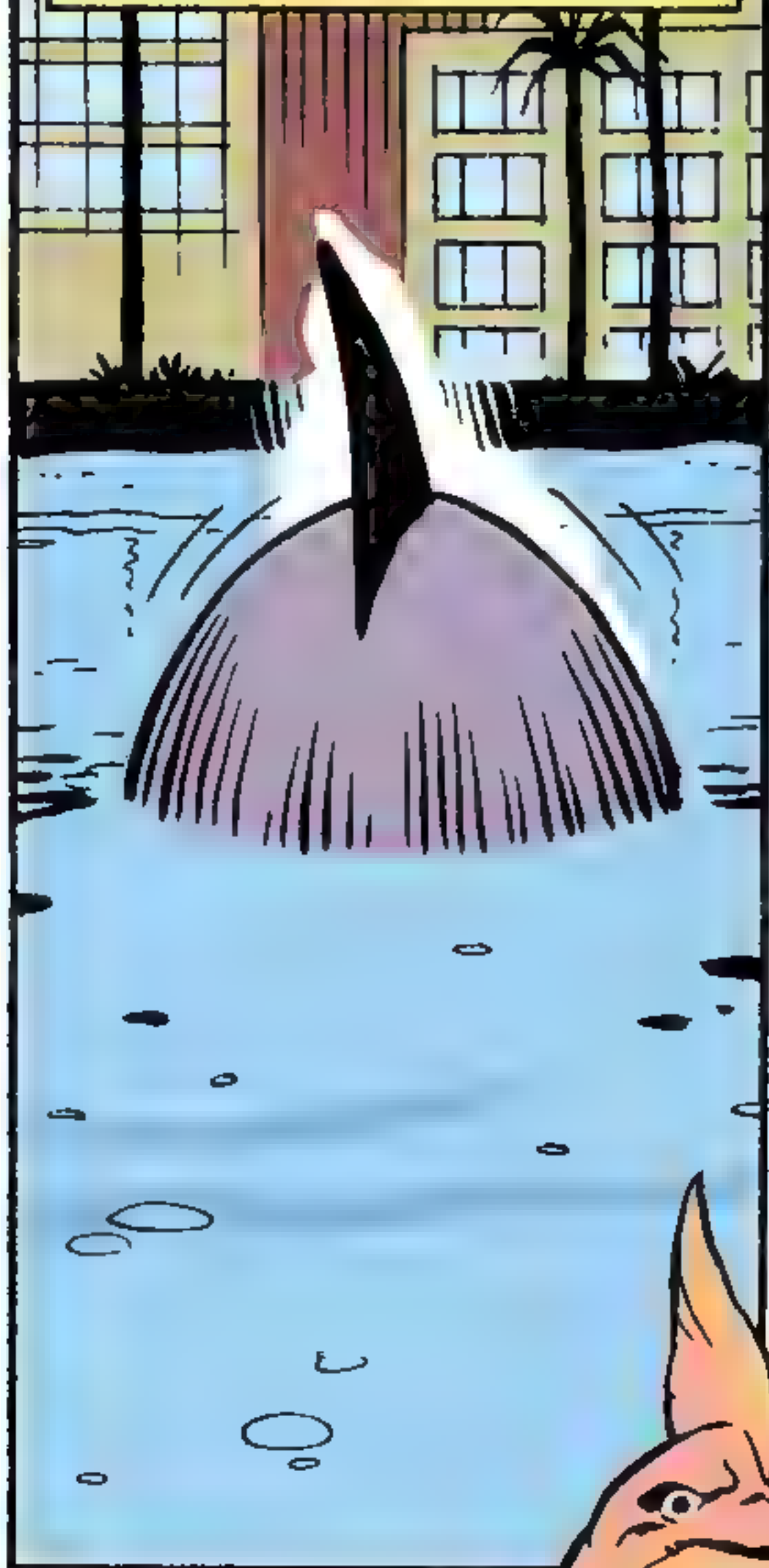
NIGHT FALLS--AS A  
FRIGHTENINGLY FAMILIAR  
**SILHOUETTE** DRAWS  
CLOSER TO THE  
BRIGHTLY LIT LOS  
ANGELES SHORE...



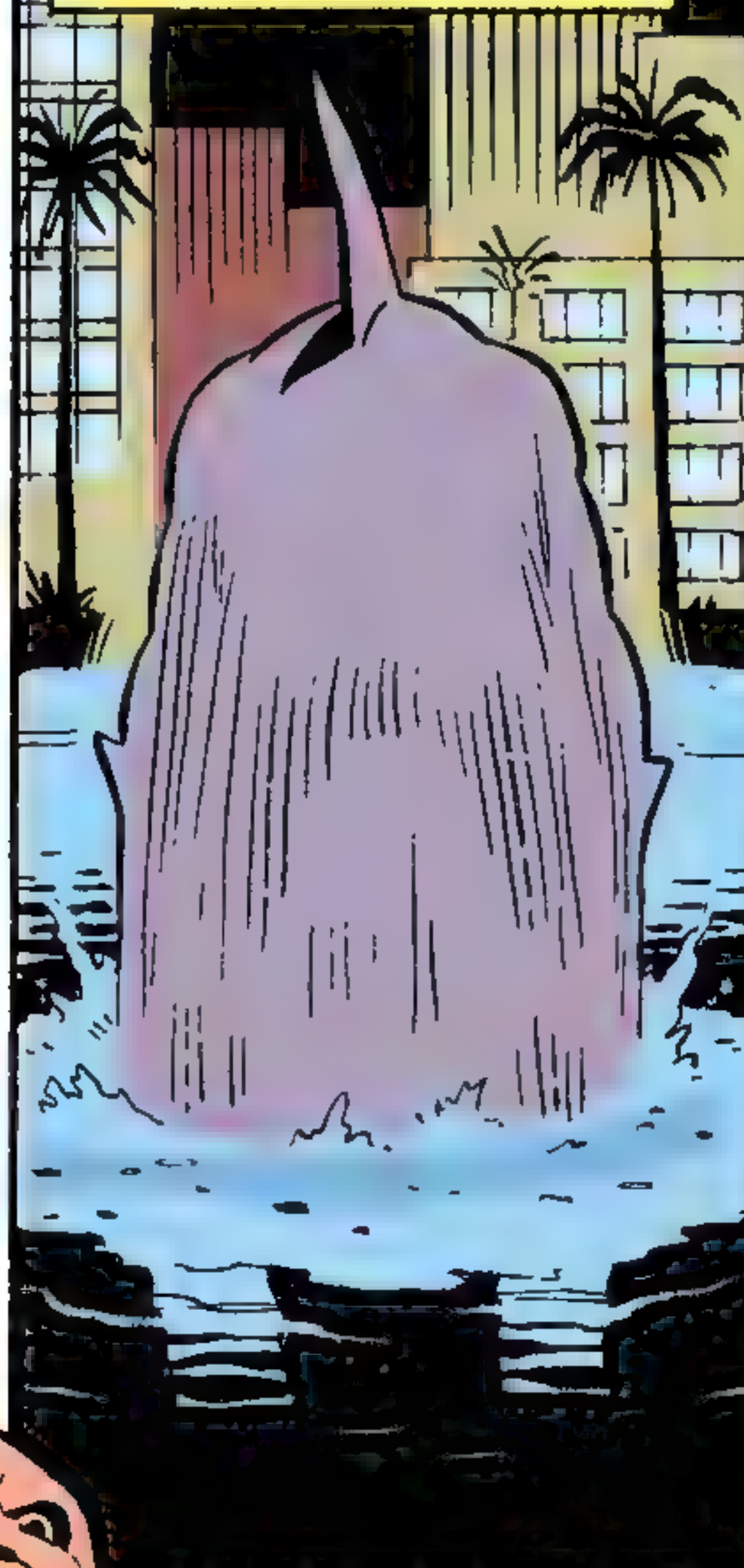
AT FIRST, THE SHAPE  
IS SLEEK AND  
**SLENDER**, THE CON-  
SUMMATE CREATURE  
OF THE DEEP--



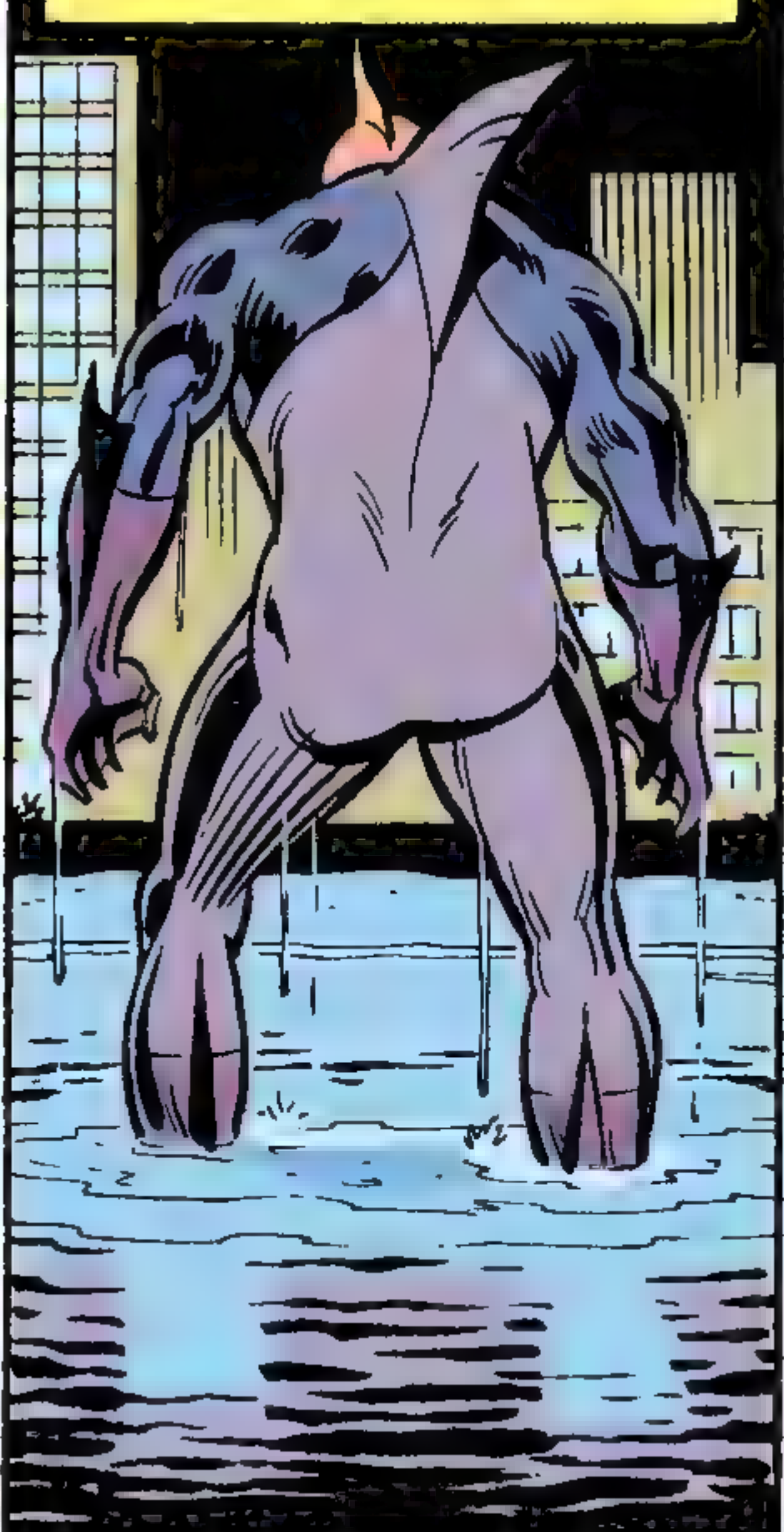
--AND THEN, SLOWLY,  
ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY  
AT FIRST, IT  
BEGINS TO **CHANGE**--



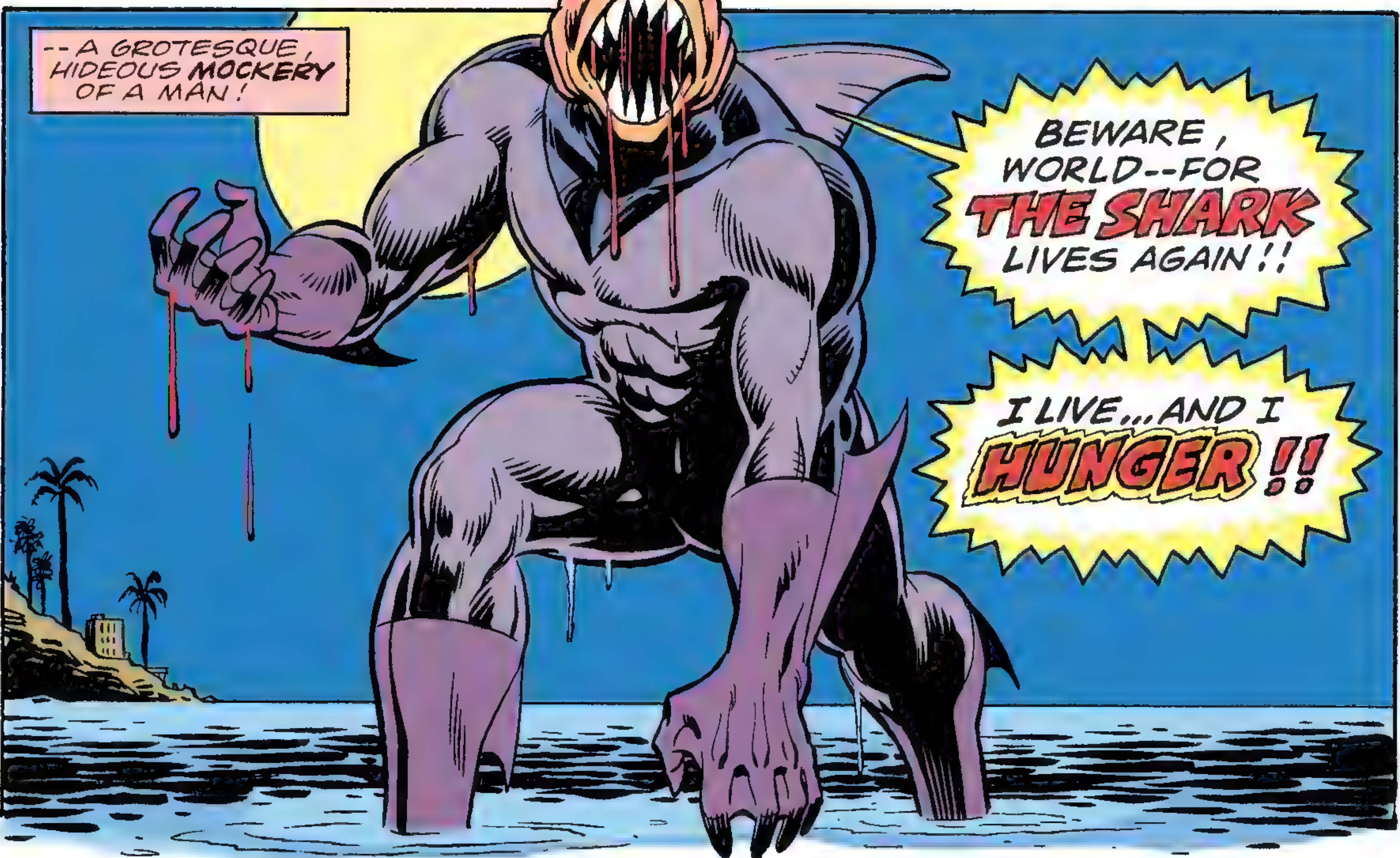
--BECOMING FAR  
LESS THE FORM  
OF A FISH--



--AND MUCH MORE THE  
FORM OF A MAN--



-- A GROTESQUE,  
HIDEOUS MOCKERY  
OF A MAN!



BEWARE,  
WORLD--FOR  
**THE SHARK**  
LIVES AGAIN!!

I LIVE...AND I  
**HUNGER!!**

**NEXT  
ISSUE:**

**SHARK BAIT !**

JOIN US, WON'T  
YOU? (YOU WOULDN'T  
WANT TO MAKE  
HIM MAD!)



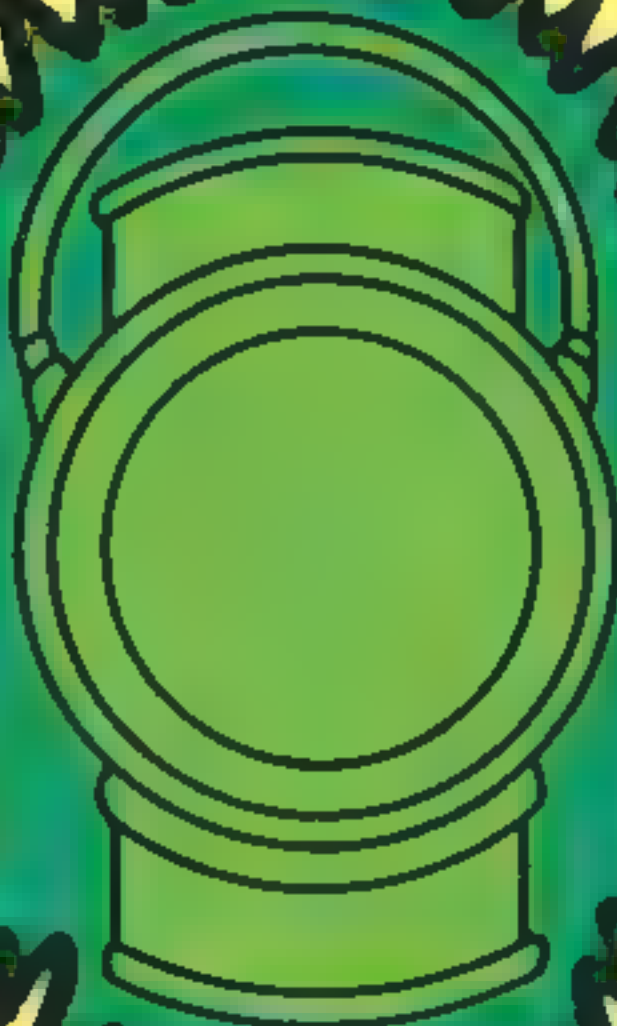


BY LEN WEIN AND DAVE GIBBONS

75¢  
175  
APR. 84



GREEN



LANTERN

**SHARK  
BAIT!**

GUEST-STARRING

*The* **FLASH**





MARK THIS DAY WELL--FOR IT  
MAY JUST BE THE LAST DAY IN  
THE TURBULENT LIFE OF ...

TO MOST, IT IS MERELY A NEWSPAPER,  
A CASUAL CONDUIT TO THE AFFAIRS OF  
THE WORLD, THE CURRENT STANDINGS OF  
A FAVORITE TEAM, AND THE ADVENTURES  
OF CHARLIE BROWN AND GARFIELD--

--BUT TO SOME, IT IS  
A DAILY REMINDER OF  
CONTINUAL FRUSTRATION!

DAMMIT!  
HE'S DONE  
IT TO ME  
AGAIN!!

# SHARK BAIT!

LEN WEIN = WRITER/EDITOR \* DAVE GIBBONS = ARTIST/LETTERER \* ANTHONY TOLLIN = colorist

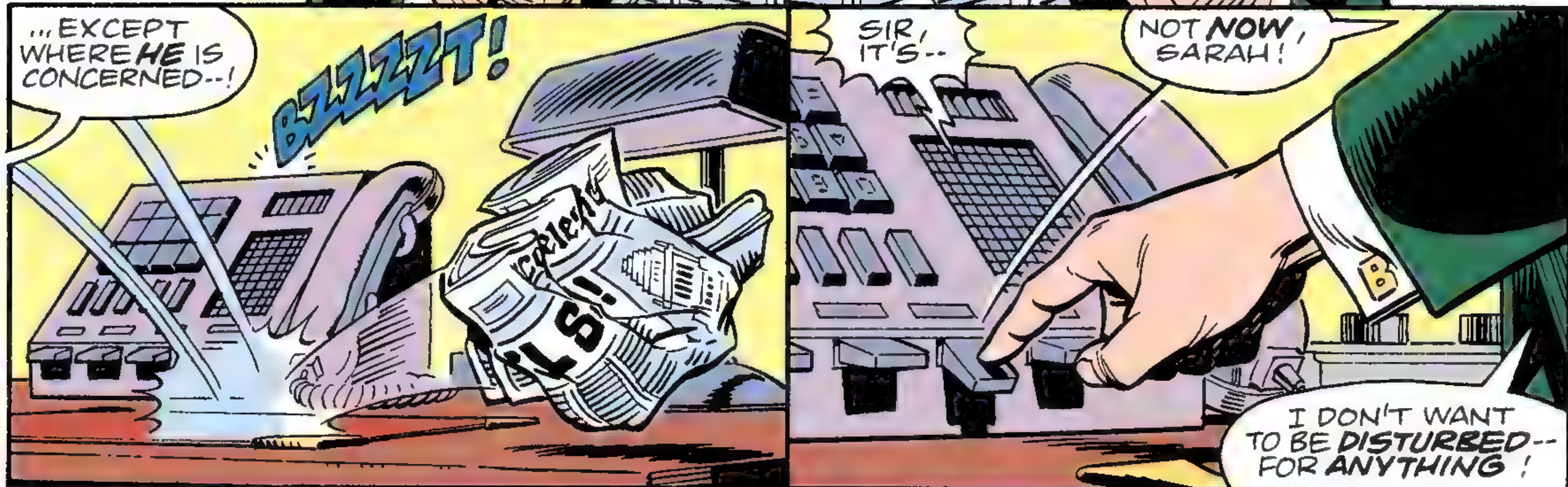




I'M CONGRESSMAN JASON BLOCH--ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN THIS COUNTRY--!

I HAVE A PERSONAL FORTUNE IN THE MULTIMILLIONS...A NETWORK OF AGENTS--VOLUNTARY AND OTHERWISE--THAT WOULD MAKE THE CIA EMERALD WITH ENVY...

I HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD FIRMLY UNDER MY THUMB...



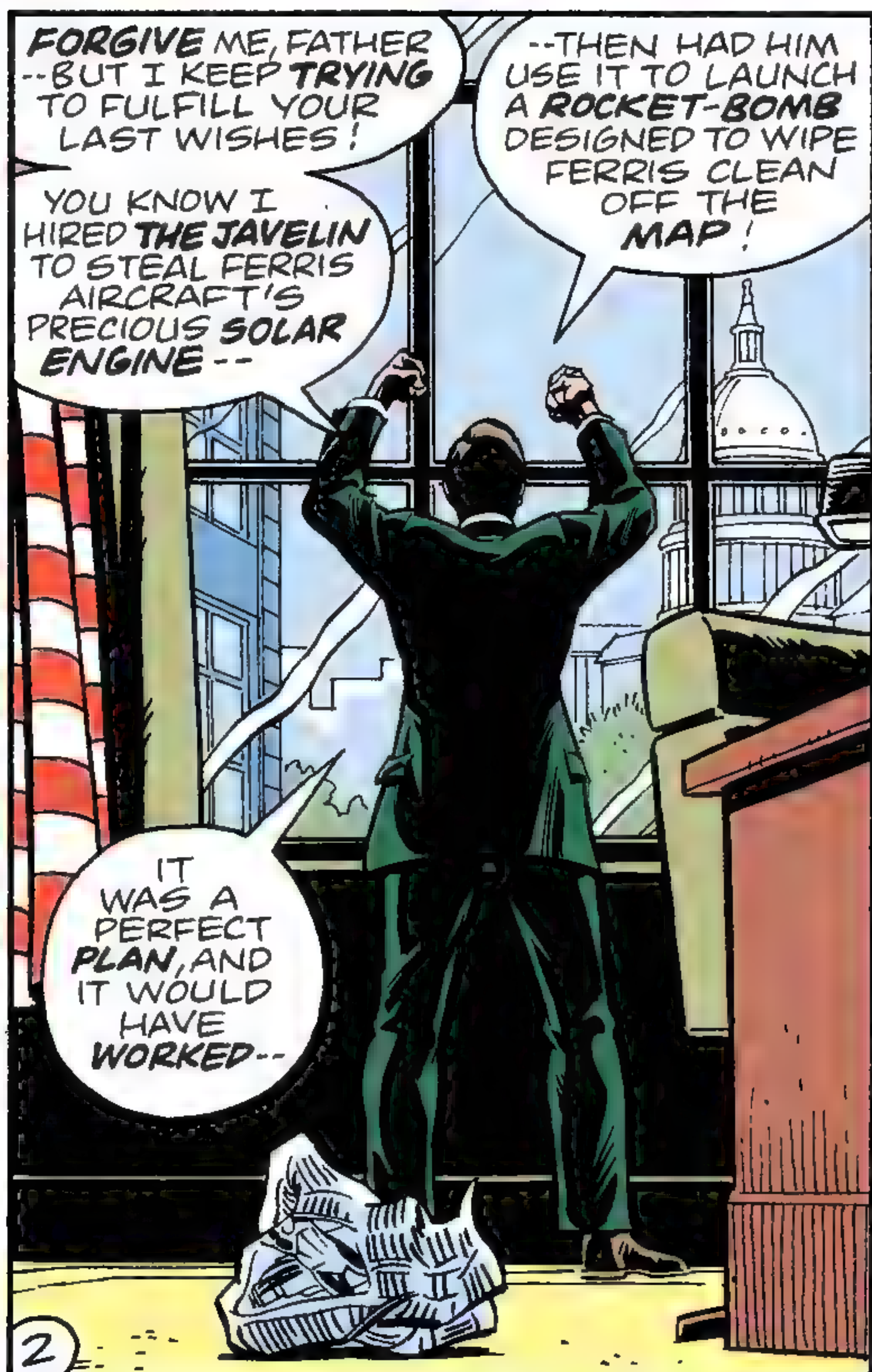
...EXCEPT WHERE HE IS CONCERNED--!

BZZZZT!

SIR, IT'S--

NOT NOW, SARAH!

I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED--FOR ANYTHING!

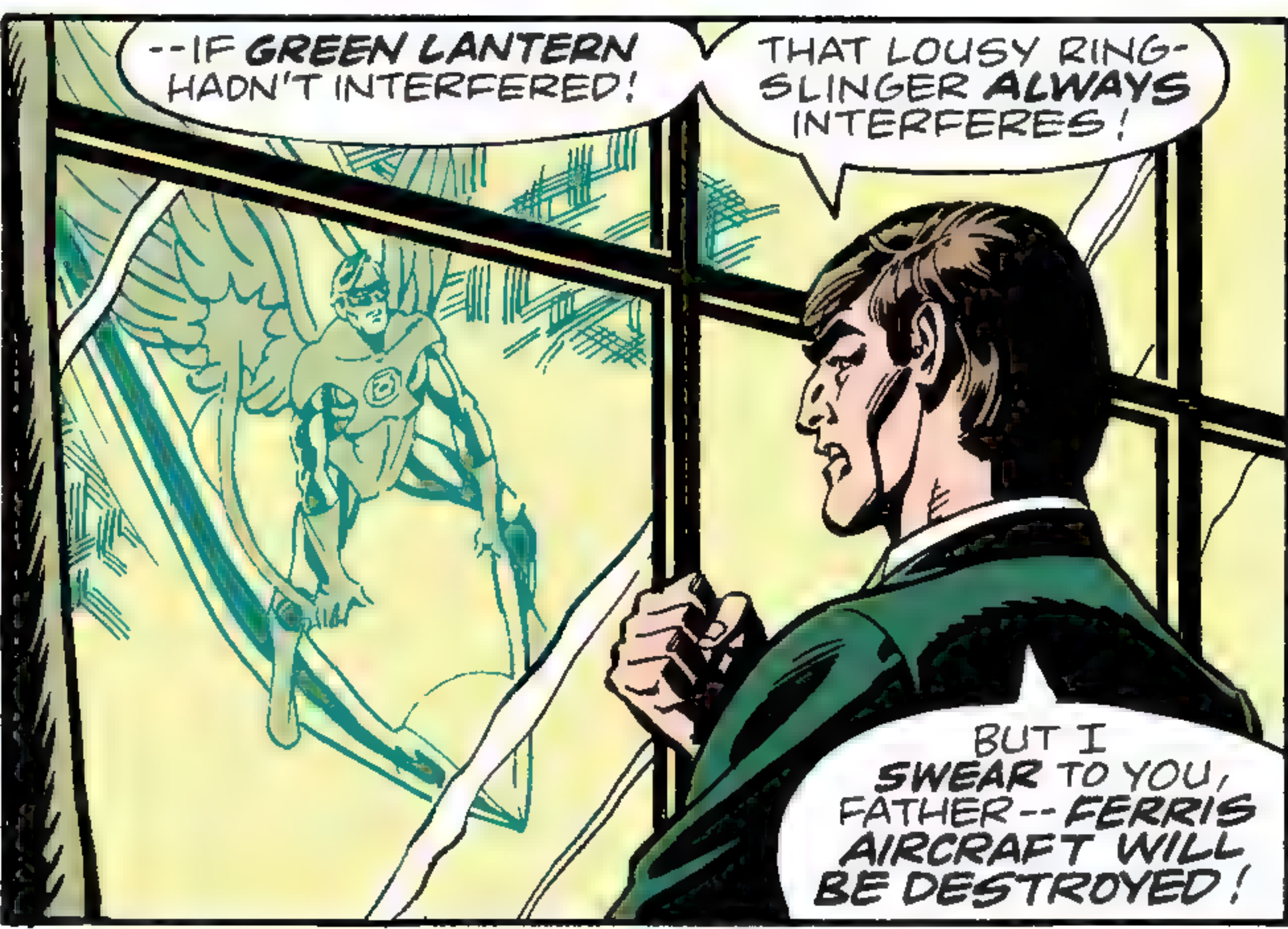


FORGIVE ME, FATHER--BUT I KEEP TRYING TO FULFILL YOUR LAST WISHES!

YOU KNOW I HIRED THE JAVELIN TO STEAL FERRIS AIRCRAFT'S PRECIOUS SOLAR ENGINE--

--THEN HAD HIM USE IT TO LAUNCH A ROCKET-BOMB DESIGNED TO WIPE FERRIS CLEAN OFF THE MAP!

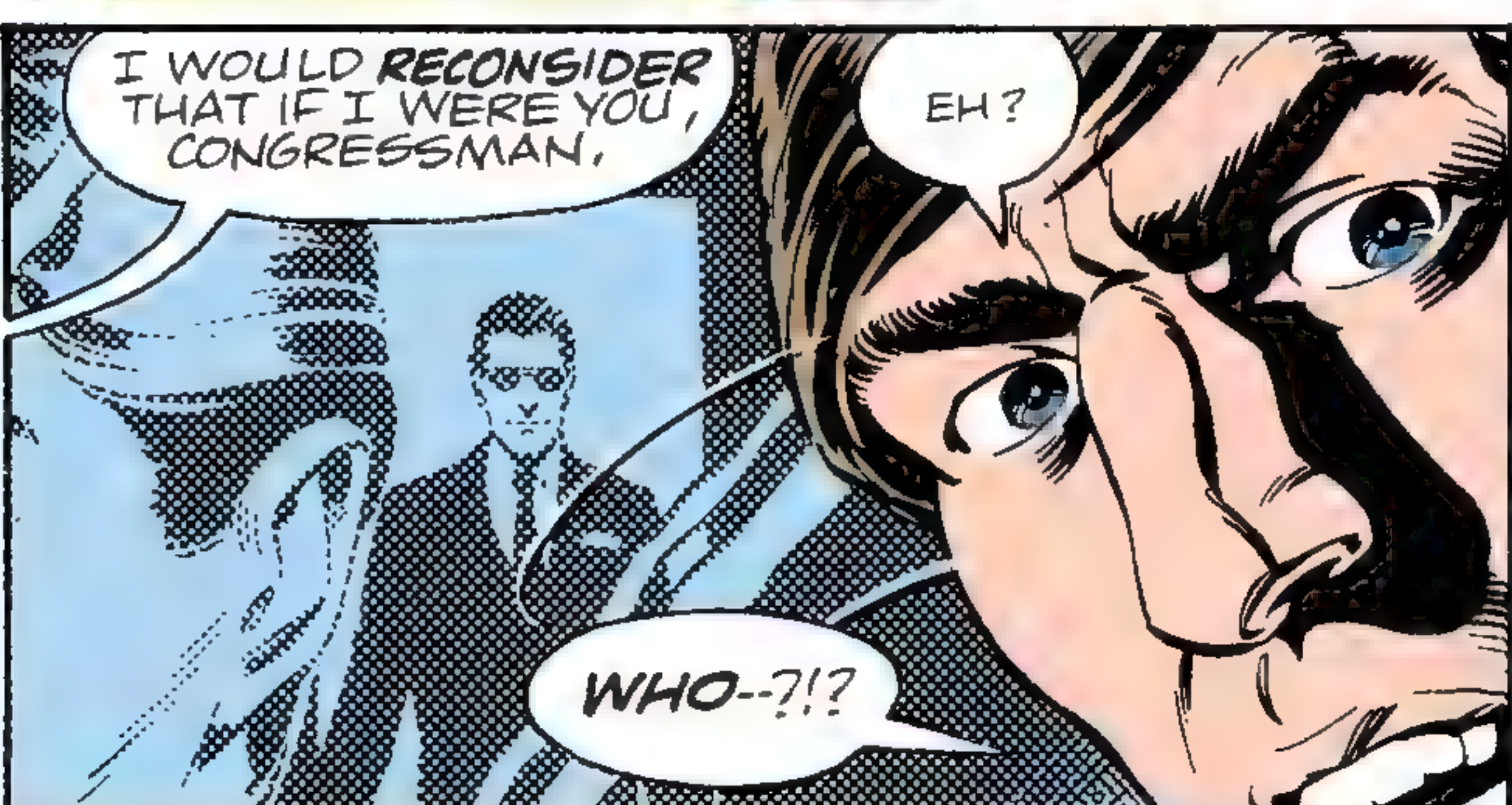
IT WAS A PERFECT PLAN, AND IT WOULD HAVE WORKED--



--IF GREEN LANTERN HADN'T INTERFERED!

THAT LOUSY RING-SLINGER ALWAYS INTERFERES!

BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, FATHER-- FERRIS AIRCRAFT WILL BE DESTROYED!

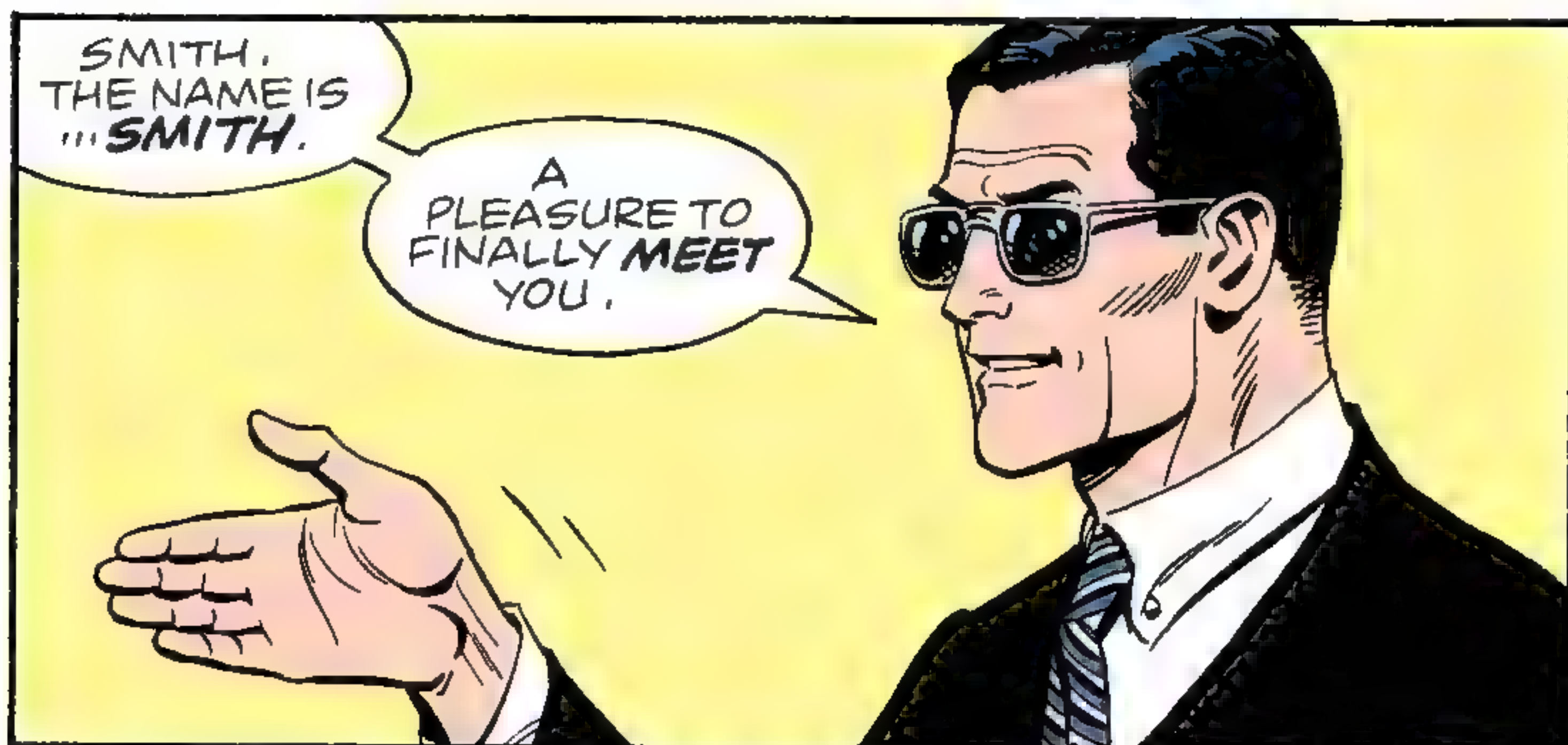


I WOULD RECONSIDER THAT IF I WERE YOU, CONGRESSMAN,

EH?

WHO--?!?







YOU SEE, YEARS AGO, CARL FERRIS AND MY FATHER, CONRAD, WERE **PARTNERS**--

--UNTIL FERRIS LEGALLY **STOLE** THEIR THRIVING AIR-CARGO COMPANY, AND DROVE MY FATHER A LITTLE **MAD!**

"YEARS LATER, A BUNGLED ATTEMPT TO **SABOTAGE** FERRIS'S PLANT LEFT CONRAD BLOCH A **PHYSICAL MONSTER**..."

BLOCH

"AND HIS **FINAL** ATTEMPT SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, TO GAIN REVENGE ON CARL FERRIS BY DESTROYING HIS DAUGHTER, CAROL--"

"--ULTIMATELY DESTROYED MY FATHER **INSTEAD!**"\*

\*EXPLAINED FULLY IN GL #140.--L.

ON HIS **DEATHBED**, MY FATHER MADE ME SWEAR I'D **FINISH** FERRIS AIRCRAFT FOR HIM--

--AND THAT'S A VOW I INTEND TO **KEEP!**

MOST **UNFORTUNATE**... CONSIDERING THE DEEP **INTEREST** MY EMPLOYERS HAVE IN FERRIS.

TELL YOU **WHAT**... WHY NOT SIMPLY PUT YOUR VENDETTA ON **HOLD** UNTIL WE CAN COMPLETE **OUR** BUSINESS WITH FERRIS...

...AND THEN YOU CAN **BURY** THE PLACE, FOR ALL WE CARE.

THERE'LL BE **ICEBERGS** IN THE **SAHARA** BEFORE I LET YOU DICTATE TERMS TO ME, SMITH!

NOW GET THE HELL **OUT** OF HERE!

AS YOU WISH, CONGRESSMAN--BUT I DO HOPE YOU'LL **RECONSIDER** MY LITTLE SUGGESTION...

...FOR YOUR **OWN** SAKE.

SMITH IS **RIGHT**. CON-TROL IS **POWERFUL**...

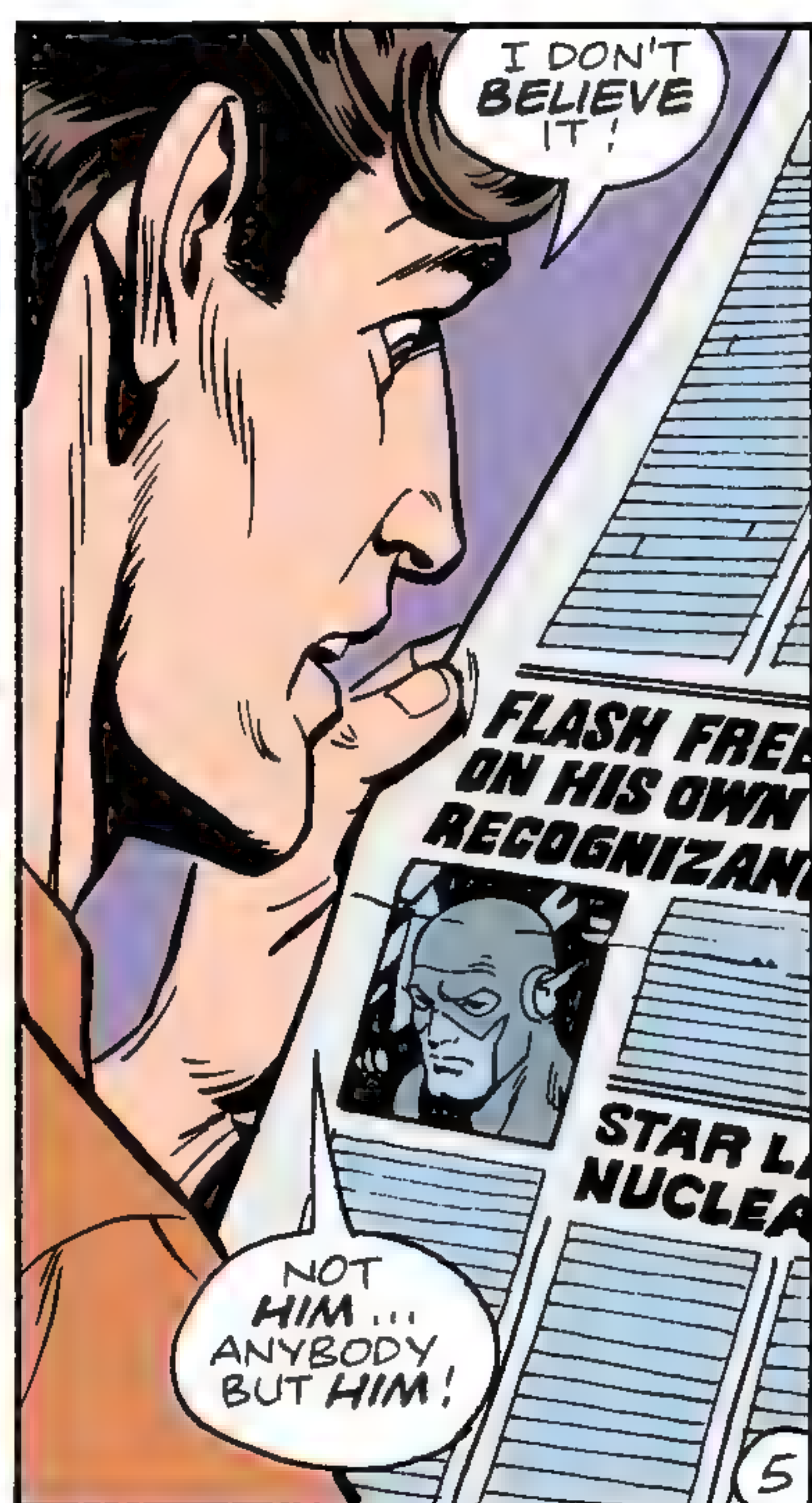
...MAYBE EVEN MORE **POWERFUL** THAN I AM...

...BUT I'VE GOT MY OWN LITTLE **ACE-IN-THE-HOLE** HIDDEN IN THIS SAFE...

...AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WON'T HESITATE TO **USE** IT!

HAL JORDAN / GREEN LANTERN









CAROL, WHY DIDN'T YOU **TELL** ME ABOUT THIS?

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HAL, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN BACK FOR A COUPLE OF **DAYS**--



-- AND CONSIDERING EVERYTHING THAT'S **HAPPENED** SINCE THEN...

WELL, TELLING YOU ABOUT THE **FLASH'S** PROBLEMS JUST SORT OF SLIPPED MY MIND!

ANY **OTHER** COMPLAINTS, MR. JORDAN?

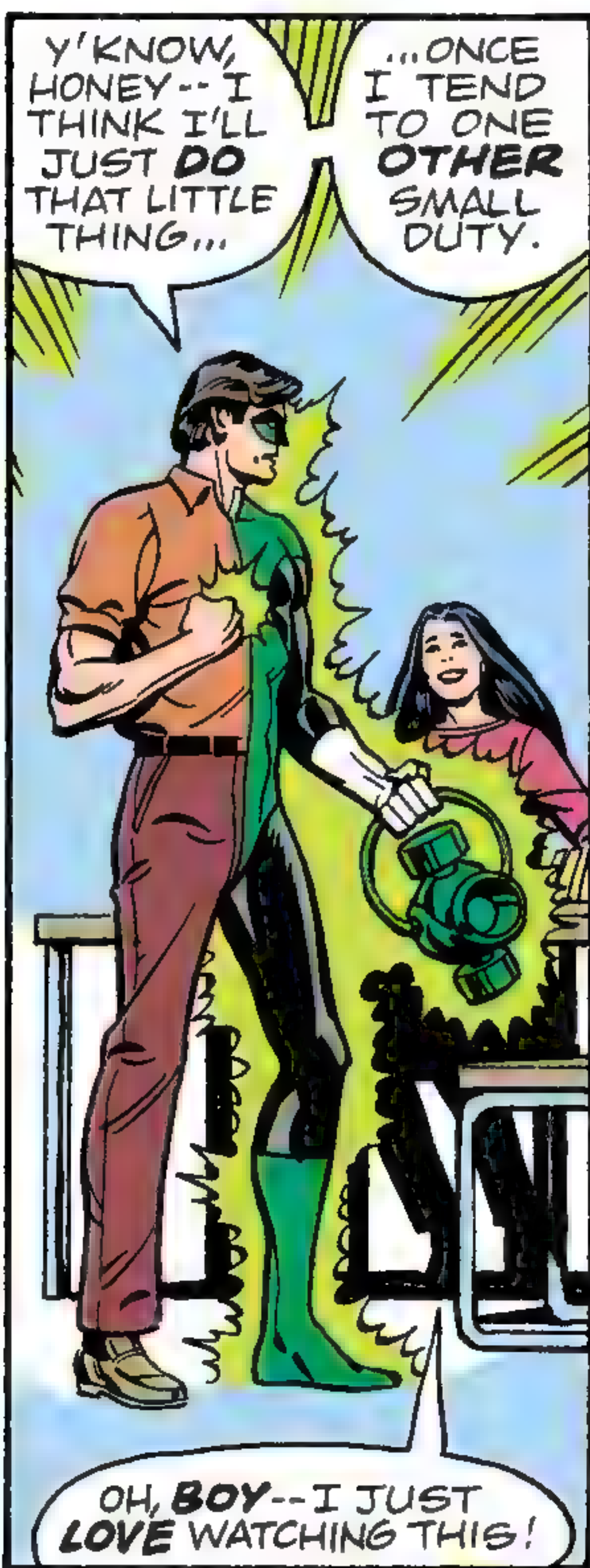


CAROL, I'M **SORRY**--I HAD NO RIGHT TO **SNAP** AT YOU LIKE THAT.

WHY DON'T YOU GO **ASK** HIM?

IT'S JUST THAT THE MAN IS ONE OF MY OLDEST, CLOSEST **FRIENDS**... AND TO FIND HIM ACCUSED OF **KILLING** SOMEONE...

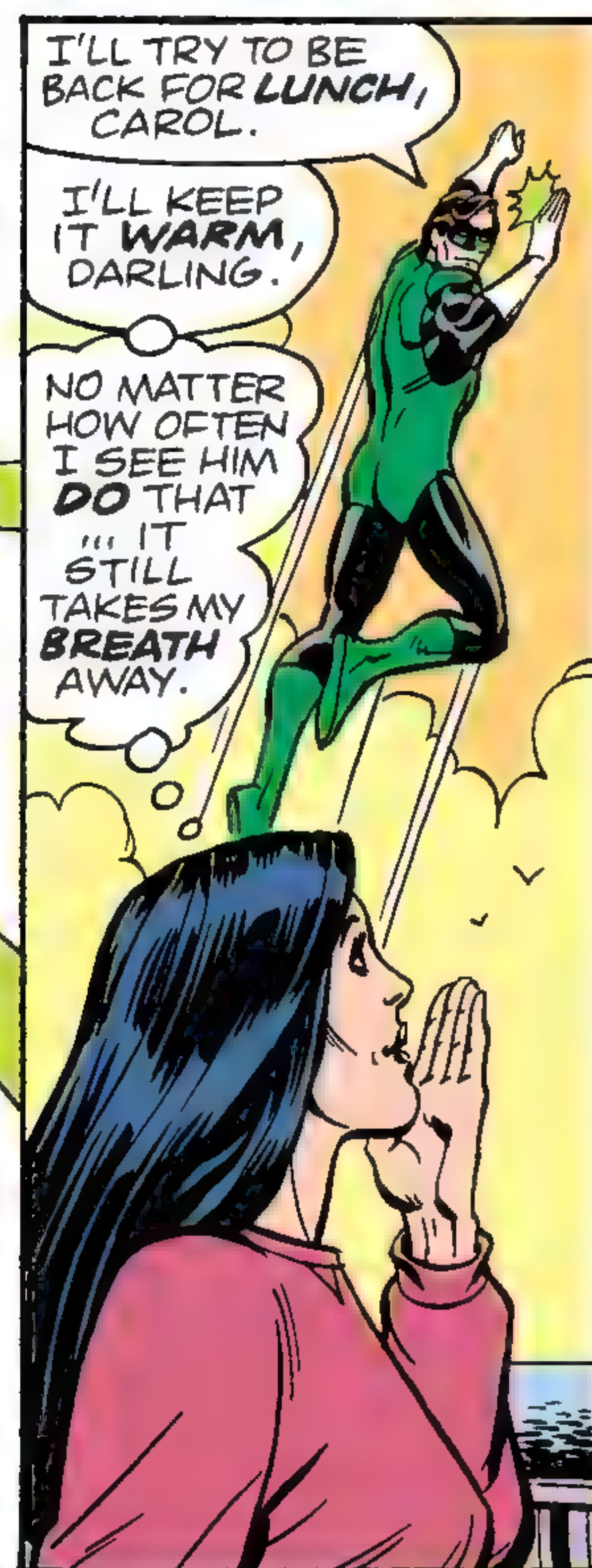
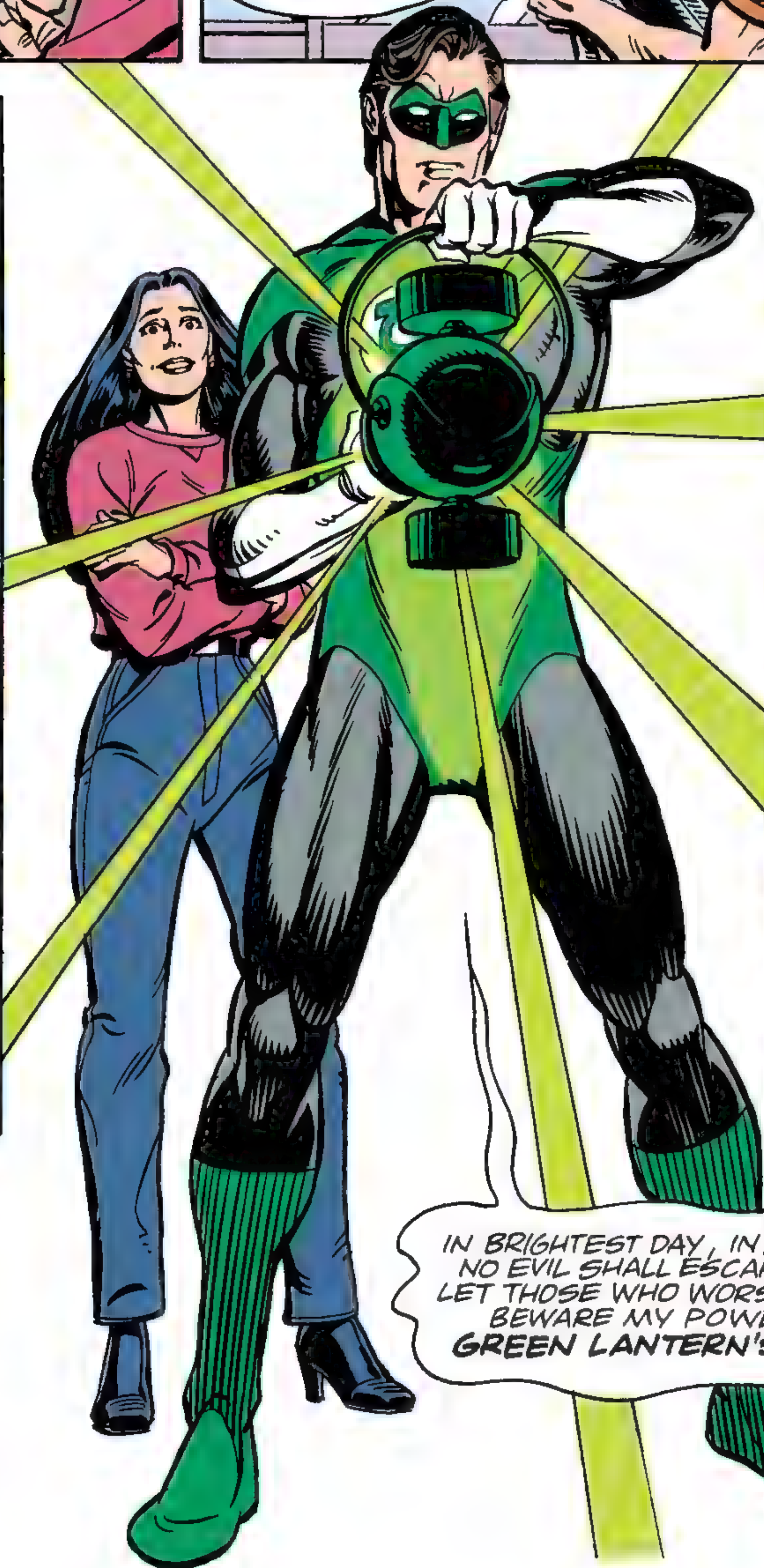
HOW COULD IT HAVE **HAPPENED**?



Y'KNOW, HONEY-- I THINK I'LL JUST **DO** THAT LITTLE THING...

...ONCE I TEND TO ONE **OTHER** SMALL DUTY.

OH, **BOY**--I JUST **LOVE** WATCHING THIS!



I'LL TRY TO BE BACK FOR **LUNCH**, CAROL.

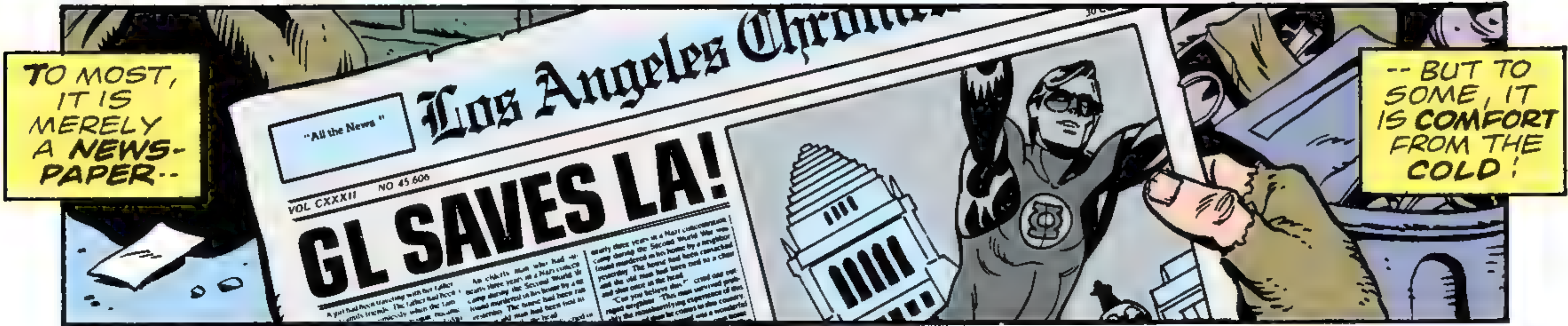
I'LL KEEP IT **WARM**, DARLING.

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I SEE HIM **DO** THAT ... IT STILL TAKES MY **BREATH** AWAY.

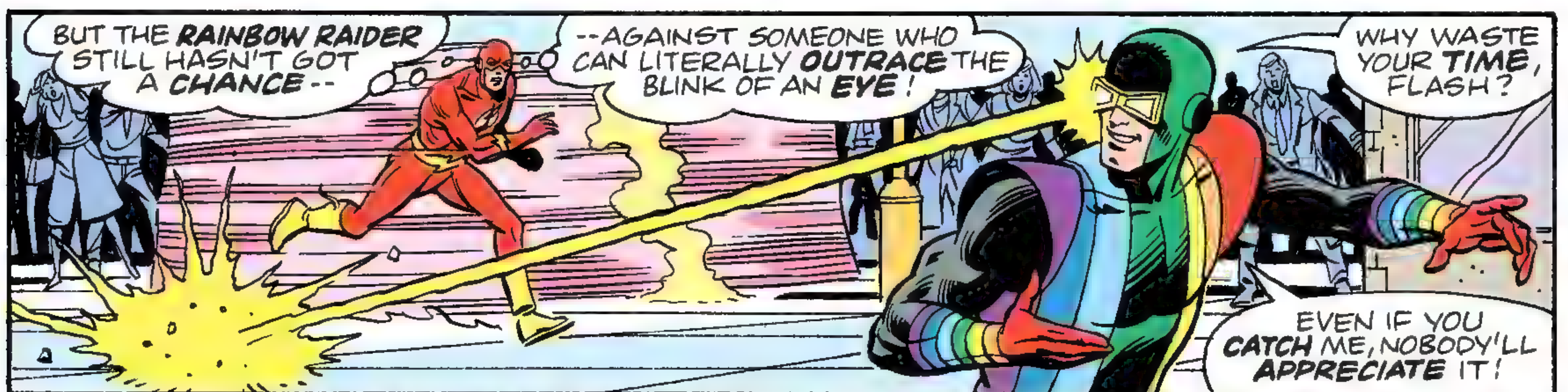
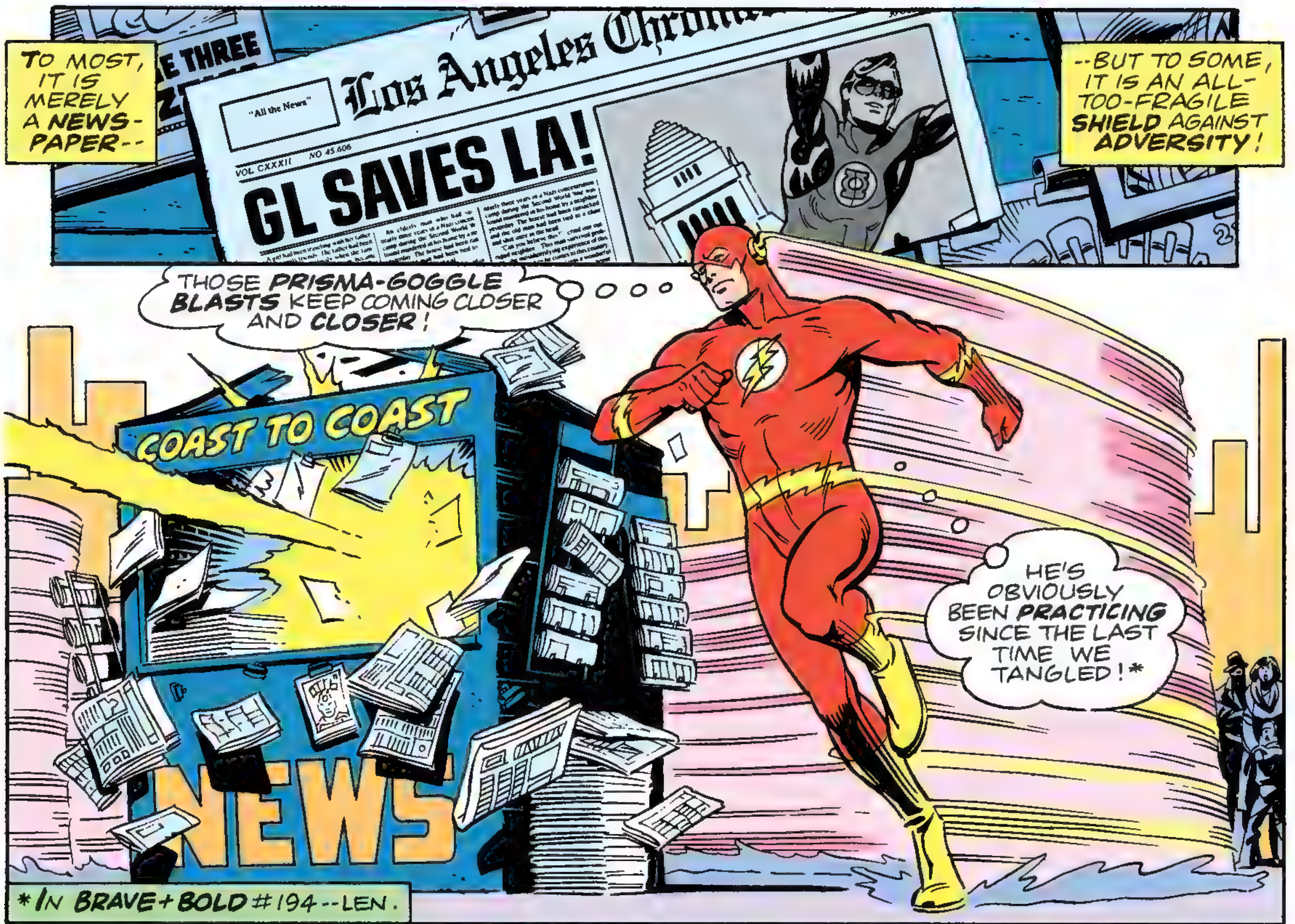
**THUS, AS A GLOWING RING IS TOUCHED TO AN ALIEN BATTERY, RECHARGING THE RING WITH UNIMAGINABLE POWER FOR ANOTHER 24 HOURS...**

IN **BRIGHTEST** DAY, IN **BLACKEST** NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT! LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT, BEWARE MY POWER... **GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!**

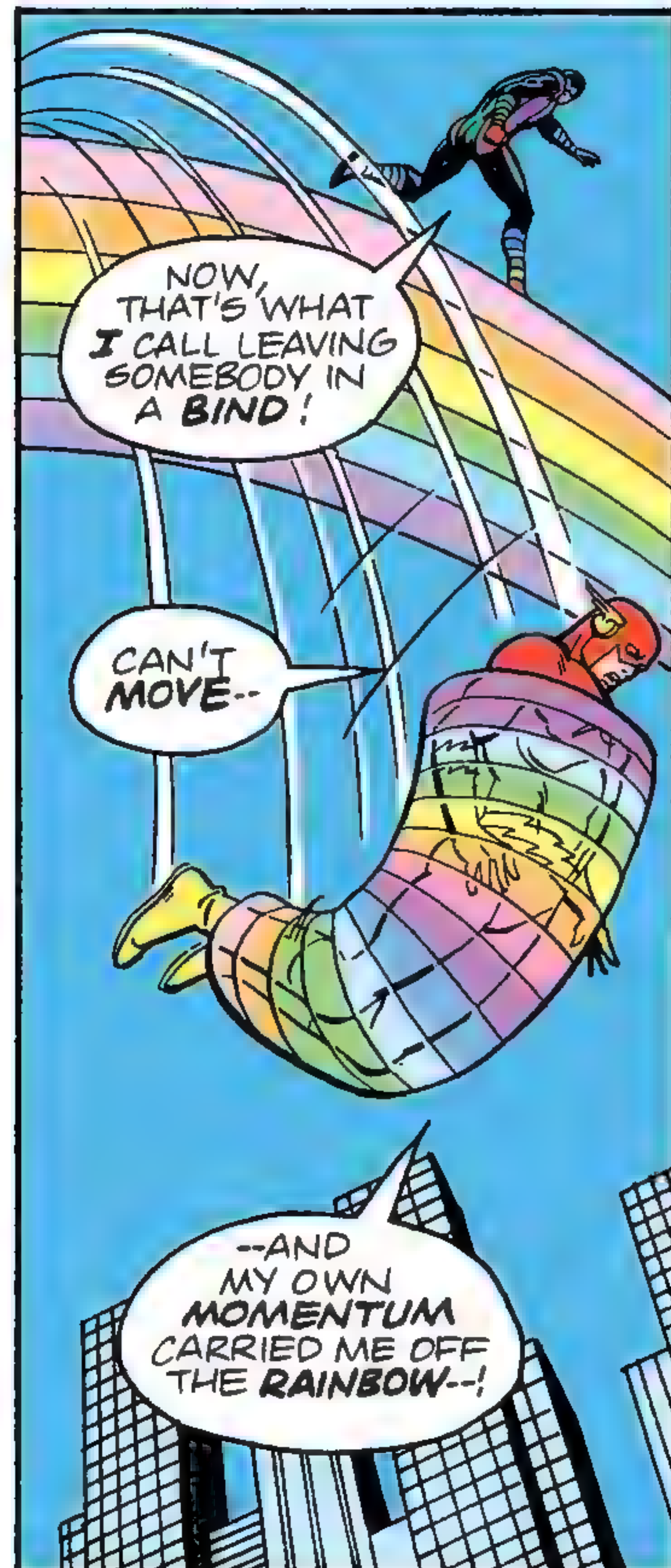
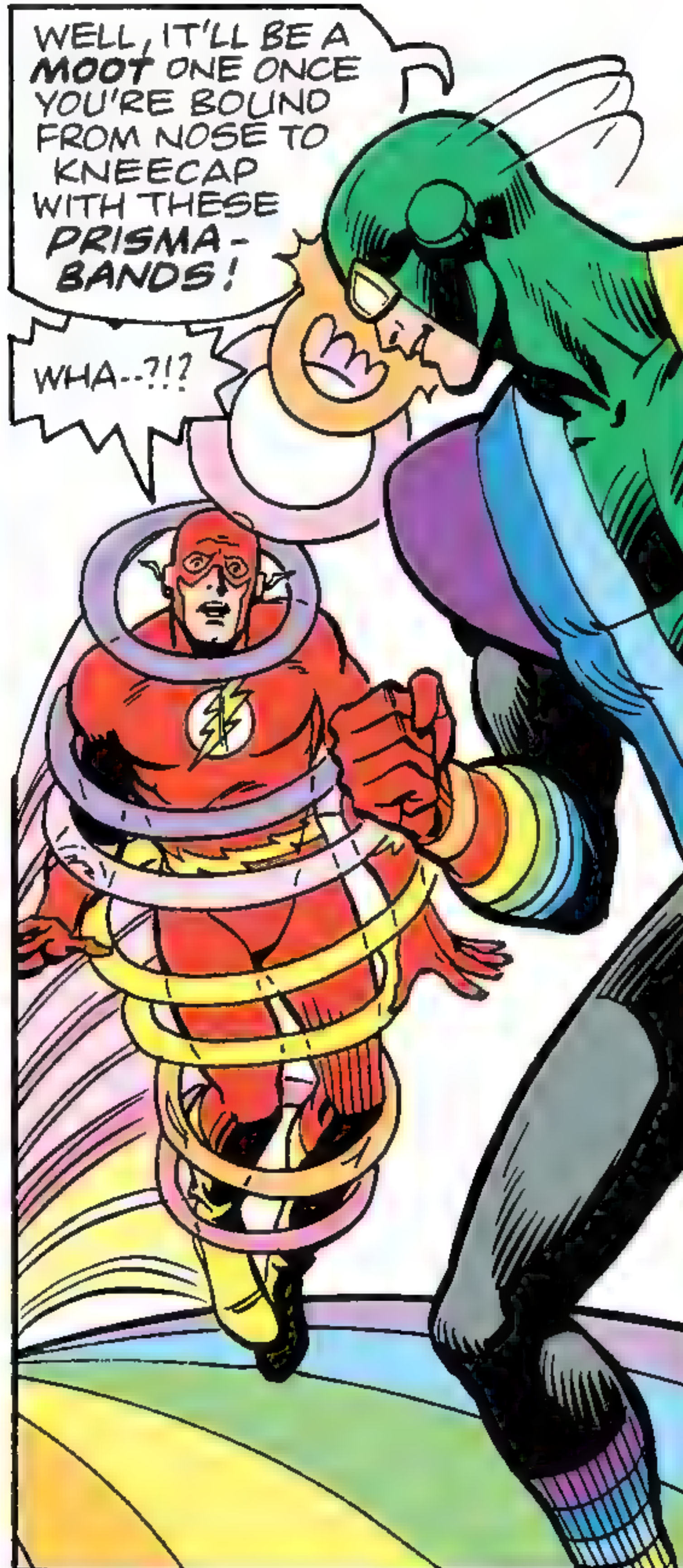
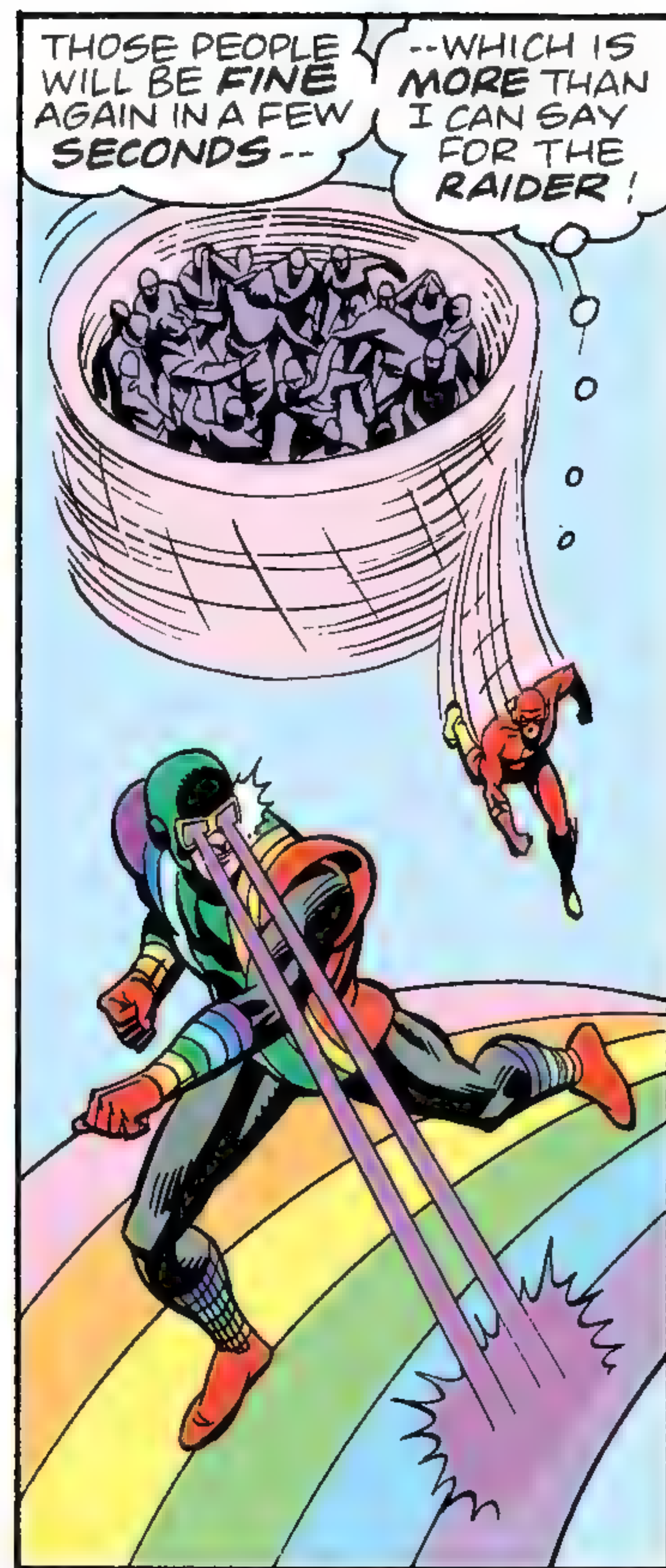




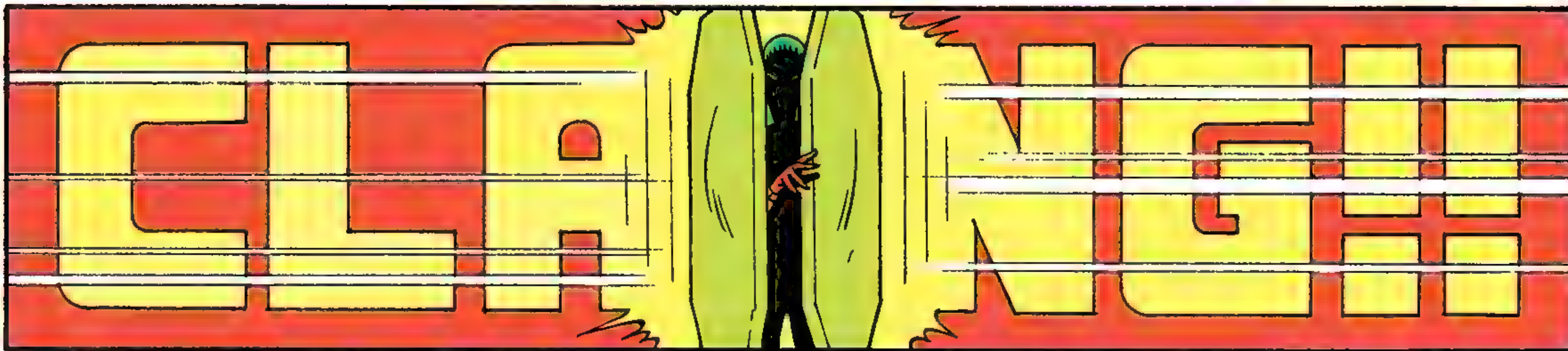














THUS, MOMENTS LATER,  
ATOP A CENTRAL CITY  
SKYSCRAPER ...

...AND THAT'S  
JUST ABOUT ALL  
THERE IS TO TELL,  
HAL.

I DON'T  
THINK I  
HAD A  
CHOICE!

THE **REVERSE-FLASH**  
WAS ABOUT TO MURDER MY  
BRIDE-TO-BE, **FIONA**  
**WEBB**, JUST AS HE'D  
MURDERED MY FIRST  
WIFE, **IRIS** --

-- AND I HAD TO  
STOP HIM ANY WAY  
I COULD!

IN DOING  
SO, I BROKE  
HIS NECK!

I'M  
UNDER  
INDICTMENT  
FOR **MANSLAUGHTER**  
--AND I GO TO  
TRIAL IN JUST  
A FEW  
WEEKS!

YOU --  
ACCUSED OF  
KILLING A  
MAN?!

I'M  
SORRY BARRY--  
BUT IT JUST  
DOESN'T MAKE  
ANY **SENSE**  
TO ME!

WELL, THE **CRITICAL**  
QUESTION HERE  
IS **THIS**... DID YOU  
MEAN TO KILL  
HIM?

THAT'S THE  
PROBLEM, HAL...

...I DON'T  
KNOW.

I  
HONESTLY  
JUST DON'T  
KNOW.

POOR GUY.  
HE'S REALLY  
SUFFERING.

I COULD PROBABLY  
USE MY **POWER-RING** TO  
PROBE HIS **SUBCONSCIOUS**  
--FIND OUT THE TRUTH--

...BUT IT'S NOT  
MY PLACE TO  
PLAY GOD IN  
THIS.

I'M  
AFRAID  
**BARRY ALLEN**  
WILL JUST  
HAVE TO  
FACE THIS  
ON HIS  
OWN!

IF YOU NEED  
A GOOD **CHARACTER**  
**WITNESS**, BARRY--  
YOU KNOW WHERE  
TO FIND ME.

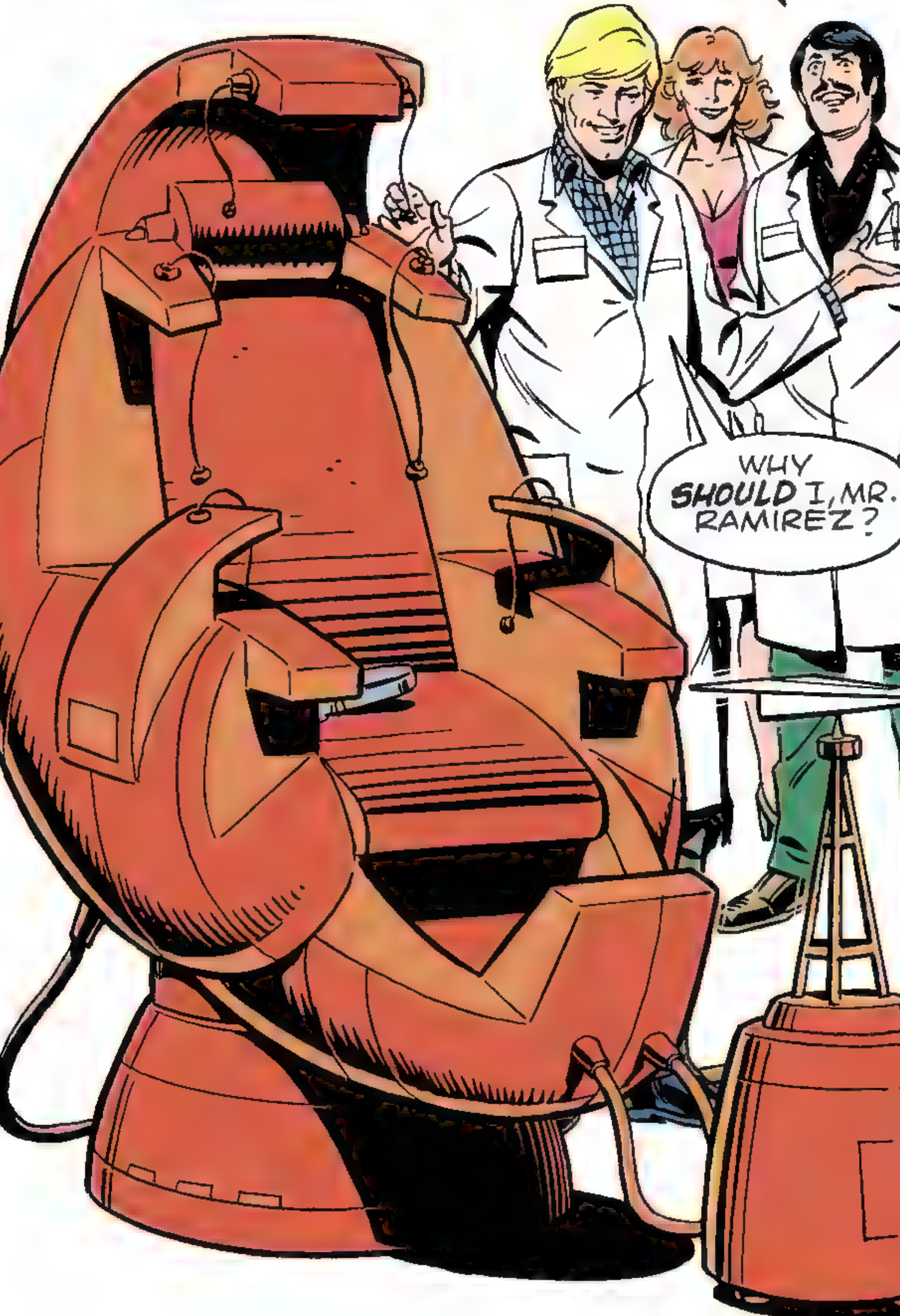
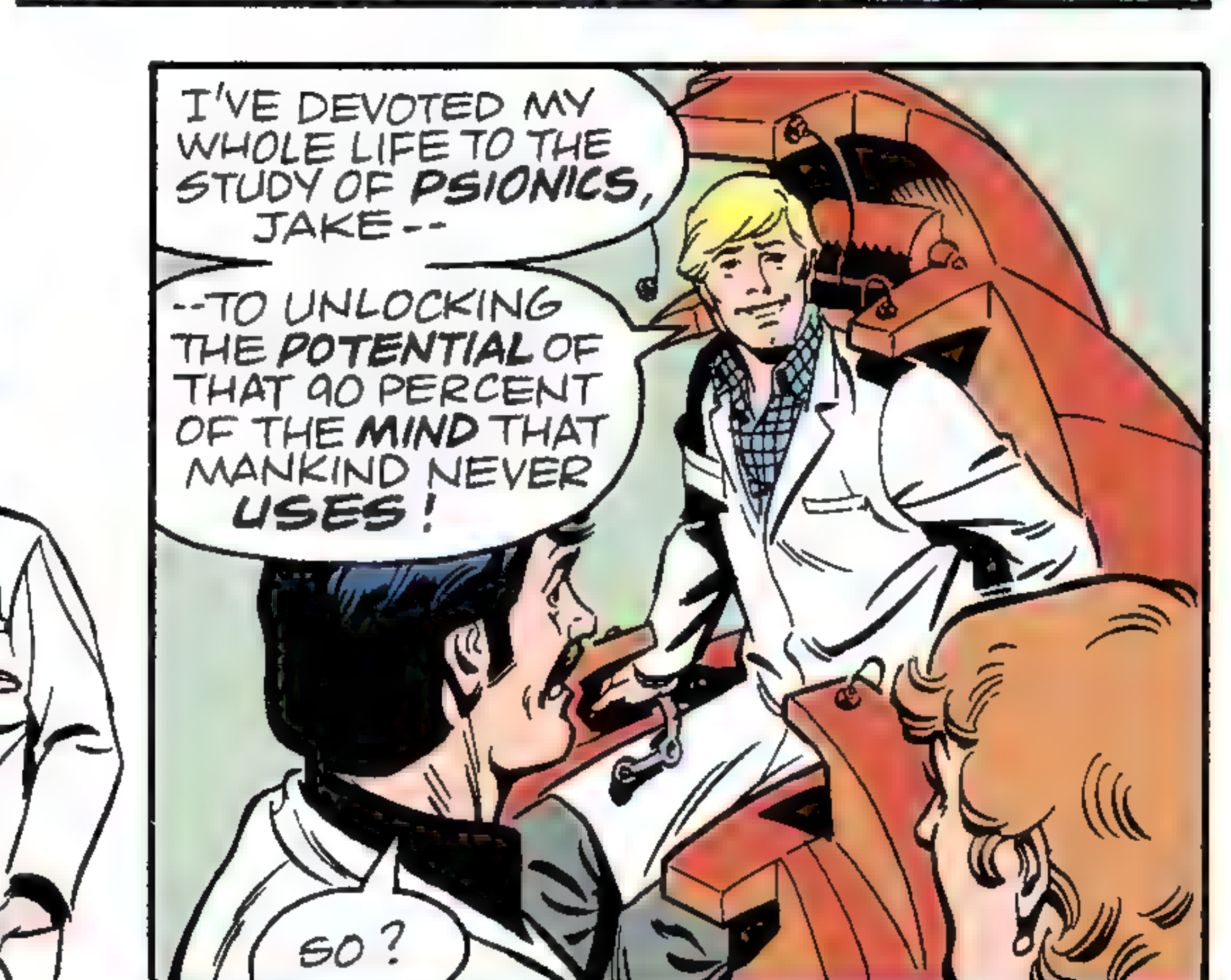
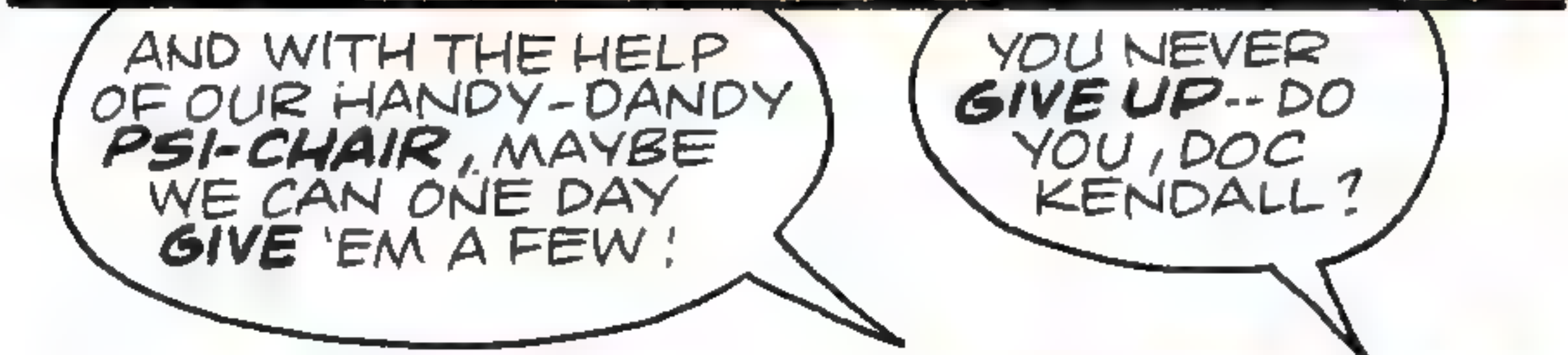
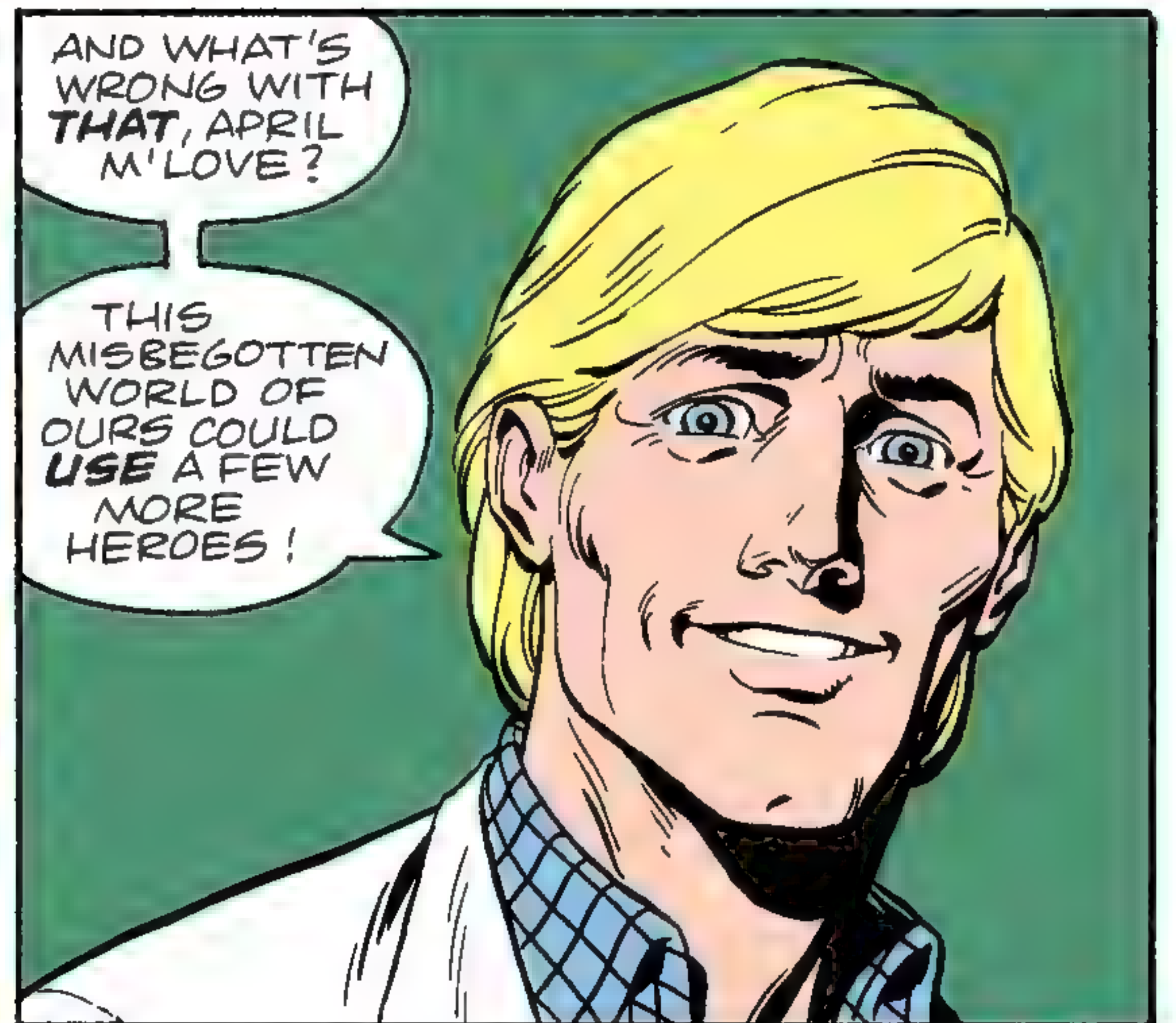
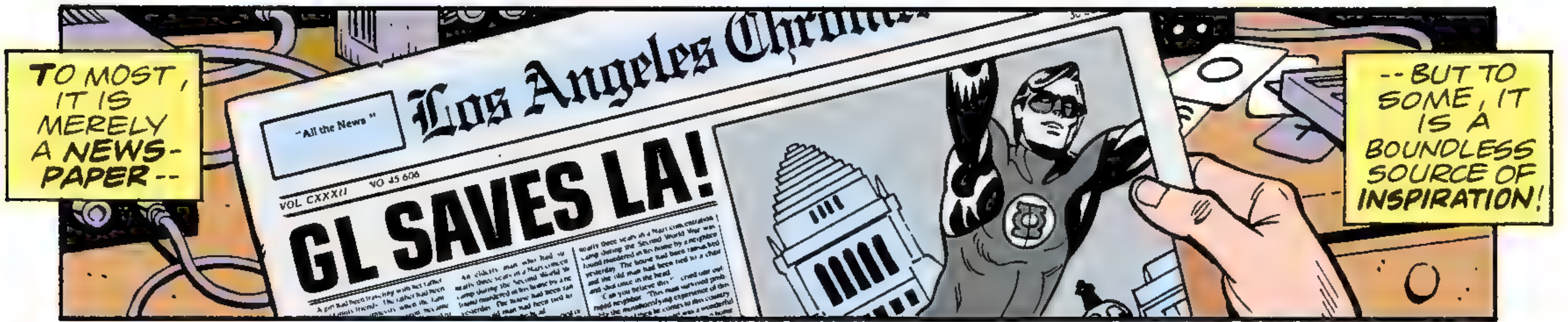
I APPRECIATE  
THAT, HAL... MORE  
THAN I CAN  
SAY.

I'LL  
SEE YOU,  
**GREEN**  
**LANTERN**.

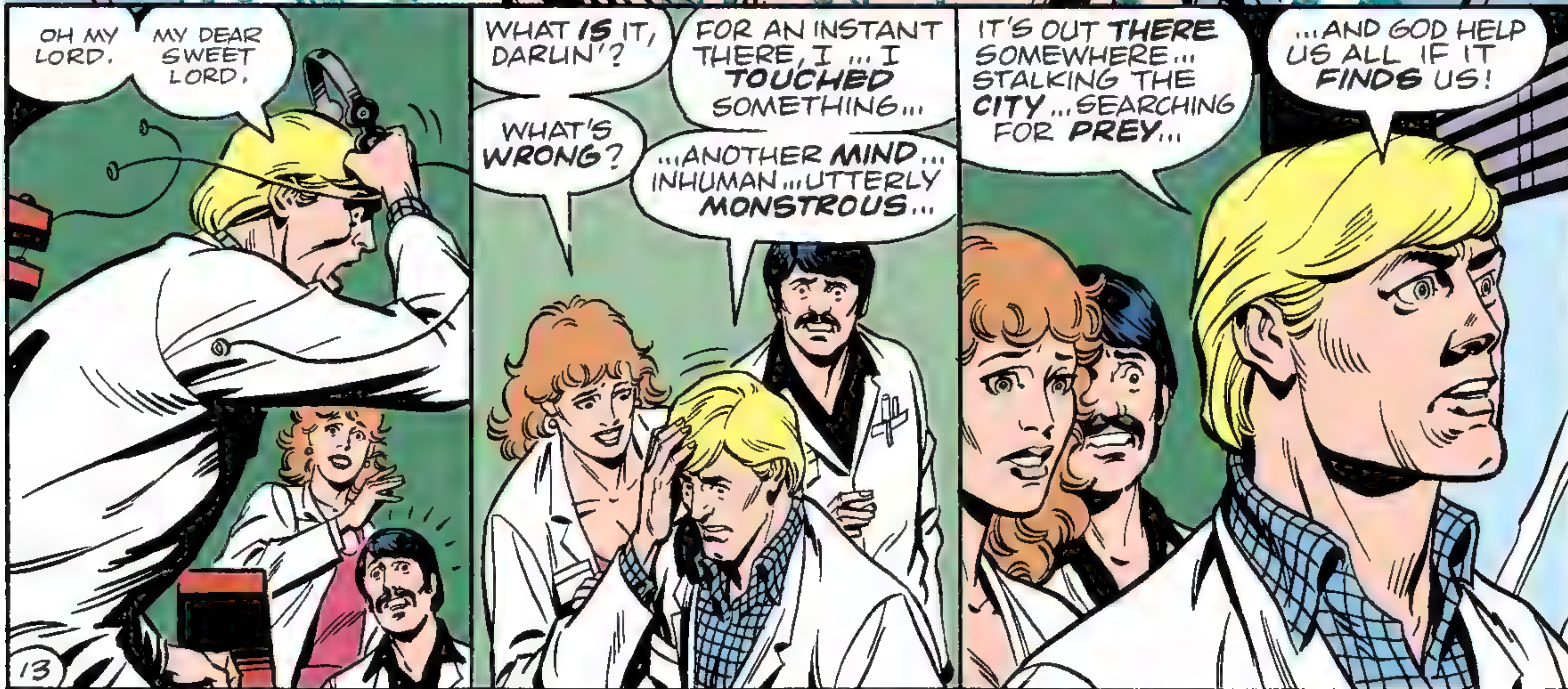
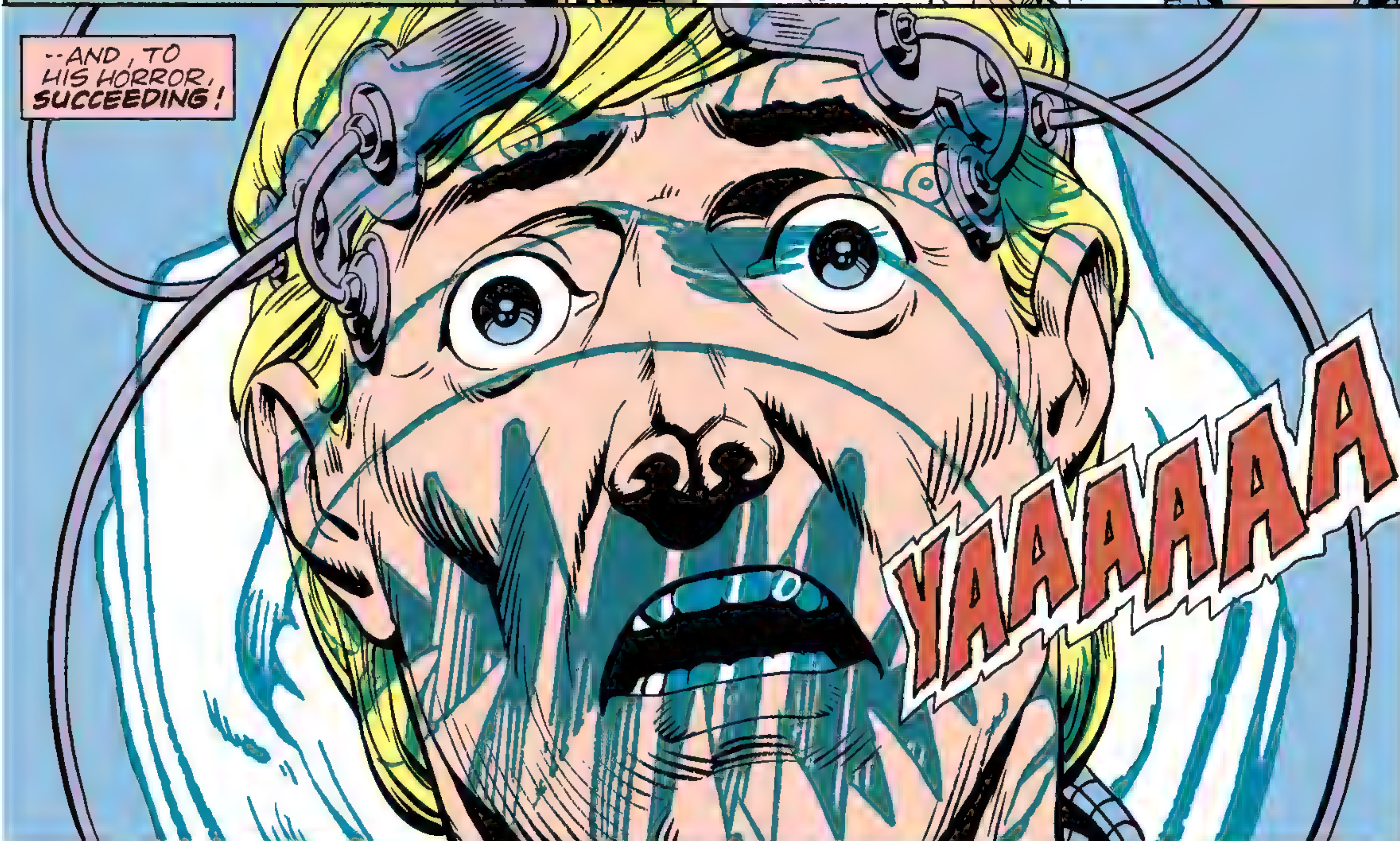
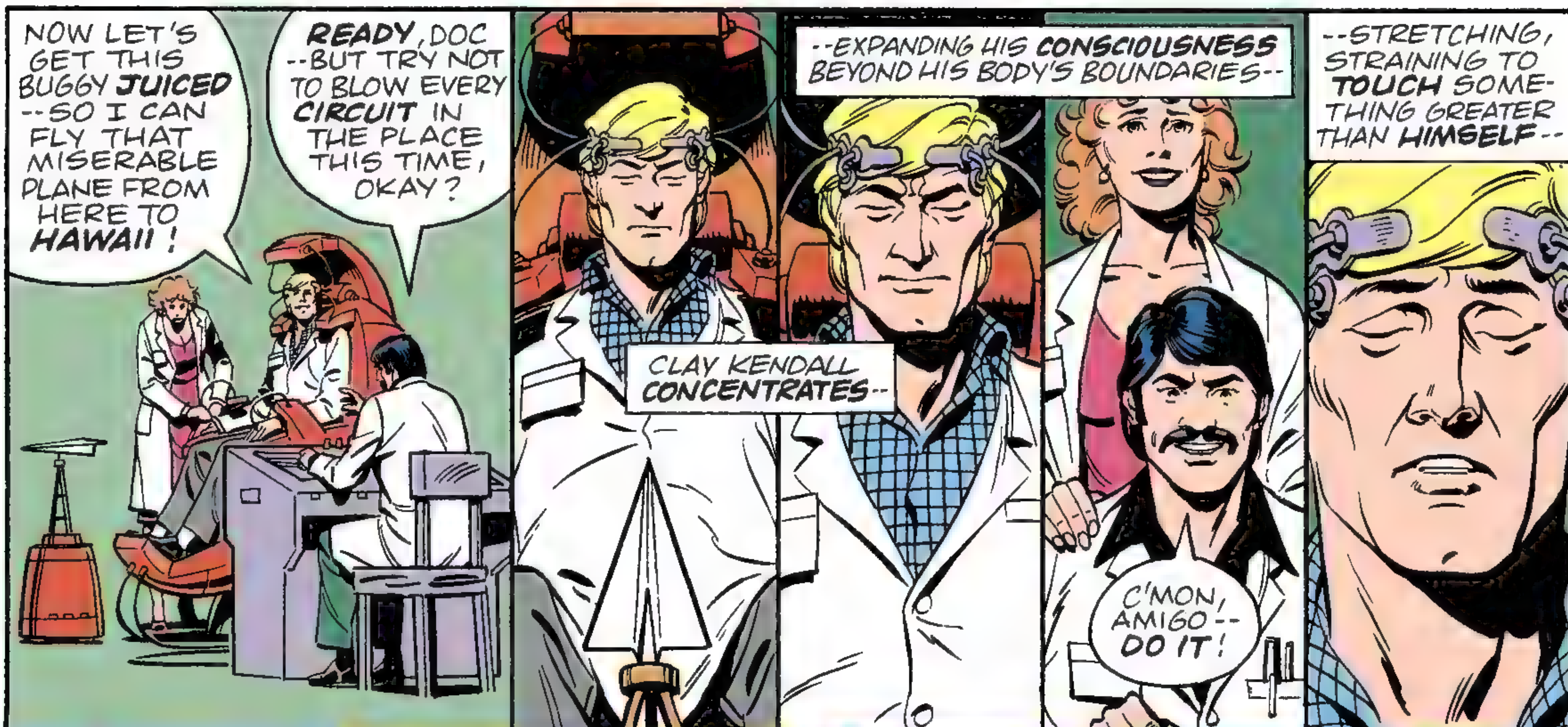
YOU BET  
YOU WILL,  
FLASH...

I ONLY  
HOPE IT ISN'T  
THROUGH **PRISON**  
**BAR**S!

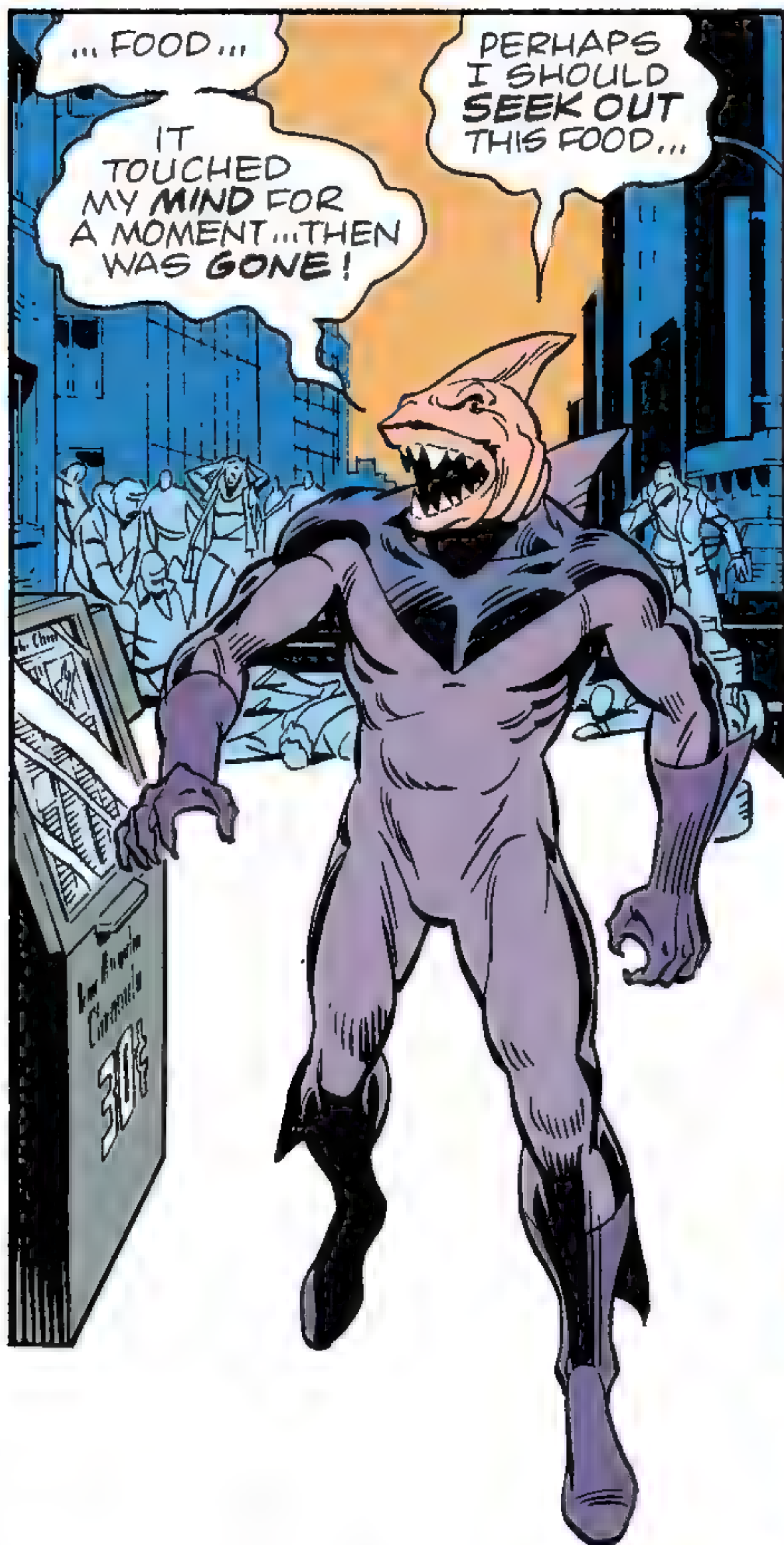




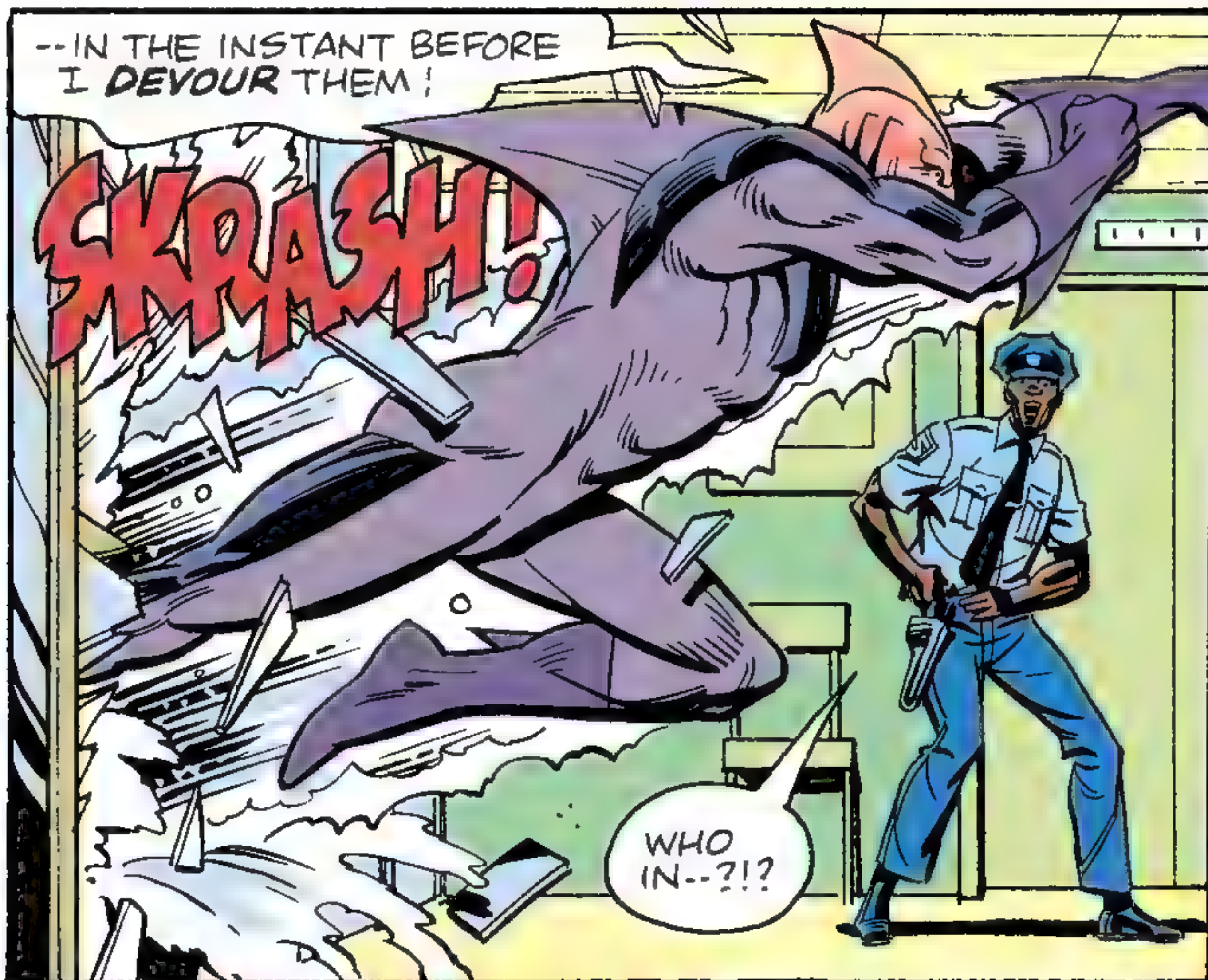












--IN THE INSTANT BEFORE  
I DEVOUR THEM!

**SKRASH!**

WHO  
IN--?!?



SOME KINDA  
MONSTER--  
MUST'VE  
ESCAPED  
FROM THE  
LAB--!

GOTTA  
STOP IT  
BEFORE--

**BLAM**

--HUH?



FOOL! YOUR SIMPLE  
WEAPON MEANS NOTHING  
TO ME--!

**SKRAK!**

**AAAGGHHH**

BUT  
YOUR SIMPLE  
MIND--!

AH, NOW THAT  
IS A WHOLLY  
DIFFERENT  
MATTER!



AHHH...HOW GOOD THAT  
TASTED...HOW SWEET...!

NO!  
STAY  
AWAY--!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT HERE?



I WOULD  
THINK IT WAS  
OBVIOUS,  
MEAL--!



I WANT--  
YOU!!

SLAVERING  
JAWS OPEN  
...A WOMAN  
SCREAMS...



... BUT, REGRETTABLY, IT IS A SOUND WHICH DOES NOT CARRY TO THE SHELL-LIKE EAR OF AN L.A. BOUND GREEN LANTERN...

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT--!

OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO BE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING LIKE THIS--!

BARRY'S ALWAYS SEEMED SO SOLID--SO LEVELHEADED-- BUT I WONDER IF EVEN HIS SANITY CAN SURVIVE THIS--

WEEOOOWEEOOOW

--EH?

THAT'S AN L.A.P.D. S.W.A.T WAGON\*

--MOVING LIKE ITS ARMORED TAIL WAS ON FIRE!

\* SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICAL, --LEN AGAIN.

SORRY, CAROL HONEY--

--BUT IT APPEARS I WON'T BE HOME FOR LUNCH, AFTER ALL!

WEEOOOWEEOOO

UH-OH! NETWORK TV CAMERAS... A POLICE CORDON HOLDING BACK THE CROWD...

LOOKS LIKE I JUST DROPPED IN ON TONIGHT'S LEAD ITEM --FOR THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS!

GREEN LANTERN !?!

MAN, ARE WE EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU!

EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, CAPTAIN?

THERE'S A MANIAC HOLDING SOME PEOPLE HOSTAGE IN THERE, LANTERN!

AND AS IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, EYEWITNESSES CLAIM HE'S --GET THIS--

--HE'S DRESSED LIKE SOME SORT OF HUMAN SHARK!



OH, GREAT--  
THE SHARK!

OF ALL MY FOES,  
HE'S EASILY THE MOST  
**BIZARRE**--AND CERTAINLY  
THE MOST  
**DANGEROUS**!

HE WAS MERELY  
A SIMPLE **TIGER SHARK**--  
UNTIL HE WAS  
ACCIDENTALLY STRUCK  
BY A FREAK BOLT  
OF **ATOMIC  
RADIATION**\*--

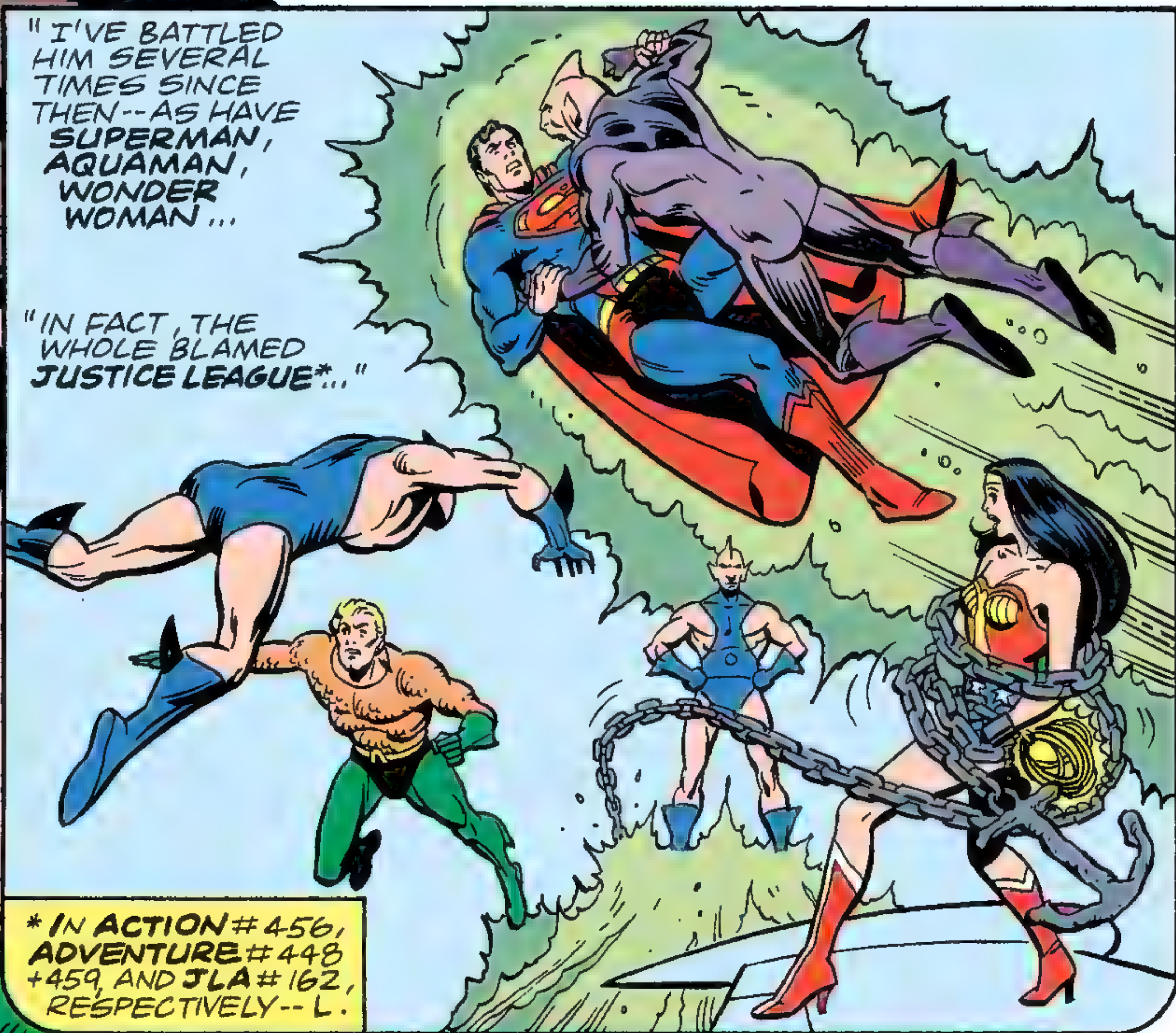
"--WHICH HURLED HIM THROUGH MILLIONS OF YEARS  
OF **EVOLUTION** IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS--"



"--TRANSFORMING HIM, AT LAST, INTO THE **ULTIMATE** MAN OF THE FUTURE!"

"I'VE BATTLED  
HIM SEVERAL  
TIMES SINCE  
THEN--AS HAVE  
**SUPERMAN**,  
**AQUAMAN**,  
**WONDER  
WOMAN**..."

"IN FACT, THE  
WHOLE **BLAMED  
JUSTICE LEAGUE**..."



\*IN ACTION#456,  
ADVENTURE#448  
+459, AND JLA#162,  
RESPECTIVELY--L.

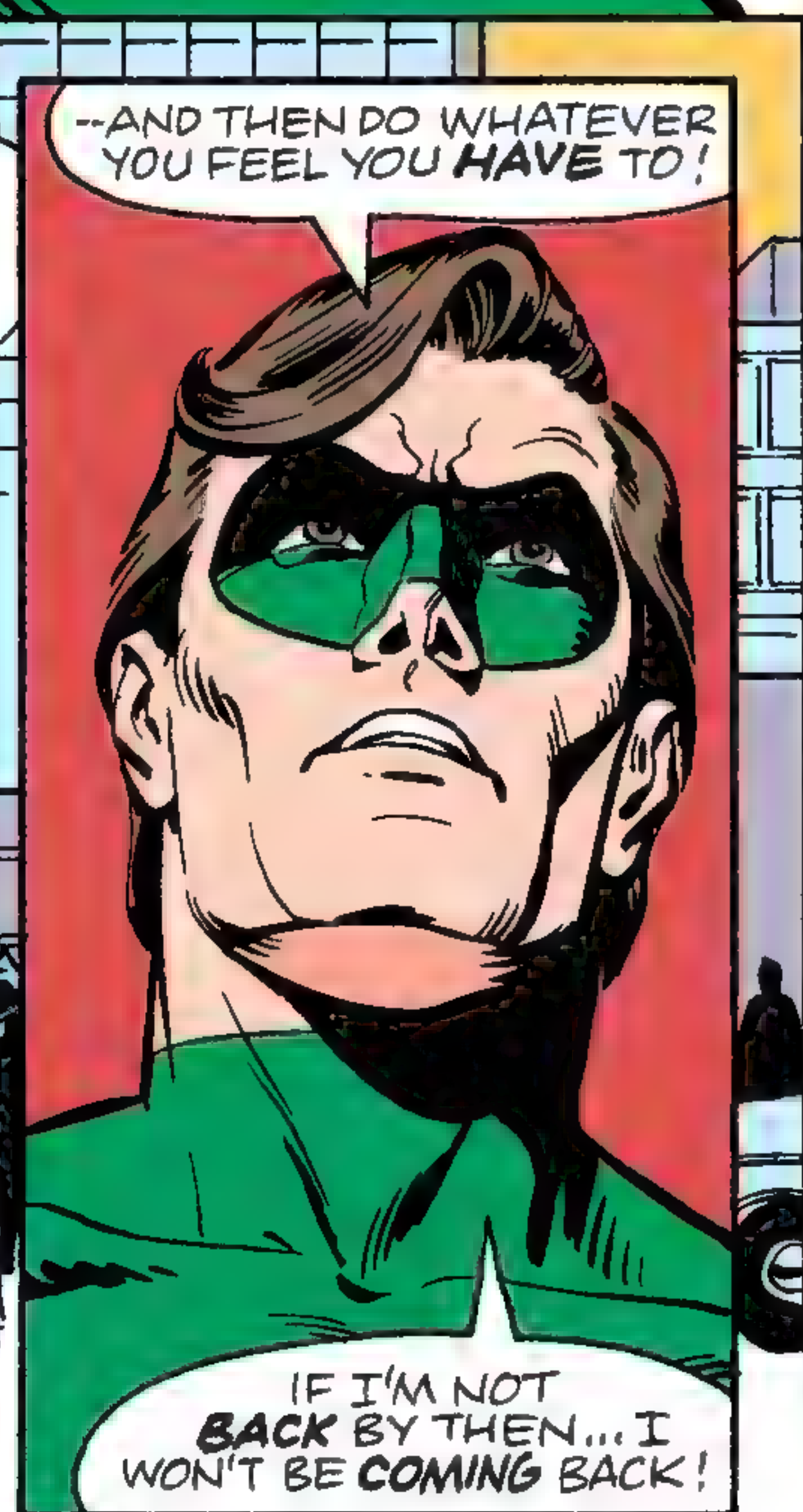
... BUT **NONE** OF US  
HAS EVER BEEN ABLE  
TO PUT A PERMANENT  
**END** TO HIM!

CAPTAIN, I KNOW THIS SHARK--  
AND I'M GOING IN **AFTER** HIM!

BUT  
I--

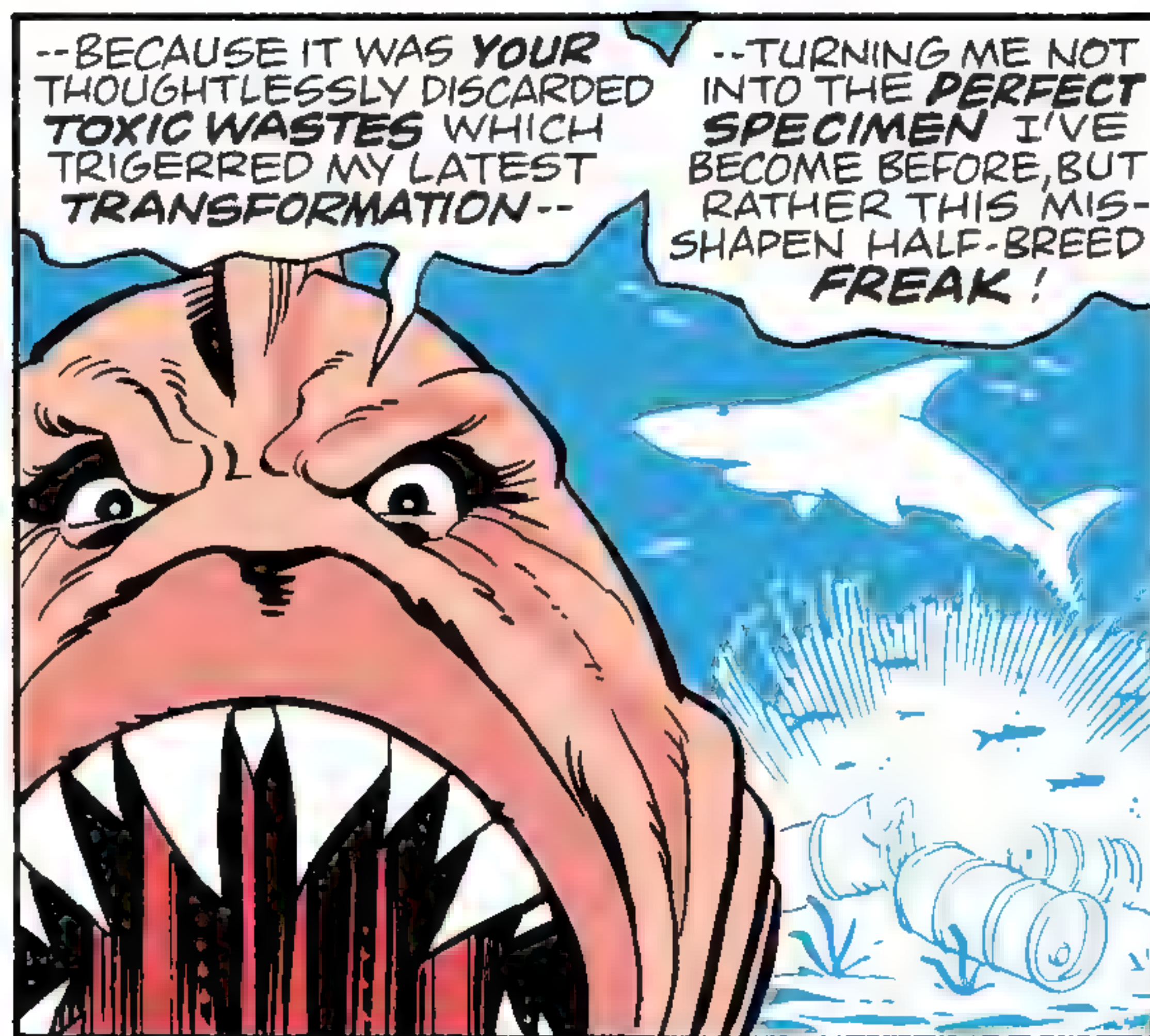
**TRUST ME, CAPTAIN!**  
JUST HOLD YOUR  
MEN BACK FOR  
ANOTHER **TEN  
MINUTES**--

--AND THEN DO WHATEVER  
YOU FEEL YOU **HAVE** TO!

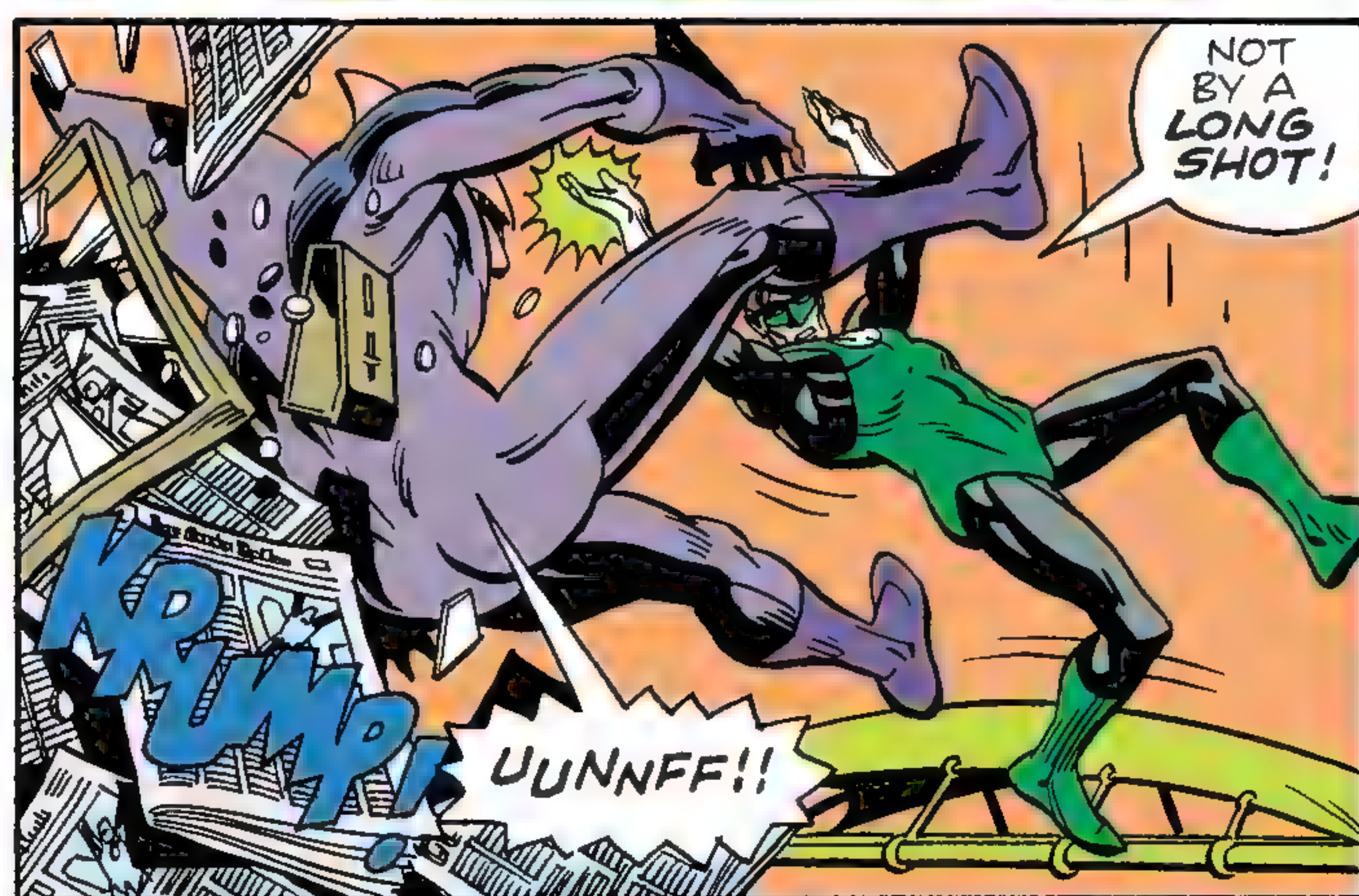
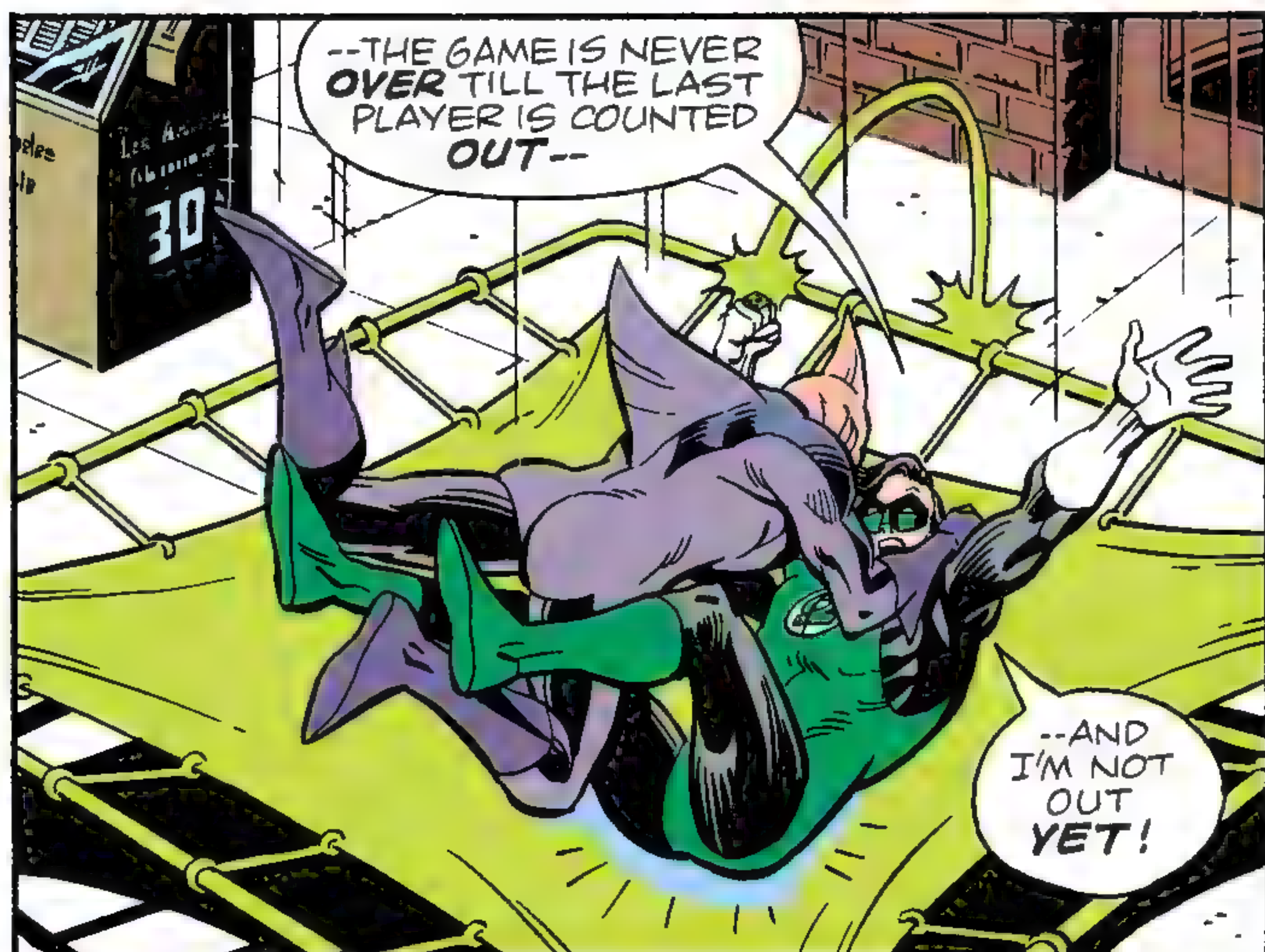
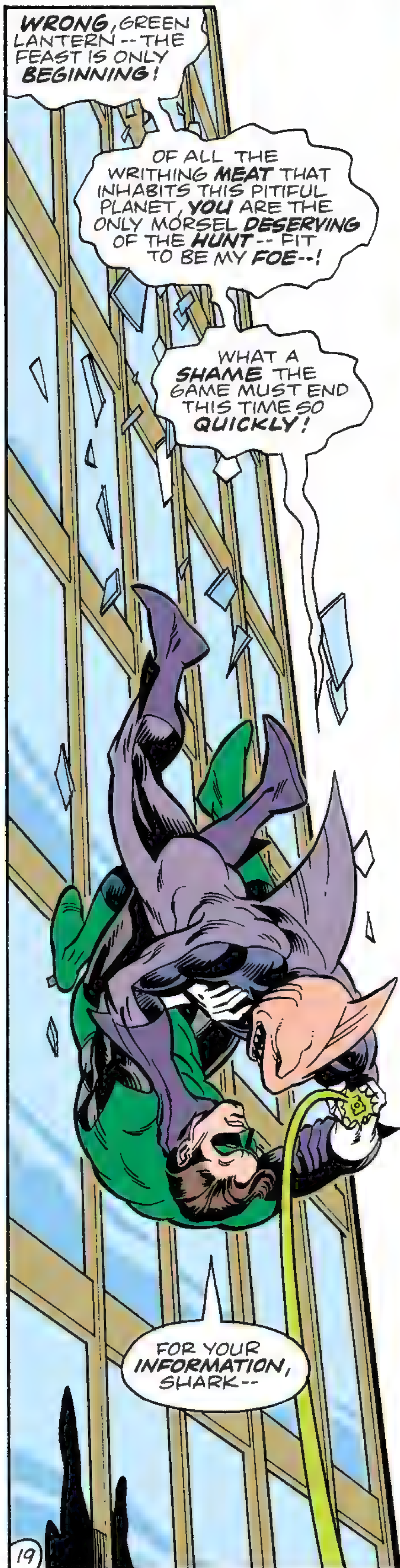


IF I'M NOT  
**BACK** BY THEN... I  
WON'T BE **COMING BACK**!

















BEFORE I FEAST  
ON YOUR WARM,  
PULSATING  
**HEART--**

-- YOU  
WILL KNOW  
**FEAR!**



OH!  
HOW YOU  
WILL KNOW  
**FEAR!!**

**NO!**  
**STAY**  
**BACK!!**

**KEEP AWAY**  
**FROM ME!!**



**DON'T**  
**COME ANY**  
**CLOSER--!**

**DON'T**  
**TOUCH**  
**ME--!**

**DON'T--!**



WH-WHAT  
AM I **DOING?**  
THIS **FEAR**  
ISN'T **REAL**--  
ISN'T  
**NATURAL!**

AND NOW  
THAT I  
**REALIZE**  
THAT, I  
CAN **FIGHT**  
IT!

THE **SHARK INDUCED**  
IRRATIONAL **TERROR**  
IN ME **SOMEHOW--**



--BUT THAT'S  
A **TWISTED**  
GAME THAT  
CAN BE **PLAYED**  
BY **TWO!**

EVEN **SHARKS**  
MUST BE **AFRAID**  
OF **SOMETHING--**

--BUT  
**WHAT?!**



I  
REMEMBER  
**READING**  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT--

OF **COURSE--**  
THAT'S **IT!**

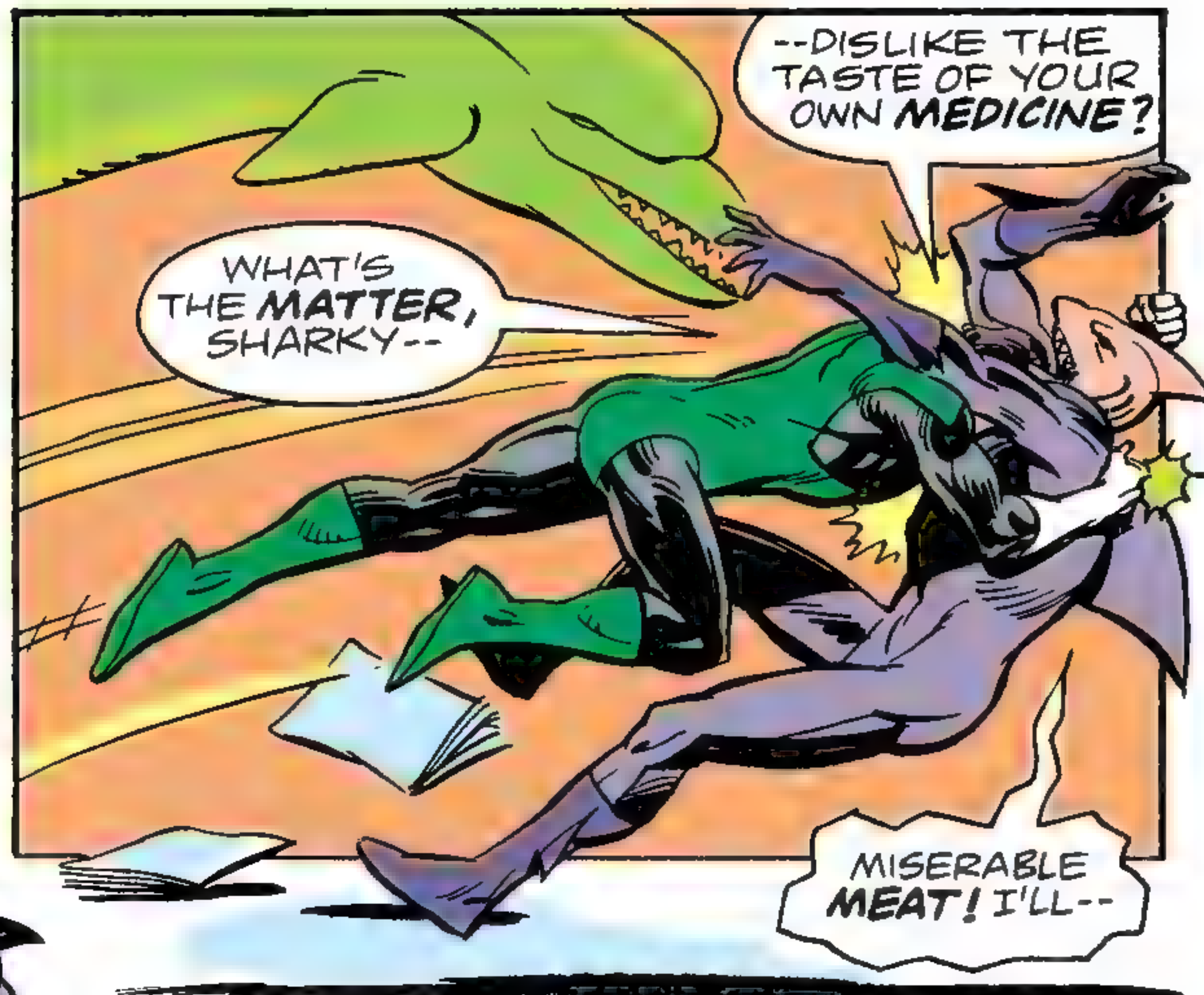




SHARKS HAVE AN INSTINCTUAL FEAR OF THE ONE SEA CREATURE THAT'S SWIFTER AND SMARTER THAN THEY ARE--

--THE DOLPHIN!

NO!  
IT CAN'T  
BE--!



WHAT'S  
THE MATTER,  
SHARKY--

--DISLIKE THE  
TASTE OF YOUR  
OWN MEDICINE?

MISERABLE  
MEAT! I'LL--



--UUNHH!!

THROK!

HIS HEAD  
SLAMMED  
AGAINST THE  
SIDEWALK--!

STUNNED  
HIM--!

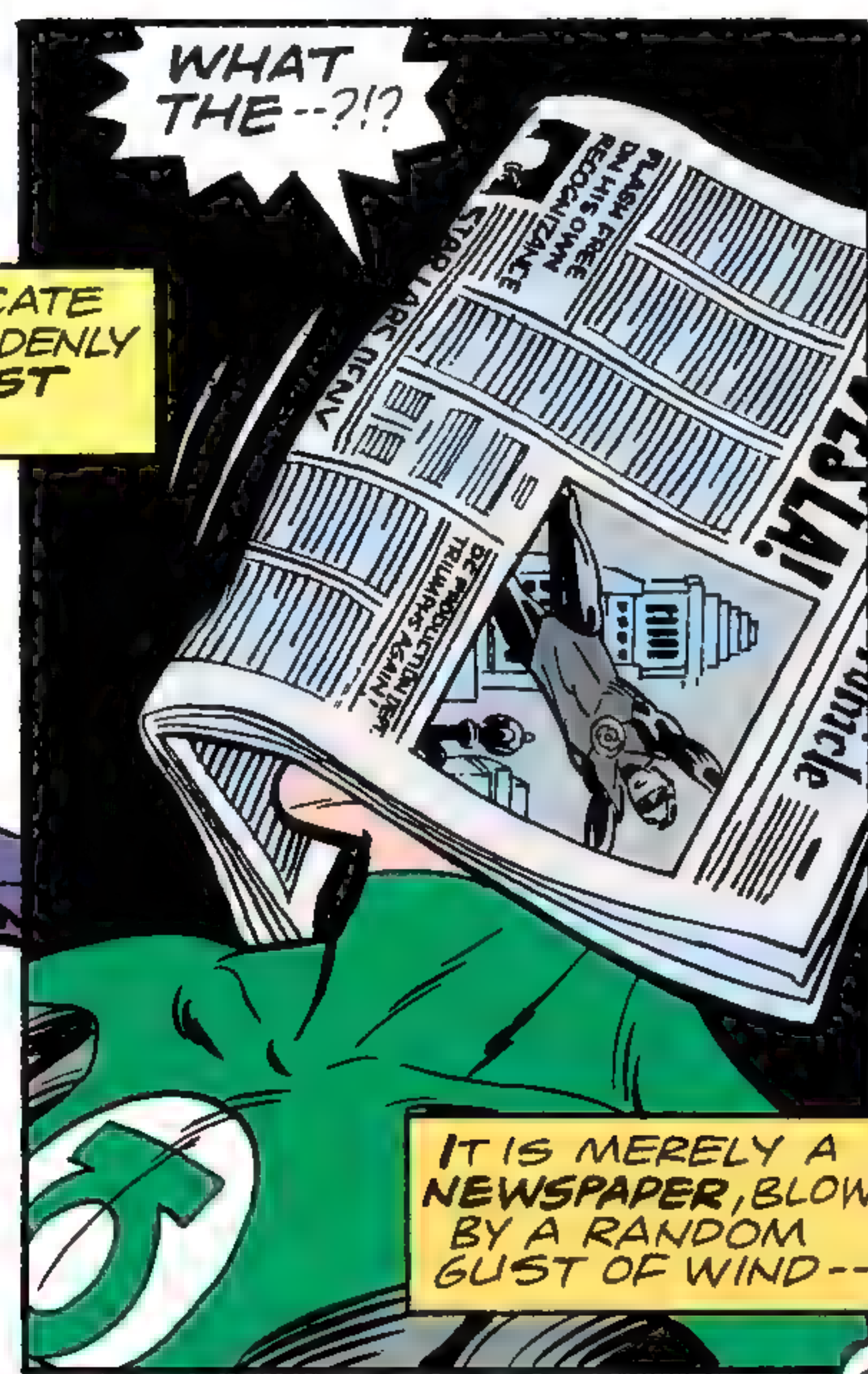


HAVE  
TO TAKE  
HIM OUT  
NOW--

--BEFORE  
HE CAN  
RECOVER ENOUGH  
TO USE HIS  
POWERS--!

BUT EVEN AS THE  
EMERALD WARRIOR  
CLENCHES HIS  
POWERFUL FIST--

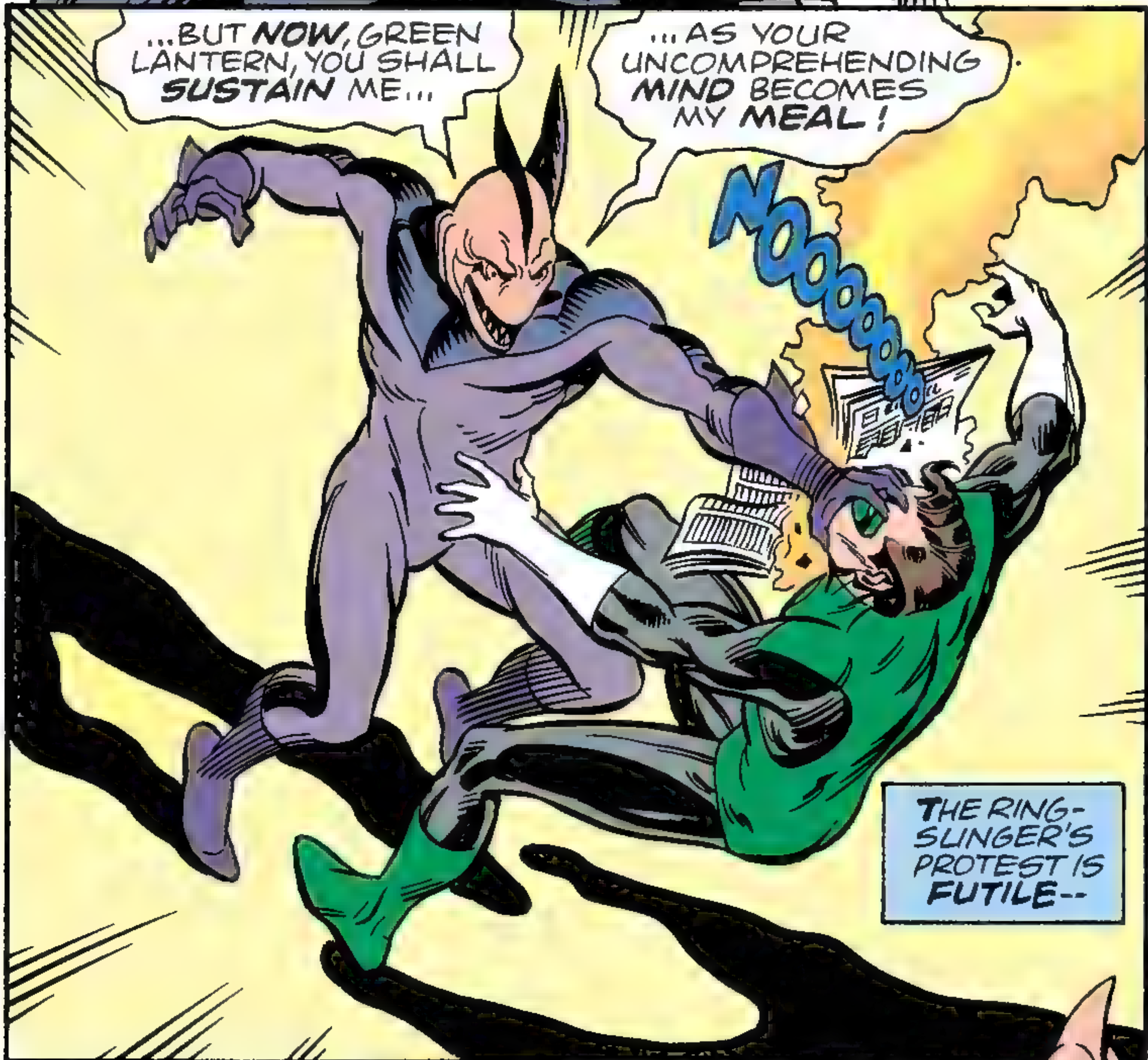
--FATE'S DELICATE  
SCALES SUDDENLY  
TIP AGAINST  
HIM...



WHAT  
THE--?!?

IT IS MERELY A  
NEWSPAPER, BLOWN  
BY A RANDOM  
GUST OF WIND--









--AARRGGHH!

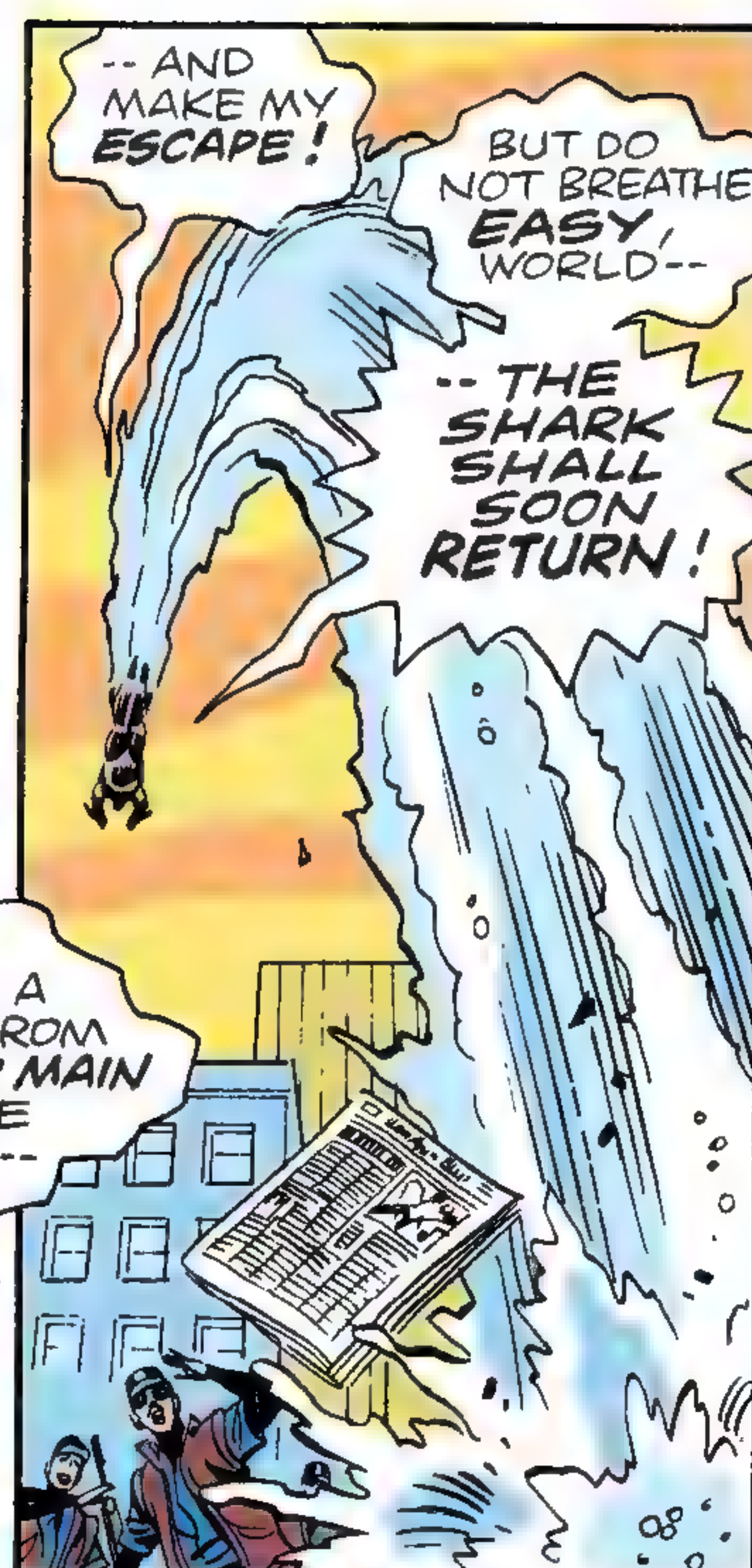
SUDDEN PAIN  
-- ALMOST  
UNBEARABLE!

MY MIND --  
FEELS LIKE IT'S  
AFIRE --!



CAN'T FIGHT  
-- IF I CAN'T  
CONCENTRATE --!

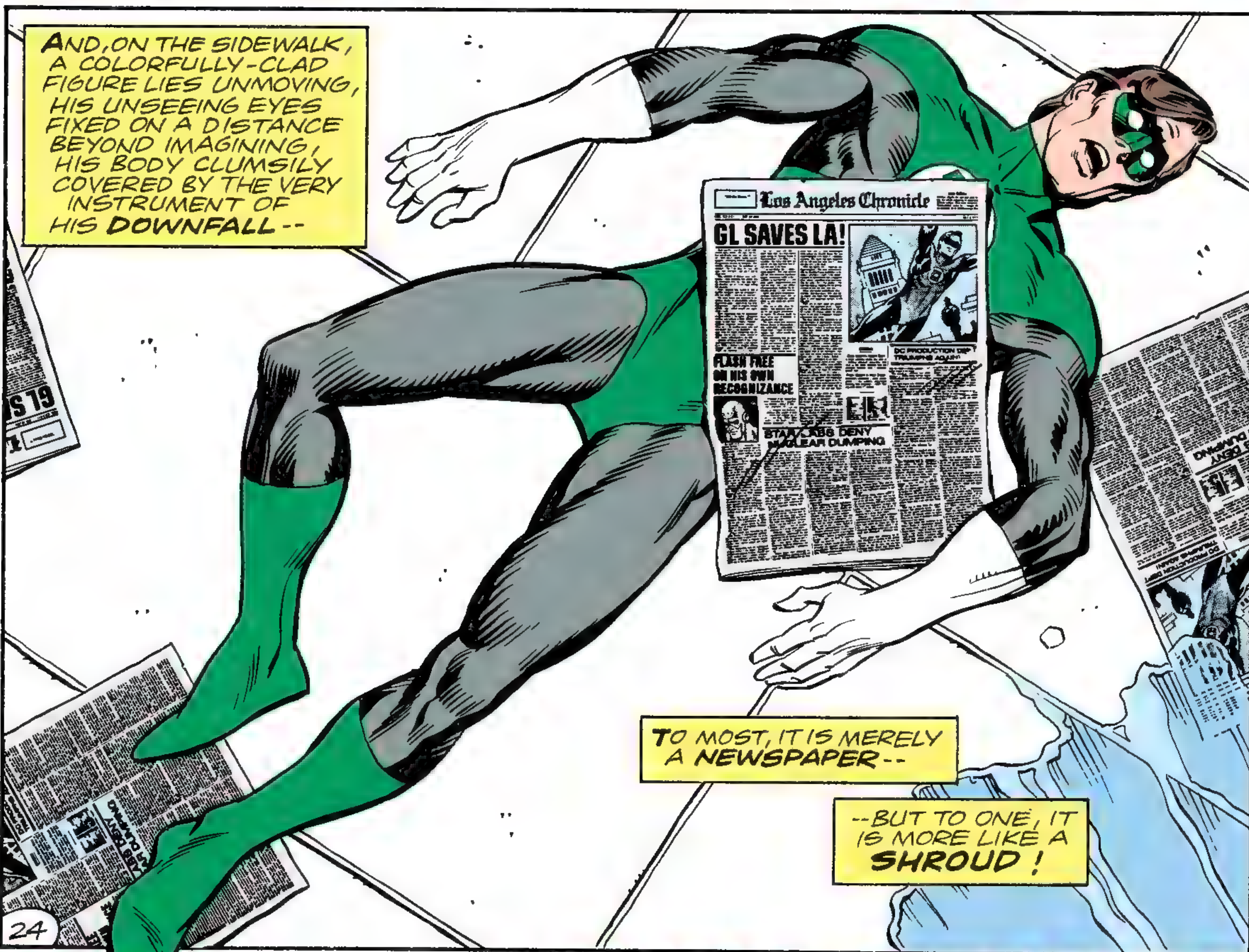
MUST  
SUMMON A  
GEYSER FROM  
THE WATER MAIN  
I SENSE  
BELOW --



-- AND  
MAKE MY  
ESCAPE!

BUT DO  
NOT BREATHE  
EASY,  
WORLD --

-- THE  
SHARK  
SHALL  
SOON  
RETURN!



AND, ON THE SIDEWALK,  
A COLORFULLY-CLAD  
FIGURE LIES UNMOVING,  
HIS UNSEEING EYES  
FIXED ON A DISTANCE  
BEYOND IMAGINING,  
HIS BODY CLUMSILY  
COVERED BY THE VERY  
INSTRUMENT OF  
HIS DOWNFALL --

Los Angeles Chronicle  
**GL SAVES LA!**  
FLASH FREE  
ON HIS OWN  
RECOGNIZANCE  
STAR LABS DENY  
NUCLEAR DUMPING

TO MOST, IT IS MERELY  
A NEWSPAPER --

-- BUT TO ONE, IT  
IS MORE LIKE A  
SHROUD!

**NEXT  
ISSUE**

JOIN THE EMERALD WARRIOR'S  
CONSCIOUSNESS ON A JOURNEY  
WHERE NO **MIND** HAS GONE  
BEFORE! BE HERE FOR ...

**MIND GAMES!**





BY LEN WEIN AND DAVE GIBBONS

75¢  
176  
MAY 84



# GREEN LANTERN



GIBBONS



THE MOST AMAZING ODYSSEY EVER  
UNDERTAKEN BY THE EMERALD  
WARRIOR CALLED...

"...WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING TO BRING  
YOU A KLAQ ON-THE-SPOT NEWS SPECIAL REPORT,  
LIVE OUTSIDE THE LOS ANGELES BRANCH OF S.T.A.R. LABS..."

**GREEN LANTERN**  
**S.T.A.R.**

LIEUTENANT COSTELLO?  
I'M TAWNY YOUNG,  
KLAQ-TV NEWS...

COULD YOU PLEASE  
DESCRIBE GREEN  
LANTERN'S  
CONDITION?

IT'S JUST  
WHAT IT LOOKS  
LIKE, LITTLE LADY!  
THE RING-  
SLINGER'S IN  
SOME KIND'A  
COMA--

--AN' RIGHT  
NOW WE'RE NOT  
SURE IF HE'S  
EVER COMIN'  
OUT!

**MIND GAMES!**

LEN WEIN • DAVE GIBBONS  
WRITER/EDITOR - CO-PLOTTERS - PENCILLER

\* DICK GIORDANO  
GUEST INKER

\* BEN ODA  
LETTERER

\* ANTHONY TOLLIN  
COLORIST



CAN YOU TELL OUR VIEWERS PRECISELY HOW THIS HAPPENED, LIEUTENANT?

HOW DO THESE THINGS EVER HAPPEN?

WE HAD A HOSTAGE SITUATION ON THE S.T.A.R. BUILDING'S 17TH FLOOR...

"SOME SCREWBALL IN A SHARK SUIT WAS RUNNIN' AMOK UP THERE--AND THE LANTERN WENT IN TO GET HIM OUT!"

"THE TWO OF 'EM DUKED IT OUT ON THE STREET FOR A FEW MINUTES AFTER THAT--"

"--BUT JUST WHEN IT LOOKED LIKE THE RING-SLINGER HAD THE UPPER HAND--"

"--A SCRAP OF NEWSPAPER BLEW ACROSS HIS FACE--"

"--AN' THE SHARK STRUCK BACK, SUCKIN' GL'S MIND RIGHT OUTTA HIS SKULL..."

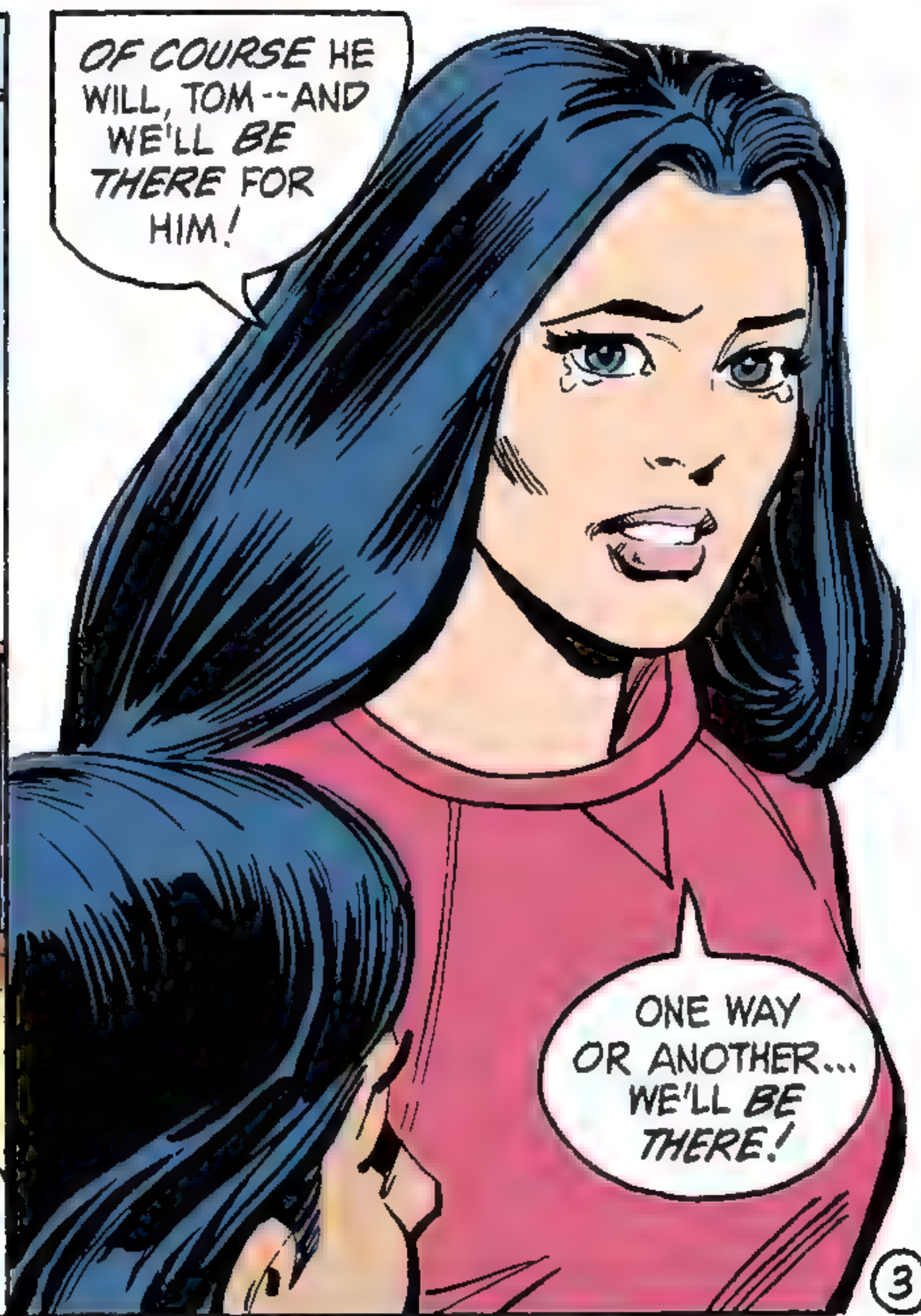
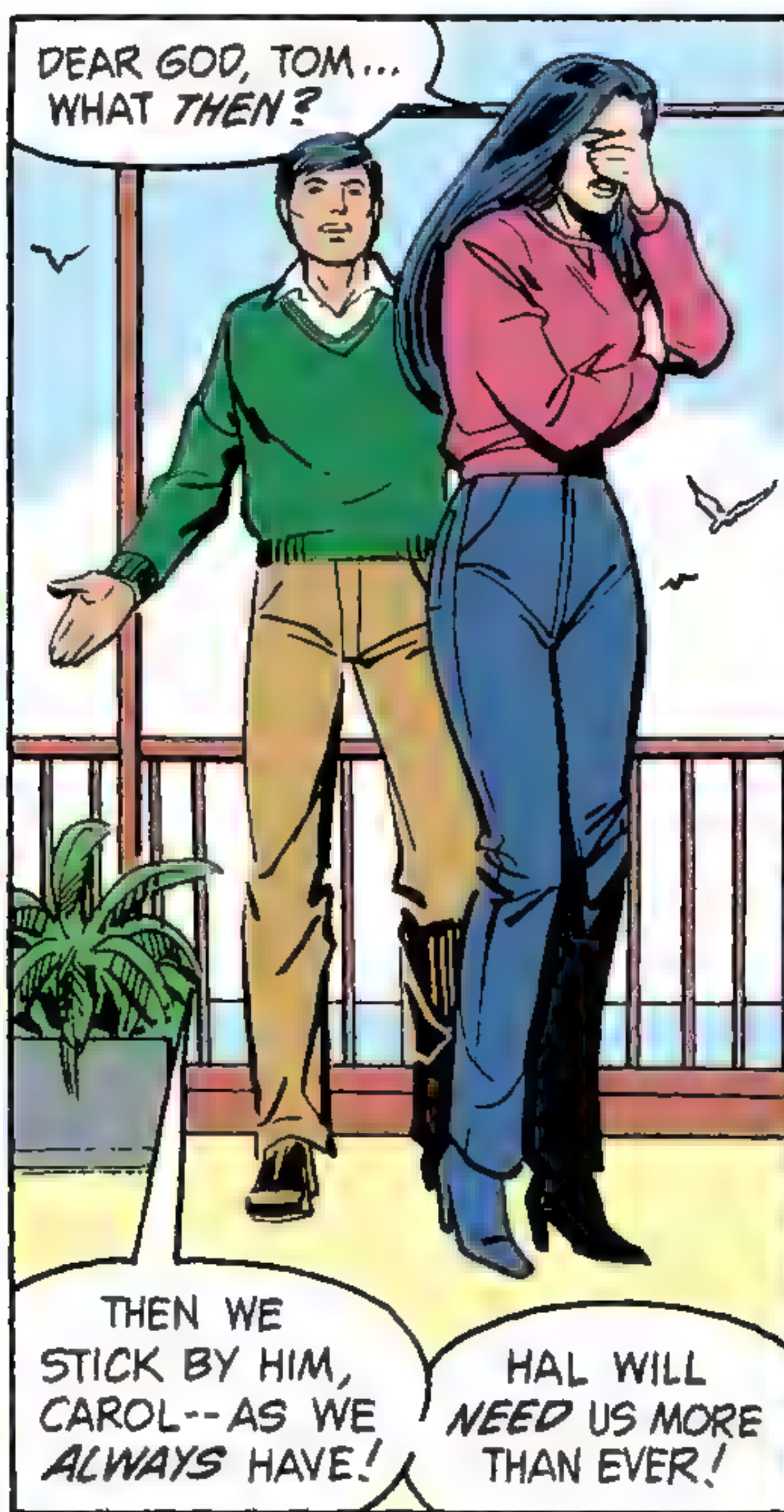
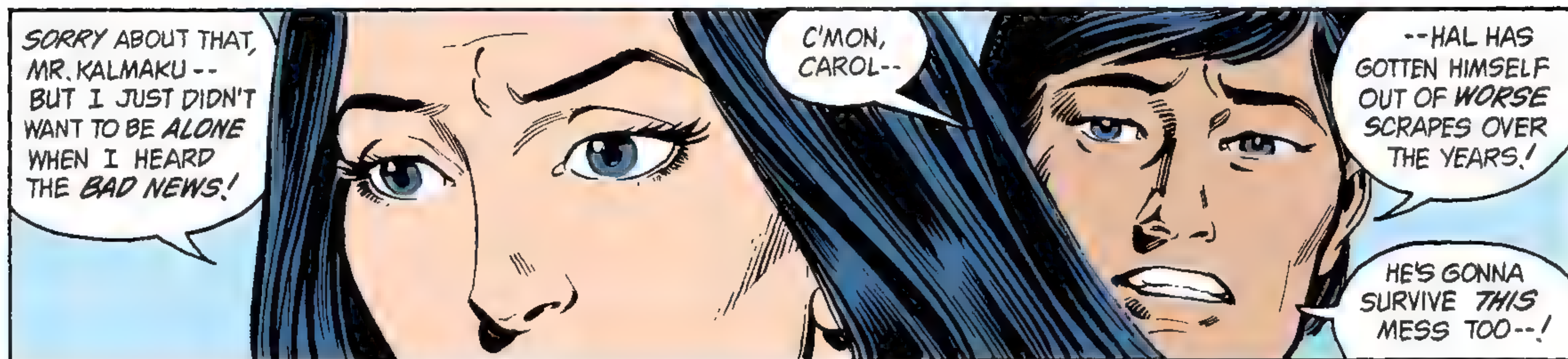
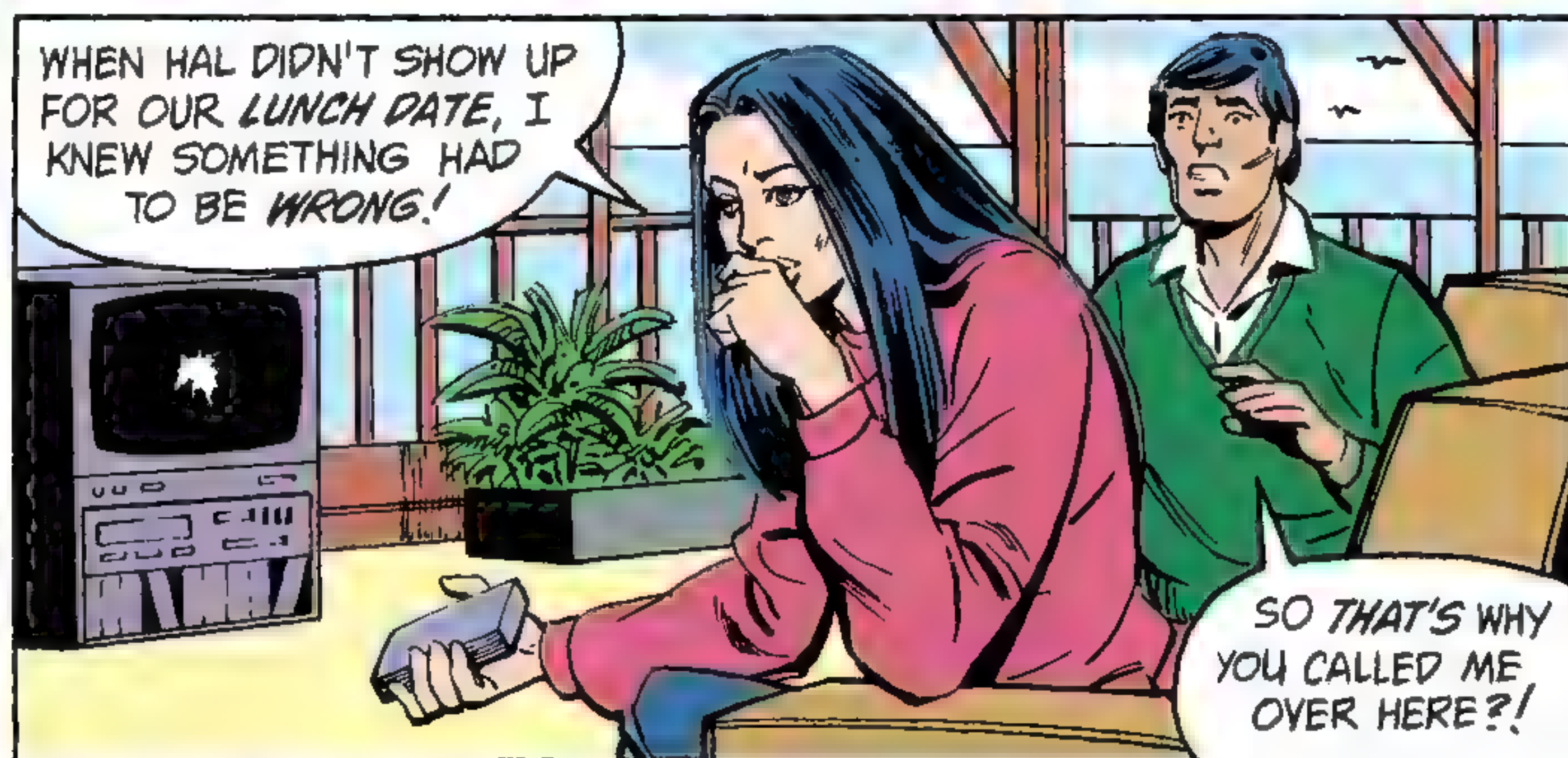
"...OR SO THE MONSTER SAID!"

"--AND TOOK OFF INTO THE SKY!"

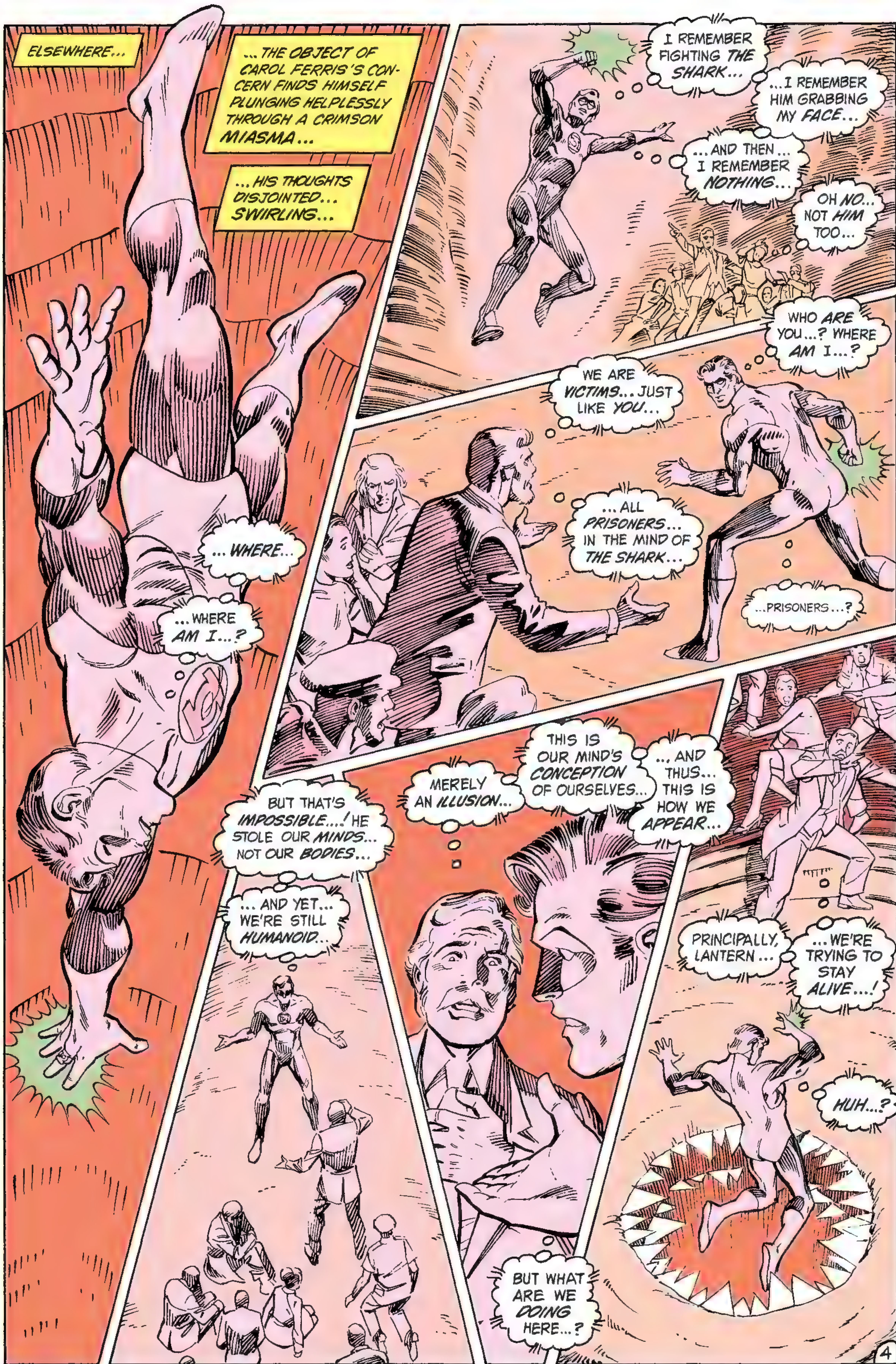
"WE OPENED FIRE ON THE SHARK THEN, BUT HE JUST IGNORED OUR SLUGS--"

"--THEN GRABBED HIS HEAD LIKE HIS BRAIN WAS ON FIRE--"









ELSEWHERE...

... THE OBJECT OF  
CAROL FERRIS'S CON-  
CERN FINDS HIMSELF  
PLUNGING HELPLESSLY  
THROUGH A CRIMSON  
MIASMA...

... HIS THOUGHTS  
DISJOINTED...  
SWIRLING...

... WHERE...

... WHERE  
AM I...?

BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE...! HE  
STOLE OUR MINDS...  
NOT OUR BODIES...

... AND YET...  
WE'RE STILL  
HUMANOID...

MERELY  
AN ILLUSION...

THIS IS  
OUR MIND'S  
CONCEPTION  
OF OURSELVES...

... AND  
THUS...  
THIS IS  
HOW WE  
APPEAR...

PRINCIPALLY,  
LANTERN...

... WE'RE  
TRYING TO  
STAY  
ALIVE...!

HUH...?

BUT WHAT  
ARE WE  
DOING  
HERE...?

I REMEMBER  
FIGHTING THE  
SHARK...

... I REMEMBER  
HIM GRABBING  
MY FACE...

... AND THEN...  
I REMEMBER  
NOTHING...

OH NO...  
NOT HIM  
TOO...

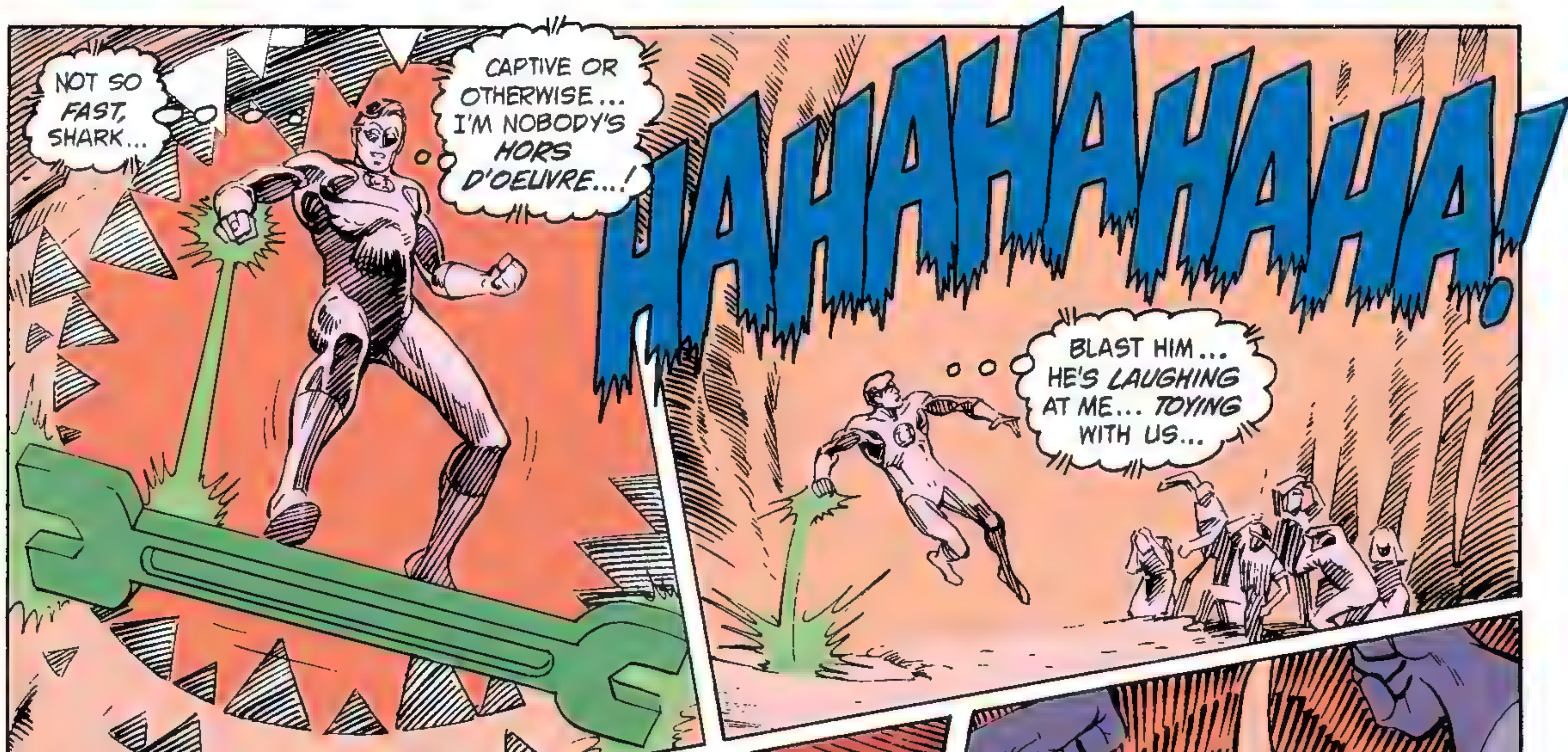
WHO ARE  
YOU...? WHERE  
AM I...?

WE ARE  
VICTIMS... JUST  
LIKE YOU...

... ALL  
PRISONERS...  
IN THE MIND OF  
THE SHARK...

... PRISONERS...?

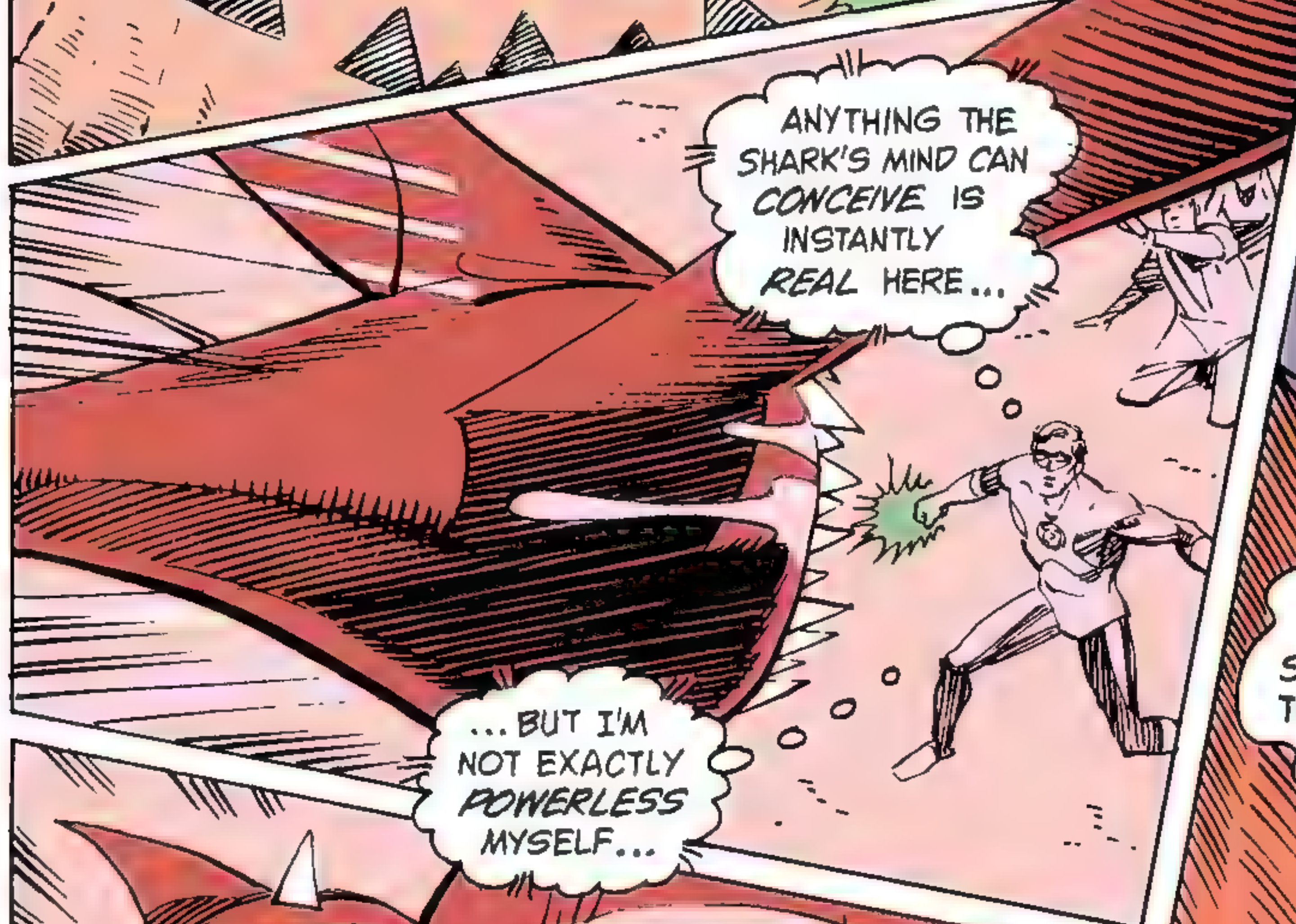




NOT SO  
FAST,  
SHARK...

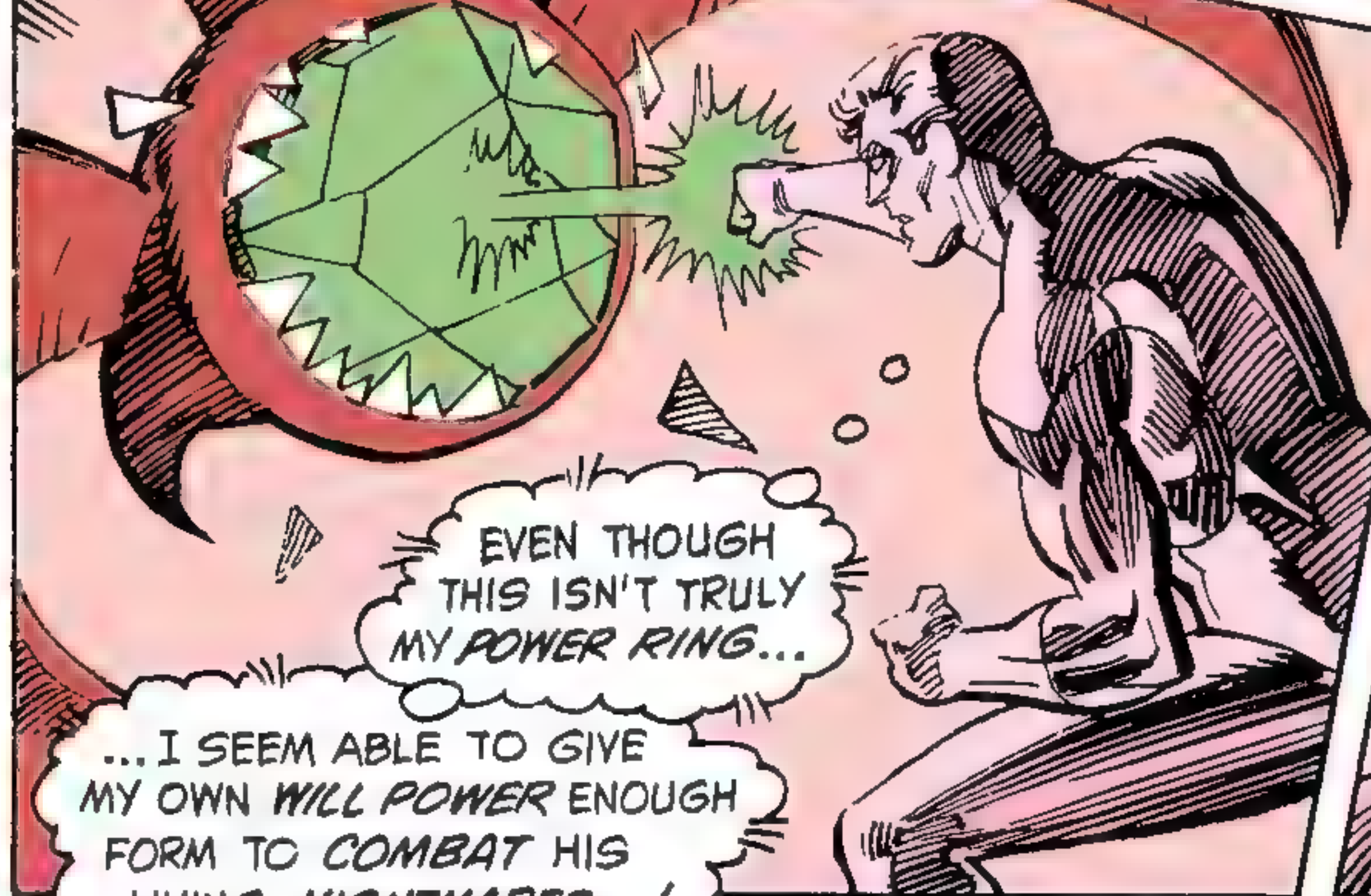
CAPTIVE OR  
OTHERWISE...  
I'M NOBODY'S  
HORS  
D'OELVRE...!

BLAST HIM...  
HE'S LAUGHING  
AT ME... TOYING  
WITH US...



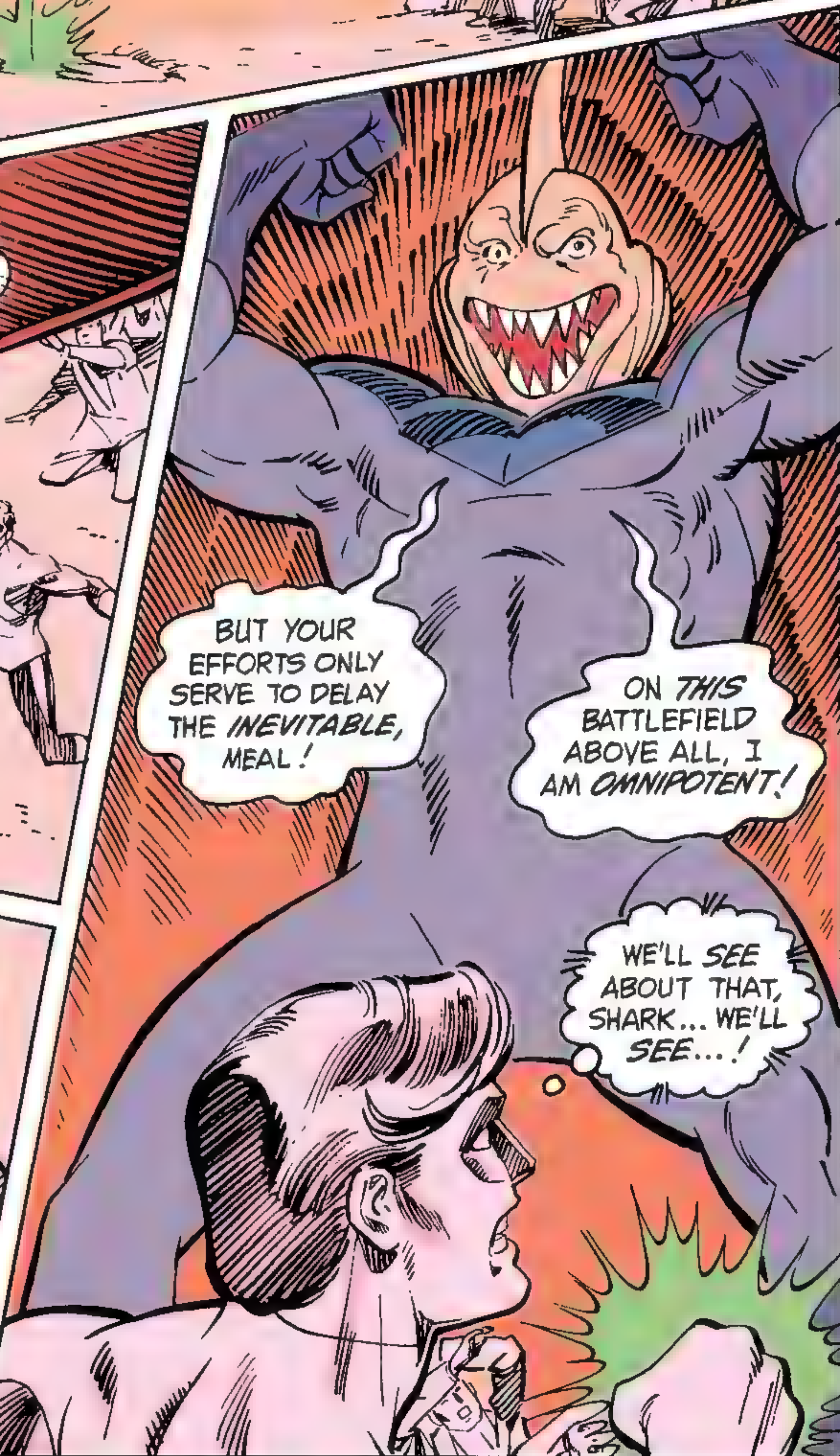
ANYTHING THE  
SHARK'S MIND CAN  
CONCEIVE IS  
INSTANTLY  
REAL HERE...

... BUT I'M  
NOT EXACTLY  
POWERLESS  
MYSELF...



EVEN THOUGH  
THIS ISN'T TRULY  
MY POWER RING...

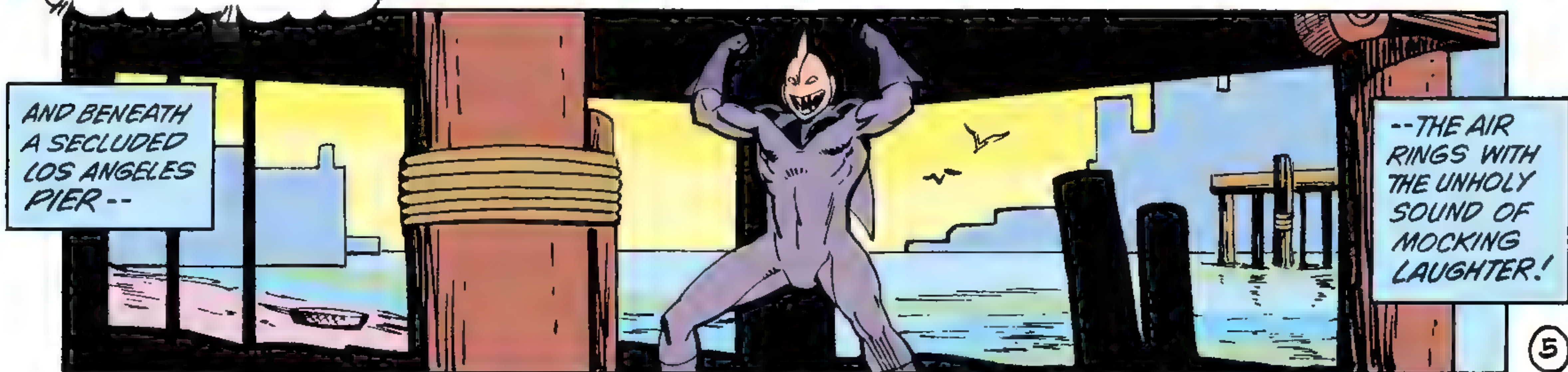
... I SEEM ABLE TO GIVE  
MY OWN WILL POWER ENOUGH  
FORM TO COMBAT HIS  
LIVING NIGHTMARES...!



BUT YOUR  
EFFORTS ONLY  
SERVE TO DELAY  
THE INEVITABLE,  
MEAL!

ON THIS  
BATTLEFIELD  
ABOVE ALL, I  
AM OMNIPOTENT!

WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT,  
SHARK... WE'LL  
SEE...!



AND BENEATH  
A SECLUDED  
LOS ANGELES  
PIER--

--THE AIR  
RINGS WITH  
THE UNHOLY  
SOUND OF  
MOCKING  
LAUGHTER!



WASHINGTON, D.C.:

WHERE THE IVORY TOWERS OF OUR FOREFATHERS  
STILL STRETCH OPTIMISTICALLY TOWARD THE SKY--

-- AND THE  
SHADOWS WRITHE  
WITH SECRETS...

...SEEN THIS  
AFTERNOON'S NEWS  
YET, MONITOR?

BY NOW, CONGRESSMAN BLOCH-- YOU  
SHOULD KNOW I SEE EVERYTHING!

I'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOUR CALL.

THEN YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
I WANT...!

WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED, CONGRESSMAN--  
THE EMPTY TASTE OF **VENGEANCE!**

TSK, TSK, BLOCH--  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
TAKEN MY  
ADVICE!

IT ISN'T WISE  
TO IGNORE  
CON-TROL!

I DON'T NEED ANY  
EDITORIALIZING FROM  
YOU, MONITOR-- ONLY  
**RESULTS!**

EVERYONE I'VE HIRED THUS FAR TO  
DESTROY FERRIS AIRCRAFT HAS  
BEEN BEATEN BY THAT LOUSY  
RING-SLINGER--

--BUT WITH GREEN LANTERN  
IN A COMA, THE TIME  
TO STRIKE AGAIN  
IS NOW!

CONGRESSMAN,  
I URGE YOU TO  
RECONSIDER--!

I'LL RECONSIDER  
**NOTHING!**

YOU JUST PUT ME IN  
TOUCH WITH SOMEONE  
WHO CAN **ERADICATE**  
FERRIS AIRCRAFT  
FOR ME--

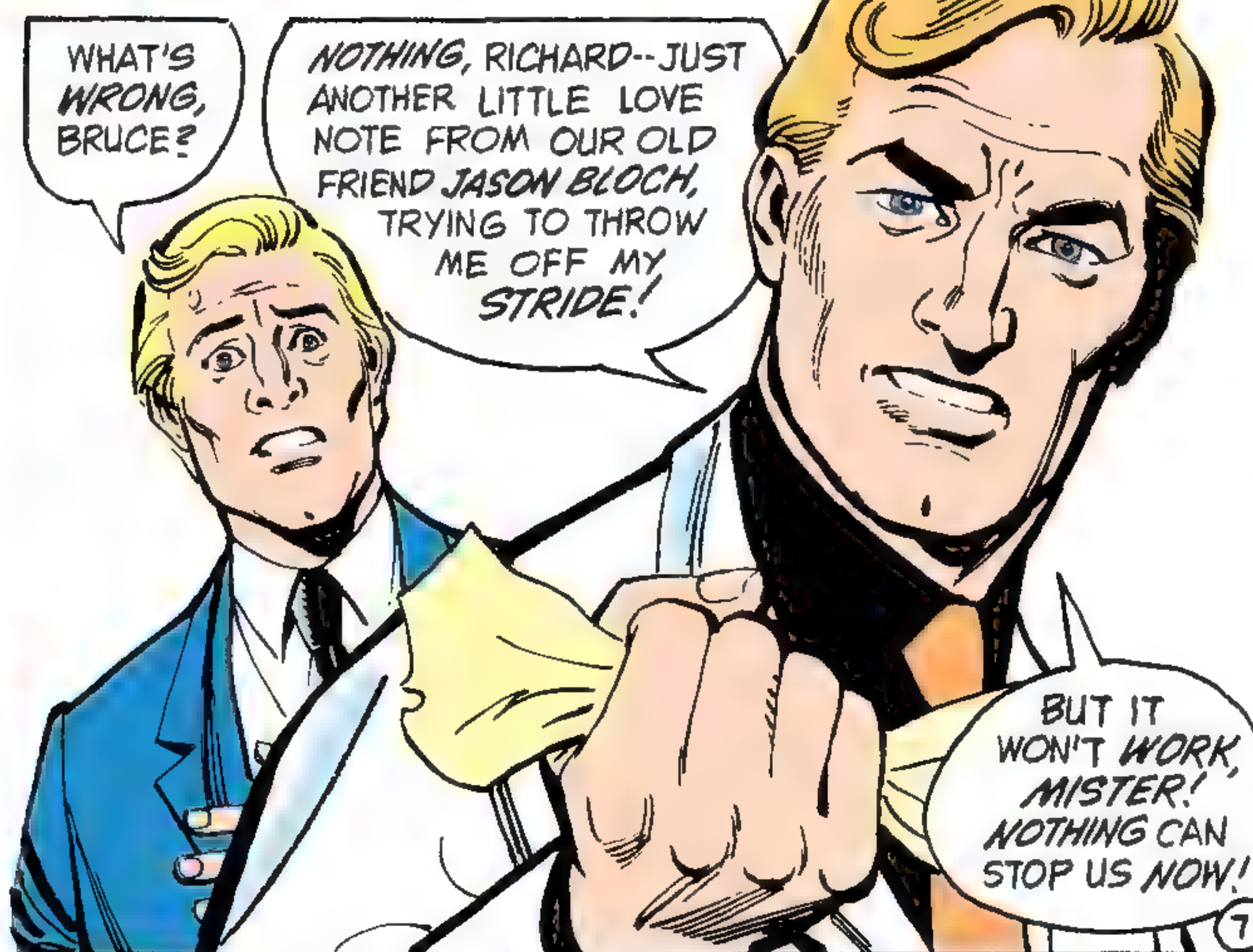
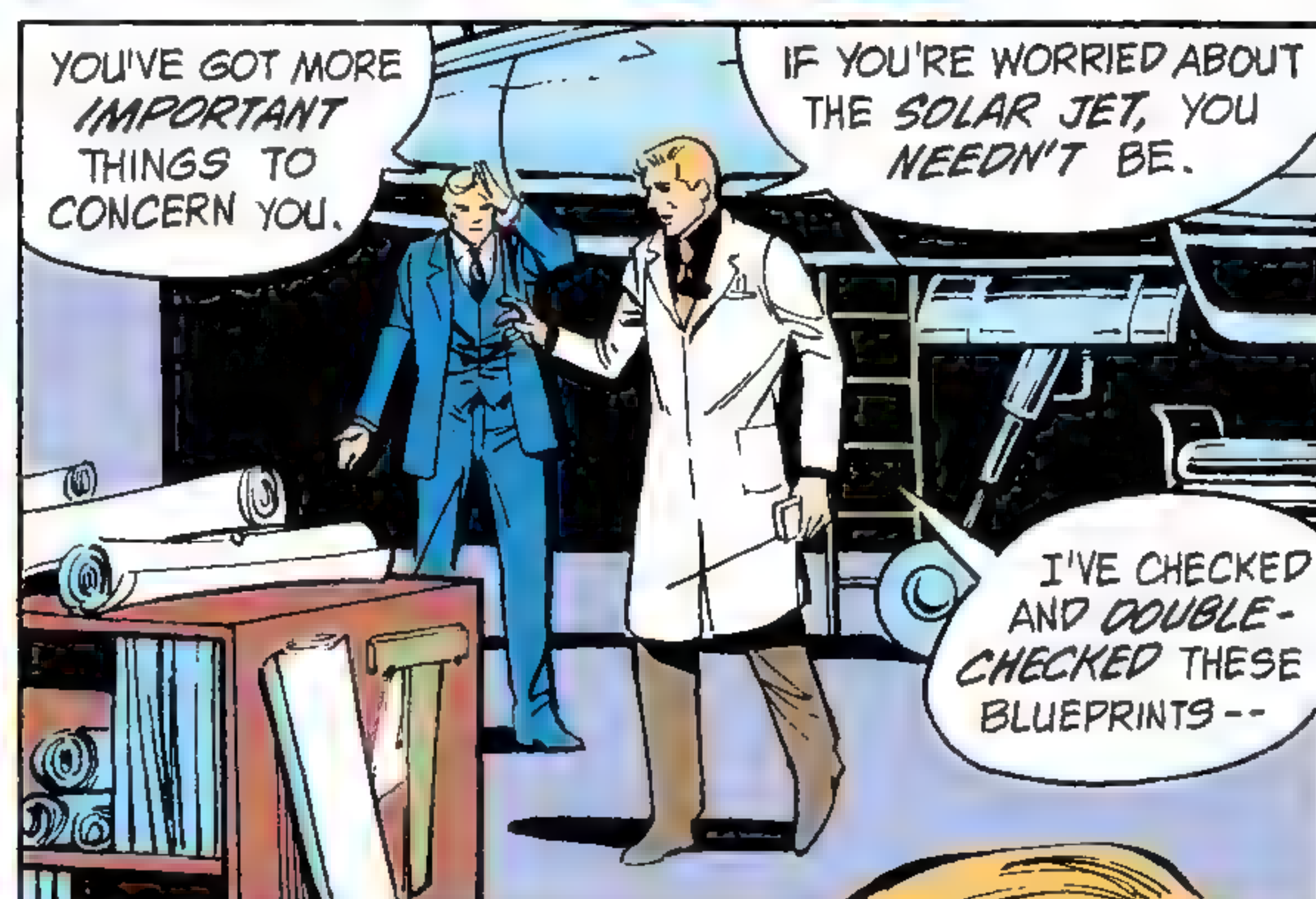
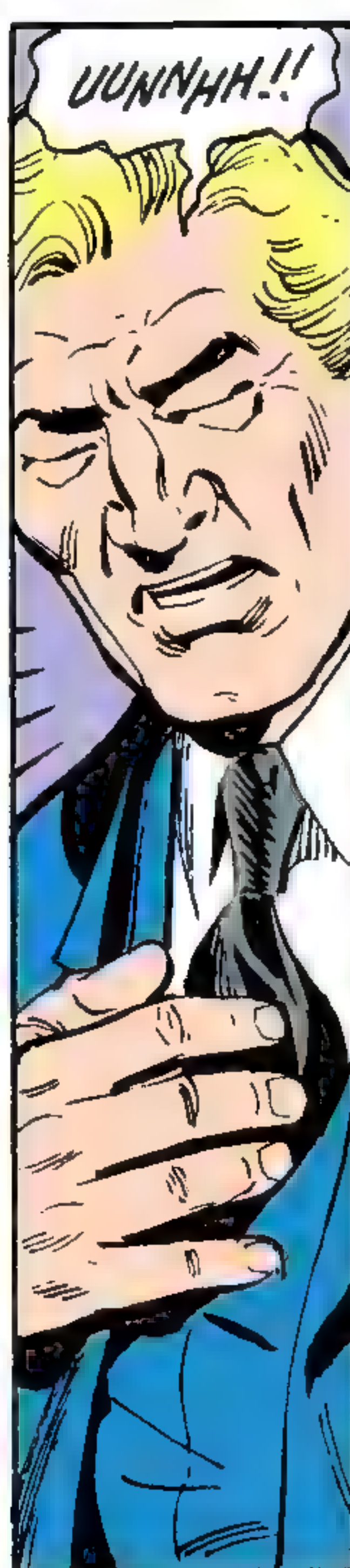
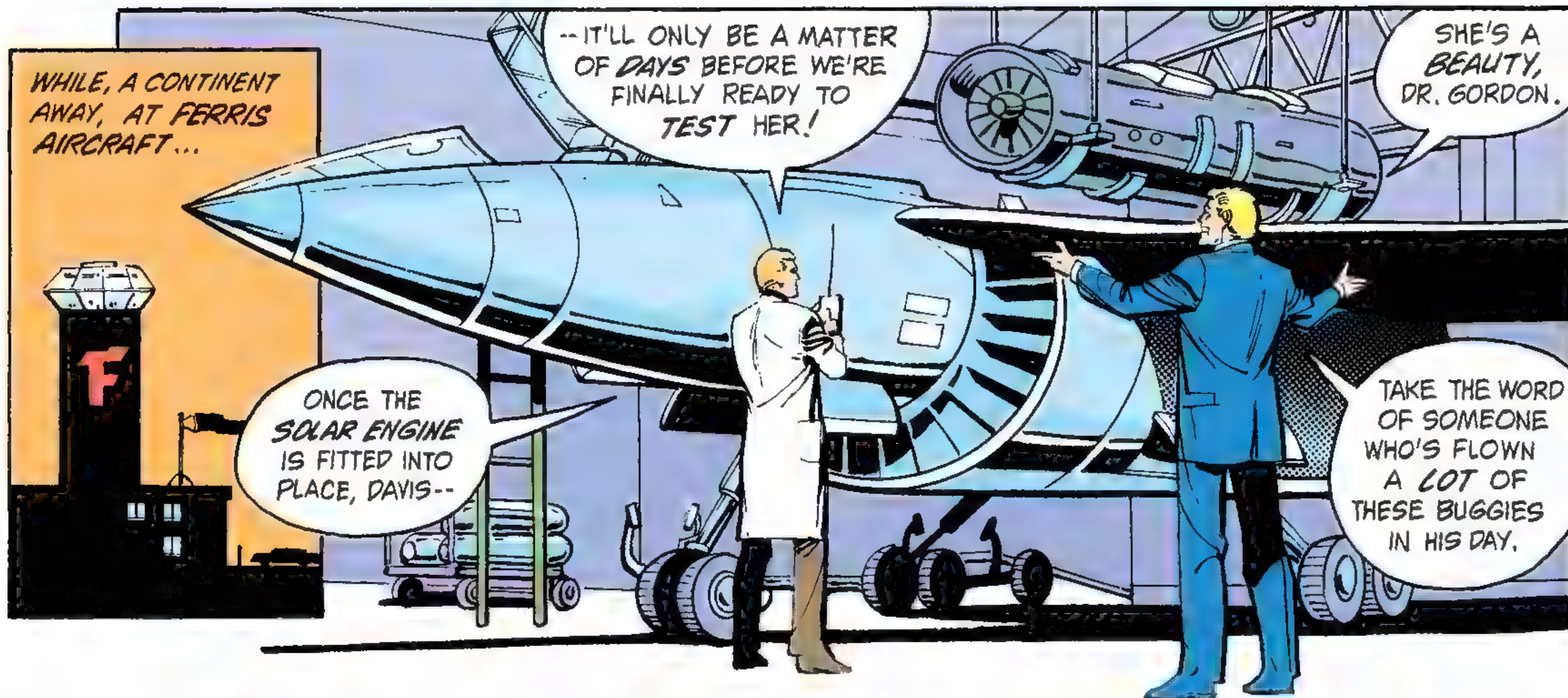
--AND YOU  
DO IT  
NOW!

AS YOU WISH,  
CONGRESSMAN.

LYLA, MY LOVE, PLEASE PUT  
THE GOOD CONGRESSMAN ON  
HOLD FOR A MOMENT,  
IF YOU WOULD--

--AND THEN  
CONNECT ME WITH--  
**ROSIE!**









YOUR COURAGE, AS EVER,  
IS LAUDABLE, MEAT--

--BUT PRECISELY  
HOW DO YOU  
PROPOSE TO  
DEFEAT ME  
HERE--

--IN THE ARENA OF MY OWN MIND!

WE'LL FIGHT  
YOU, SHARK...

SO LONG  
AS WE RETAIN  
ANY SENSE OF  
OURSELVES... WE'LL  
FIGHT YOU...!

I HAVE BUT TO  
THINK HERE TO  
MAKE IT SO!

BUT ONE'S  
SENSE OF SELF  
IS SUCH A  
FLEETING THING,  
LANTERN!

ARE YOU  
TRULY THE  
MUSCULAR  
HERO YOU THINK  
YOURSELF  
TO BE...?

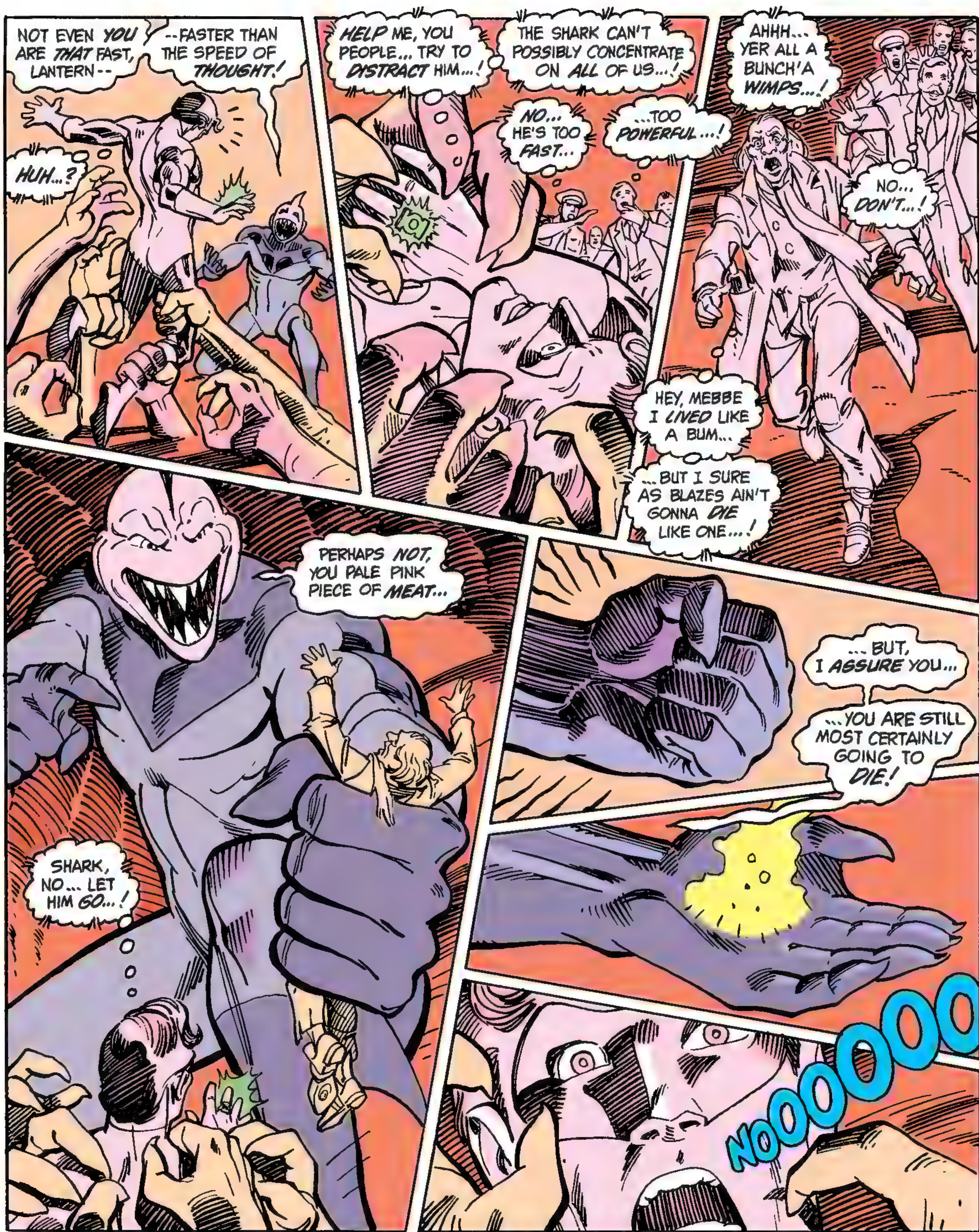
OR RATHER  
A GROTESQUE,  
BLOATED,  
OBESE CAF...?

OR PERHAPS  
MERELY A  
WITHERED,  
DESICCATED  
CORPSE?

THEN THE  
SOLUTION TO  
THE PROBLEM IS  
SIMPLE,  
SHARK...

... I JUST  
WON'T GIVE YOU  
ANY TIME TO  
THINK...!







ACROSS TOWN, IN NEW ORLEANS' FAMED FRENCH QUARTER, THE AIR IS THICK WITH THE AROMA OF CREOLE COOKING AND THE RHYTHMS OF JAZZ --

**Rosie's BAR**

-- BUT HERE, ON HER WINDSWOPT WATERFRONT, THE AIR STILL STINKS OF SEA SALT, SWEAT, AND DIESEL OIL --

--AND THE MUSIC IS THAT OLD SAD SONG--

**SKRASH!**

--OF VIOLENCE!

... AN' TAKE YER SLEAZY PALS WIT' YA, CISCO!

YA COME SNIFFIN' 'ROUND MY JOINT WIT' YER POCKETS EMPTY AGAIN--

--AN' I'LL PULL YER LIPS UP OVER YER EARS--!

HEY, ROSIE-- PHONE CALL FOR YA!

YEAH? TELL 'EM I AIN'T IN!

I THINK YA'LL WANNA TAKE *THIS* CALL, BOSS.

IT'S HIM AGAIN.

OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

I'LL TAKE IT IN MY ROOM.

I BEEN WAITIN' FER YER CALL, MONITOR. WHAT TOOK YA SO LONG?

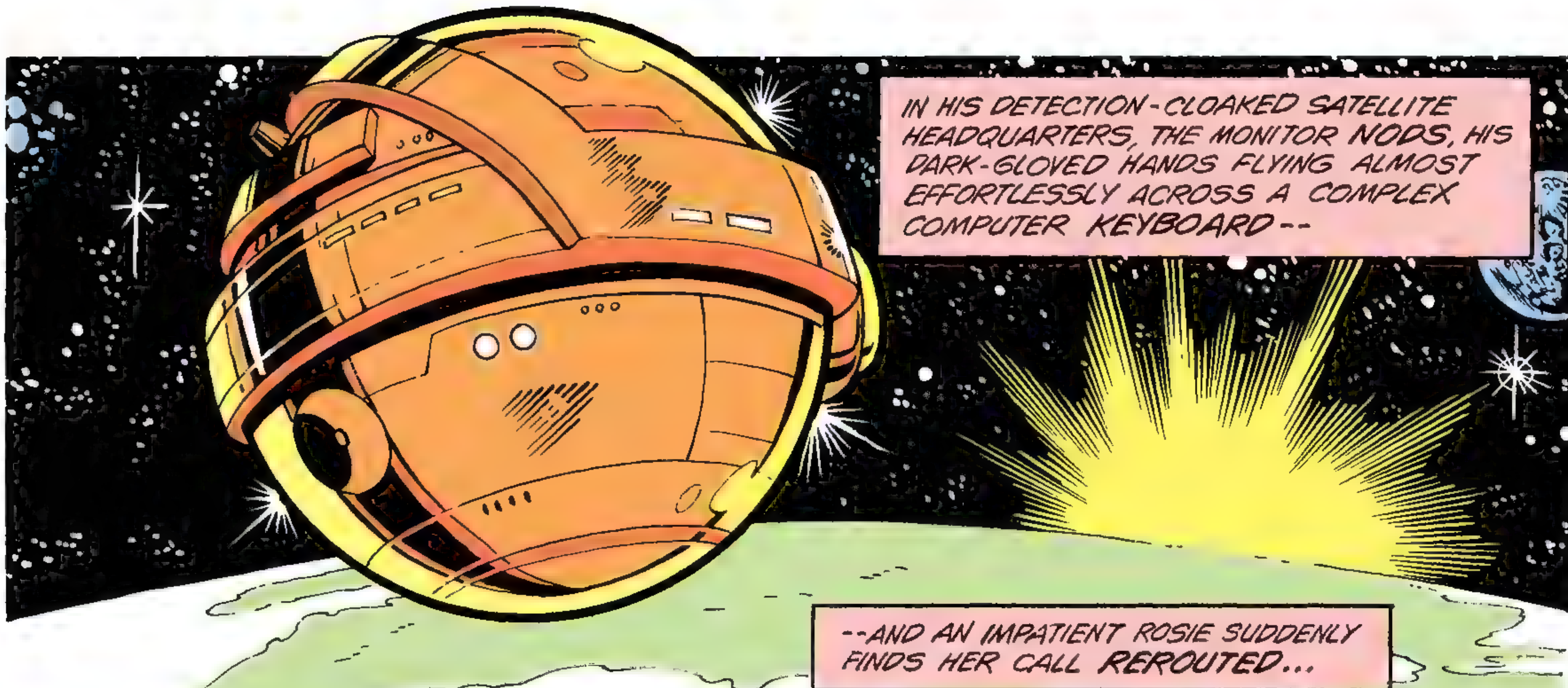
YEAH. YEAH, I KNOW HOW IT CAN BE.

YA GOT ANOTHER JOB FER US?

AWRIIIIGHT! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

PATCH ME THROUGH TA THE OTHERS--AN' YA GOT YERSELF A DEAL!





IN HIS DETECTION-CLOAKED SATELLITE HEADQUARTERS, THE MONITOR NODS, HIS DARK-GLOVED HANDS FLYING ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY ACROSS A COMPLEX COMPUTER KEYBOARD--

--AND AN IMPATIENT ROSIE SUDDENLY FINDS HER CALL REROUTED...

... TO SAN DIEGO ...

I HA' BEEN WAITING FOR YOU CALL, CHIQUITA.

YOU MAY RELY ON **SCOOP-SHOVEL!**

A man with dark skin, wearing a white tank top and a red headband, is shown in profile, talking on a white telephone. In the background, a crowd of people is visible, some wearing numbered bibs (10, 12, 15, 3).

... CHICAGO ...

HEY, **STEAMROLLER** WILL BE THERE, **DOLLFACE** --

--AND NOTHING BETTER GET IN MY WAY!

**STUNT CYCLE**

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a blue shirt and a yellow jacket, is shown in profile, talking on a white telephone. A sign in the background reads "STUNT CYCLE".

... HOUSTON ...

GLAD TUH HEAR YORE SWEET VOICE, LI'L DARLIN'!

**JACKHAMMER** IS READY AN' WAITIN'!

A man wearing a brown cap and a red plaid shirt is shown in profile, talking on a white telephone. In the background, an oil rig is visible against a yellow sky.

... AND NEW YORK ...

ANUDDER JOB FER US, MIZ ROSIE?

YA KNOW YA CAN-- Uh-- COUNT ON **HARDHAT!**

A man wearing a yellow headband and a white shirt is shown in profile, talking on a white telephone. In the background, a construction site with workers and scaffolding is visible.

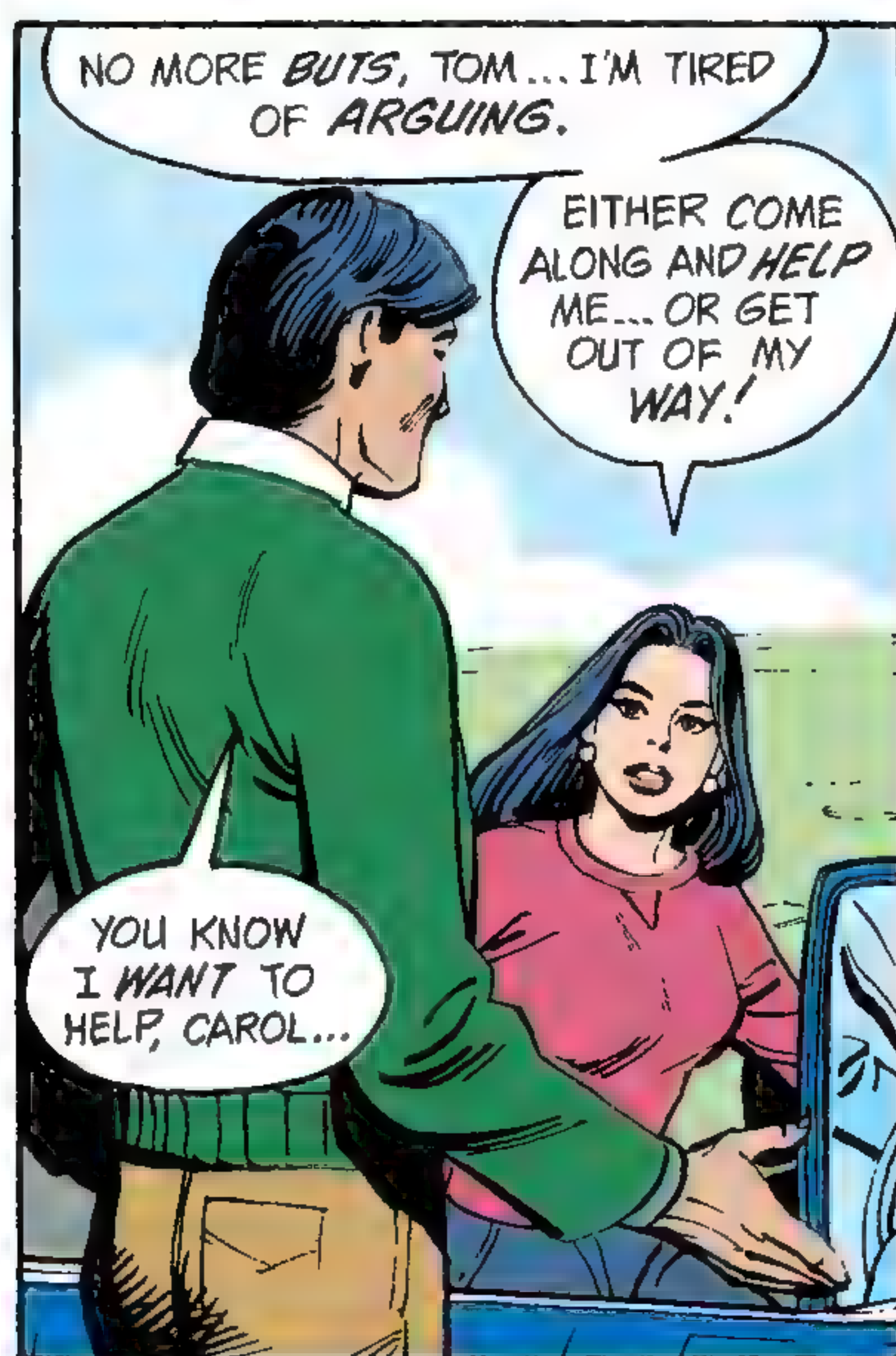
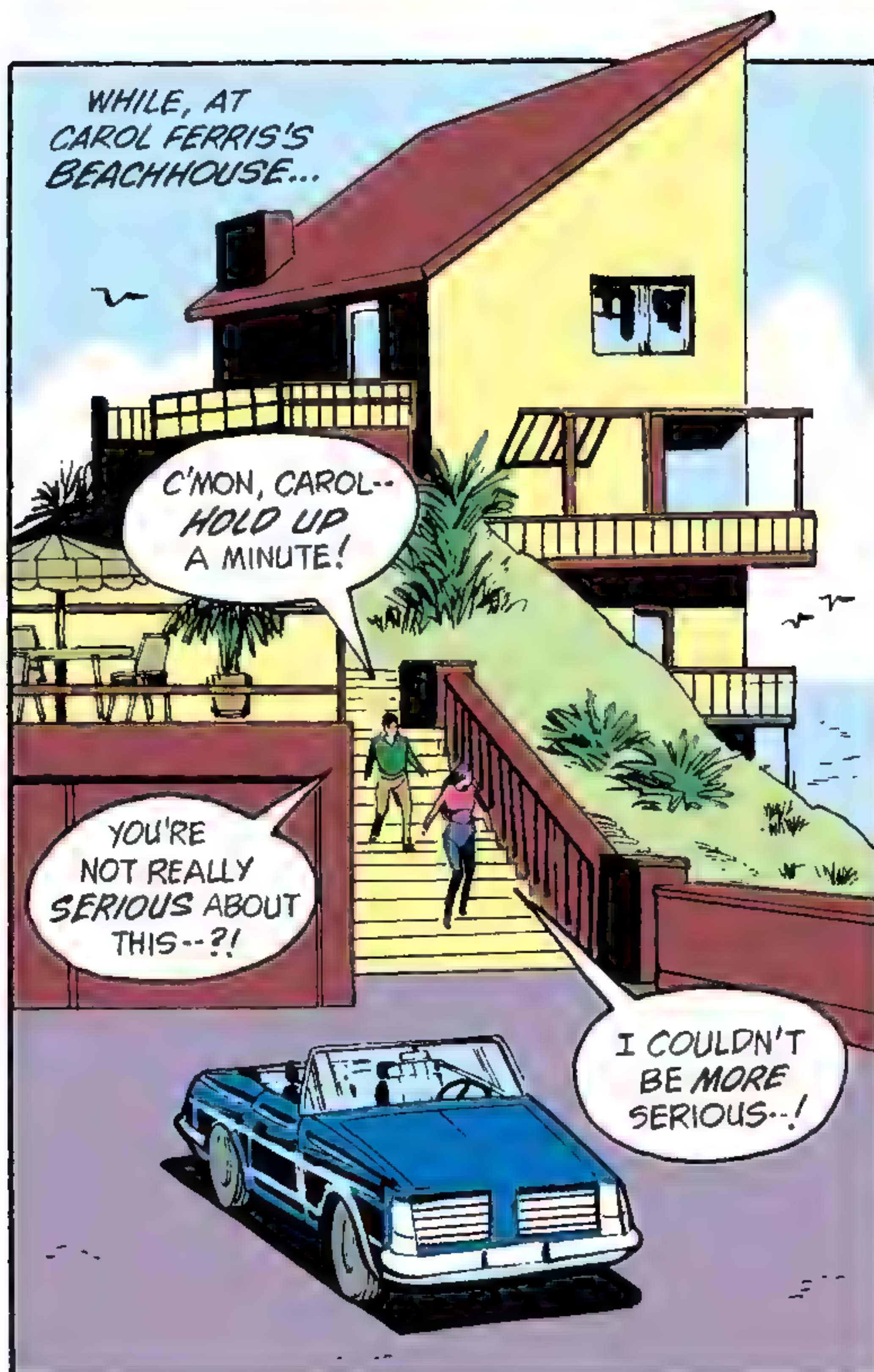
WELL, **LYLA**-- I HAVE EARNED MY **COMMISSION** AND GIVEN CONGRESSMAN **BLOCH** THAT WHICH HE SO DESPERATELY **DESIRES**.

WHETHER OR NOT HE WILL **LIVE** LONG ENOUGH TO **REGRET** IT REMAINS TO BE **SEEN!**

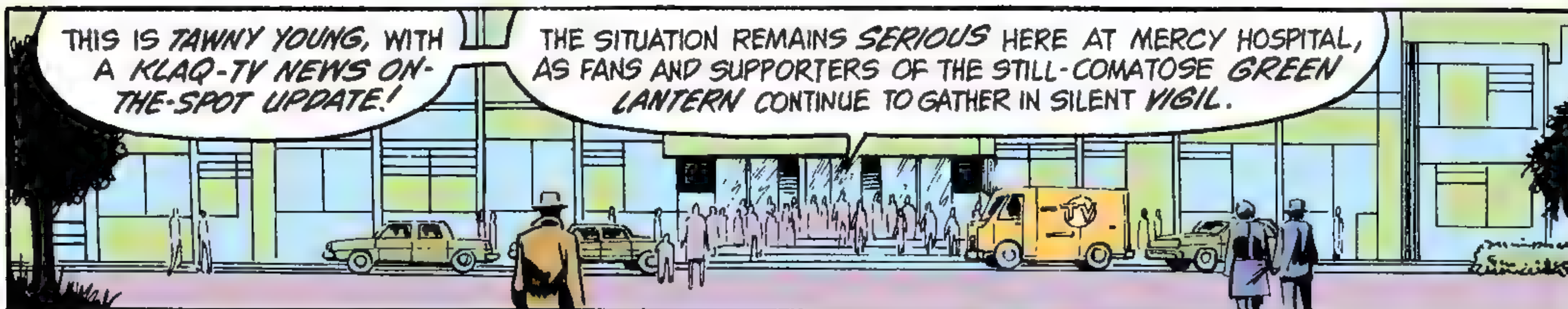
AND, OF COURSE, MY LOVE-- YOU WILL BE **WATCHING!**

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a pink shirt, is shown in profile, looking at a computer monitor. The monitor displays a world map with blue energy-like pulses. She is holding a large, orange, segmented object. The page number "11" is in the bottom right corner.



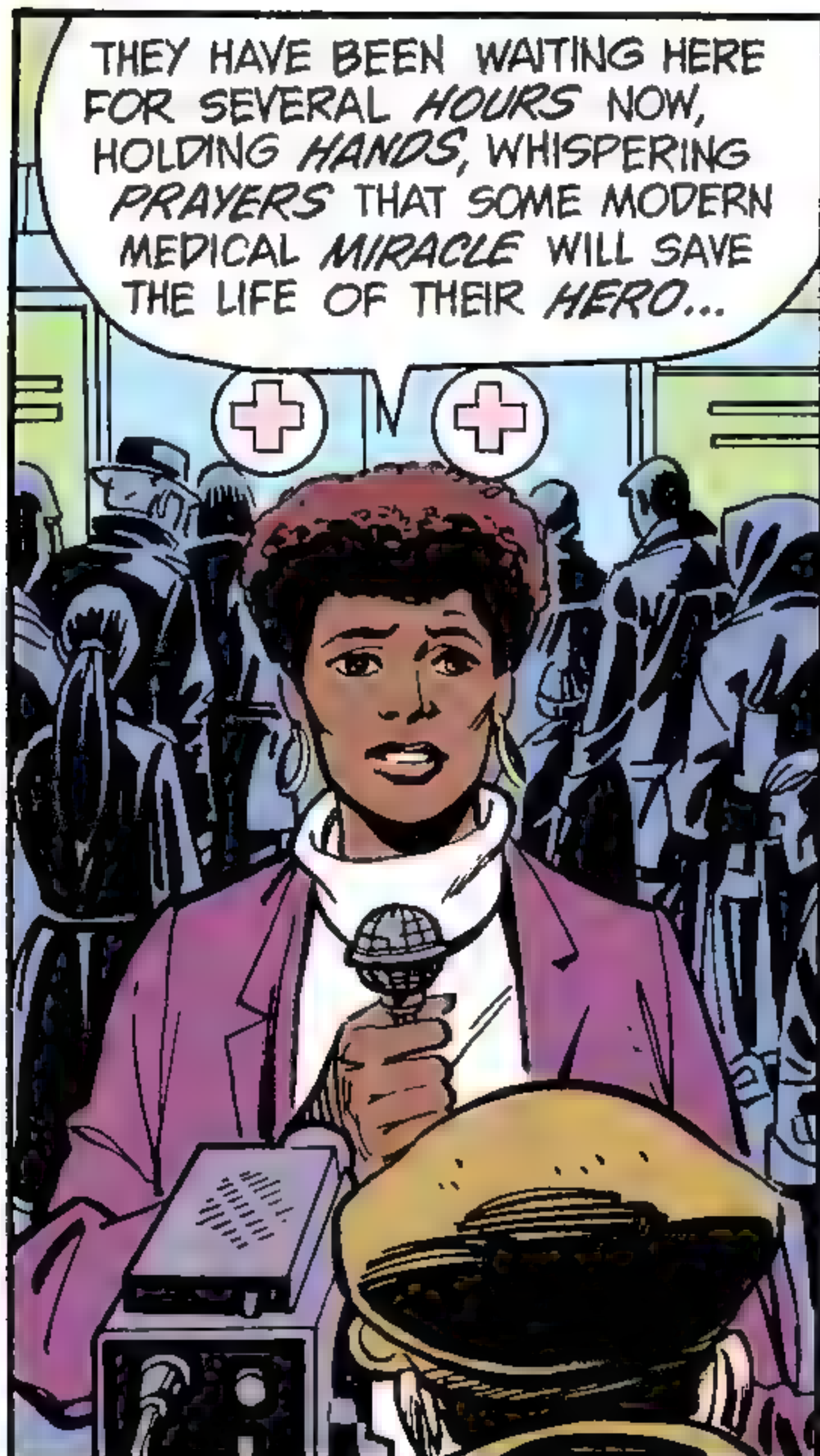






THIS IS TAWNY YOUNG, WITH A KLAQ-TV NEWS ON-THE-SPOT UPDATE!

THE SITUATION REMAINS *SERIOUS* HERE AT MERCY HOSPITAL, AS FANS AND SUPPORTERS OF THE STILL-COMATOSE GREEN LANTERN CONTINUE TO GATHER IN SILENT VIGIL.



THEY HAVE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR SEVERAL HOURS NOW, HOLDING HANDS, WHISPERING PRAYERS THAT SOME MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLE WILL SAVE THE LIFE OF THEIR HERO...

"...AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'LL GO JOIN THEM."

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! HIS EEG IS A STRAIGHT LINE--

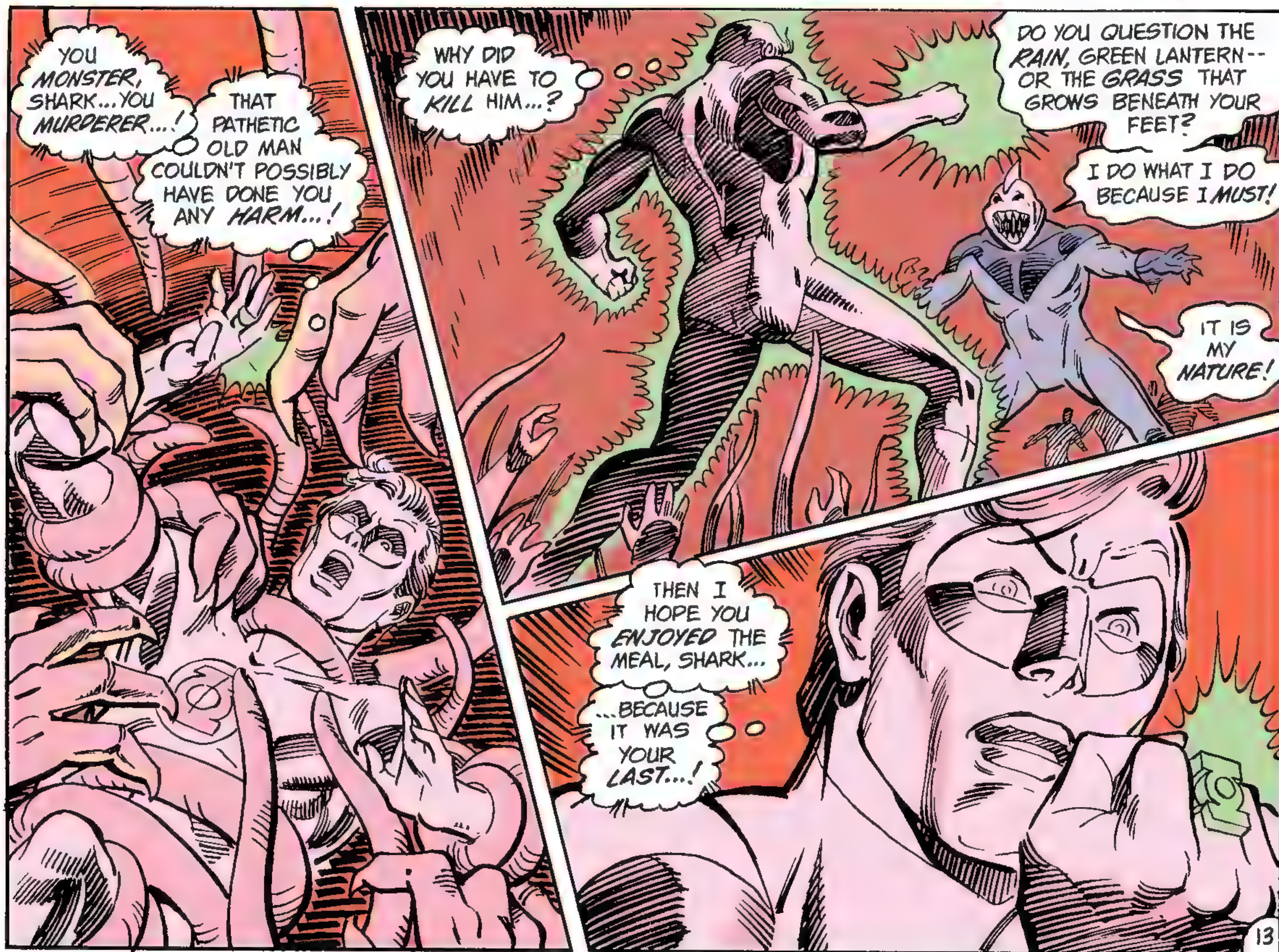
-- THE MAN IS REGISTERING ZERO BRAIN ACTIVITY--



--AND YET HIS RESPIRATION IS ERRATIC--HIS PULSE KEEPS RACING--AS IF HE WERE FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF HIS LIFE!

MAYBE HE IS, SAM... MAYBE HE IS...

... THOUGH GOD ALONE KNOWS WHERE!



YOU MONSTER, SHARK...YOU MURDERER...!

THAT PATHETIC OLD MAN COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE DONE YOU ANY HARM...!

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM...?

DO YOU QUESTION THE RAIN, GREEN LANTERN--OR THE GRASS THAT GROWS BENEATH YOUR FEET?

I DO WHAT I DO BECAUSE I MUST!

IT IS MY NATURE!

THEN I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE MEAL, SHARK...

...BECAUSE IT WAS YOUR LAST...!

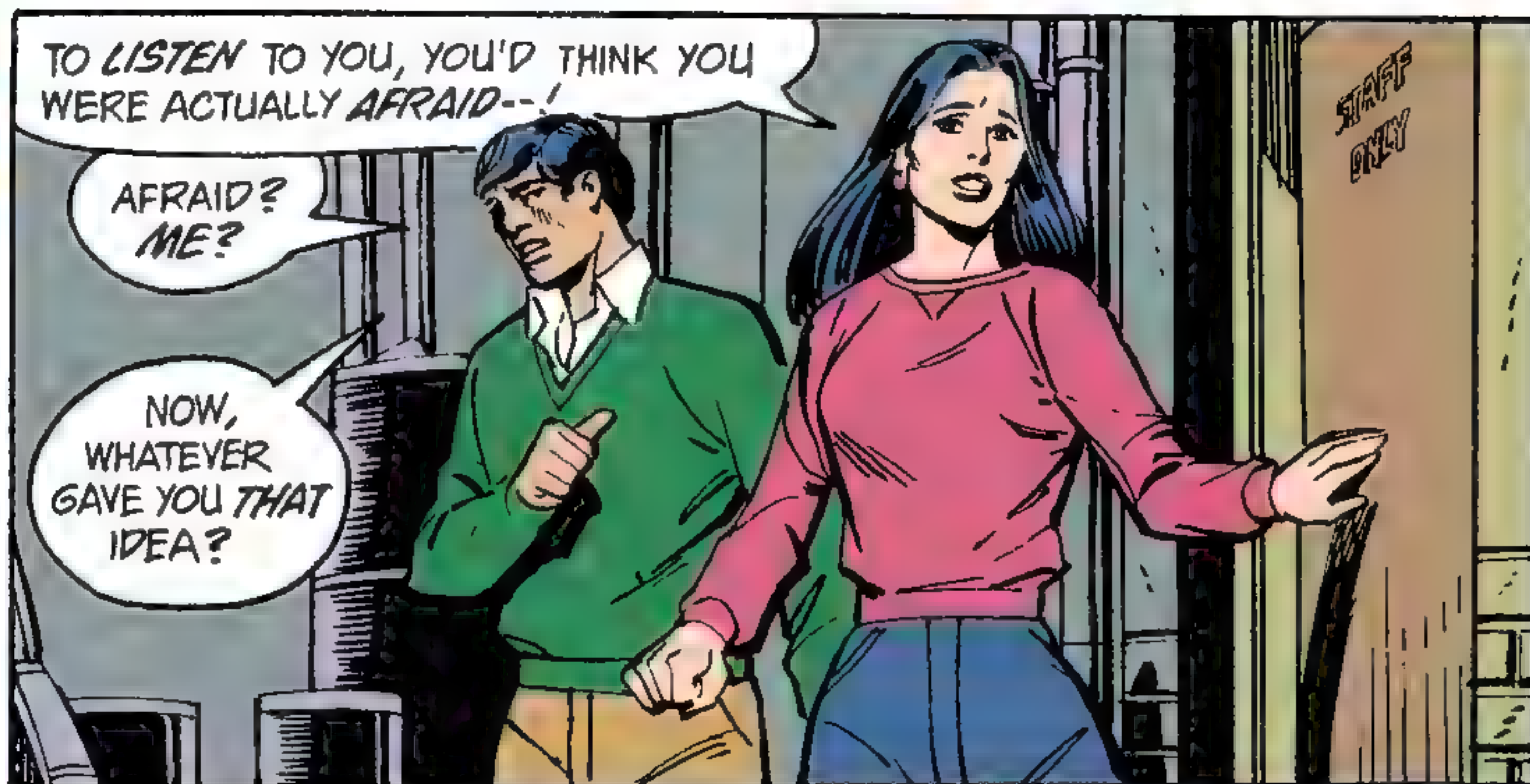




WHILE, BEHIND  
MERCY HOSPITAL...

THERE'S  
STILL TIME  
TO CHANGE YOUR  
MIND ABOUT  
THIS, CAROL.

WILL YOU  
STOP KVETCHING,  
KALMAKU -- AND  
GIVE ME A HAND  
HERE?



TO LISTEN TO YOU, YOU'D THINK YOU  
WERE ACTUALLY AFRAID--!

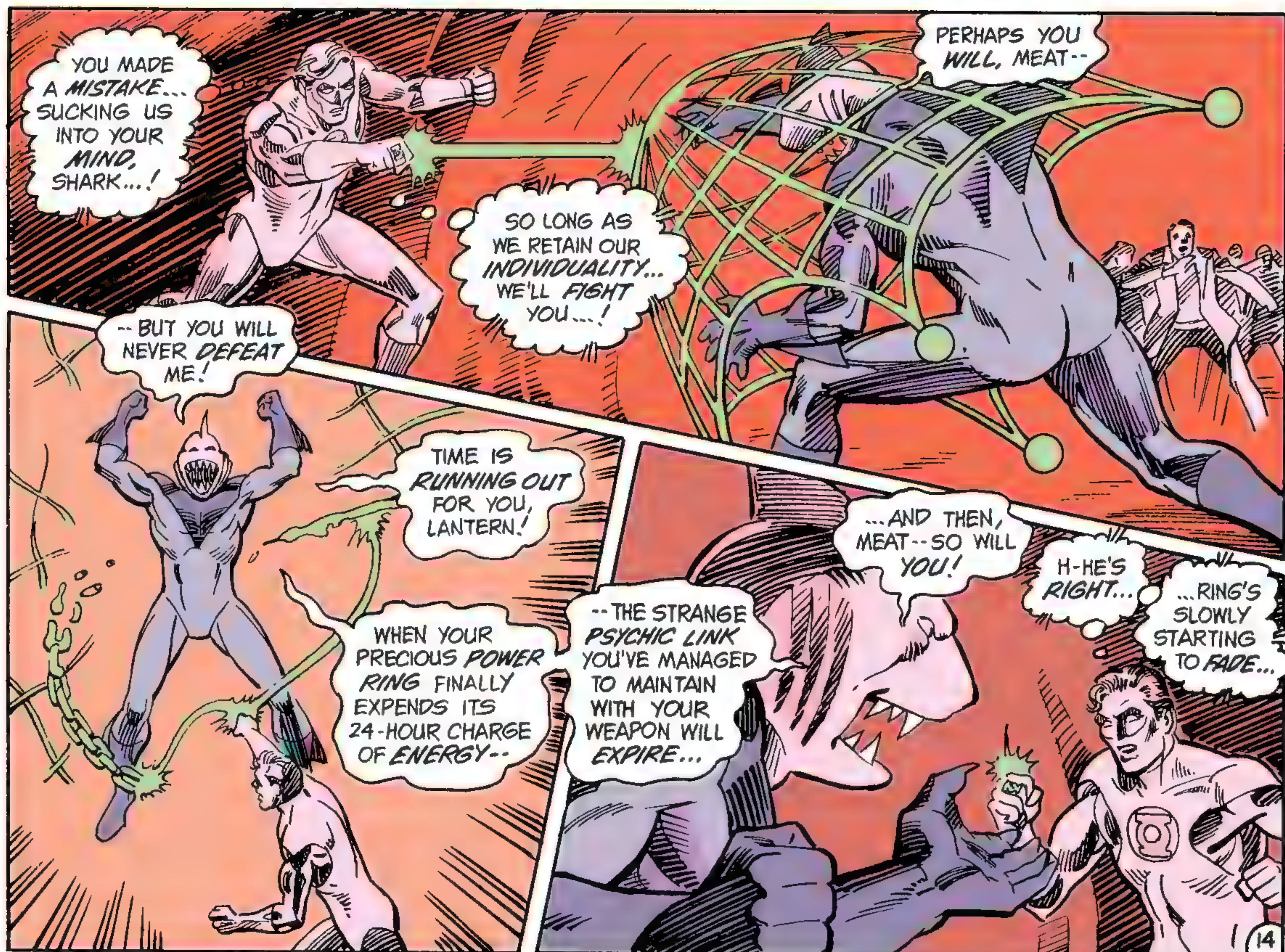
AFRAID?  
ME?

NOW,  
WHATEVER  
GAVE YOU THAT  
IDEA?



WELL, IF YOU HAVE TO BE FRIGHTENED,  
TOM -- BE FRIGHTENED FOR HAL!

IF THIS PLAN DOESN'T  
WORK... WE MAY HAVE  
LOST HIM FOREVER!



YOU MADE  
A MISTAKE...  
SUCKING US  
INTO YOUR  
MIND,  
SHARK...!

-- BUT YOU WILL  
NEVER DEFEAT  
ME!

SO LONG AS  
WE RETAIN OUR  
INDIVIDUALITY...  
WE'LL FIGHT  
YOU...!

TIME IS  
RUNNING OUT  
FOR YOU,  
LANTERN!

WHEN YOUR  
PRECIOUS POWER  
RING FINALLY  
EXPENDS ITS  
24-HOUR CHARGE  
OF ENERGY--

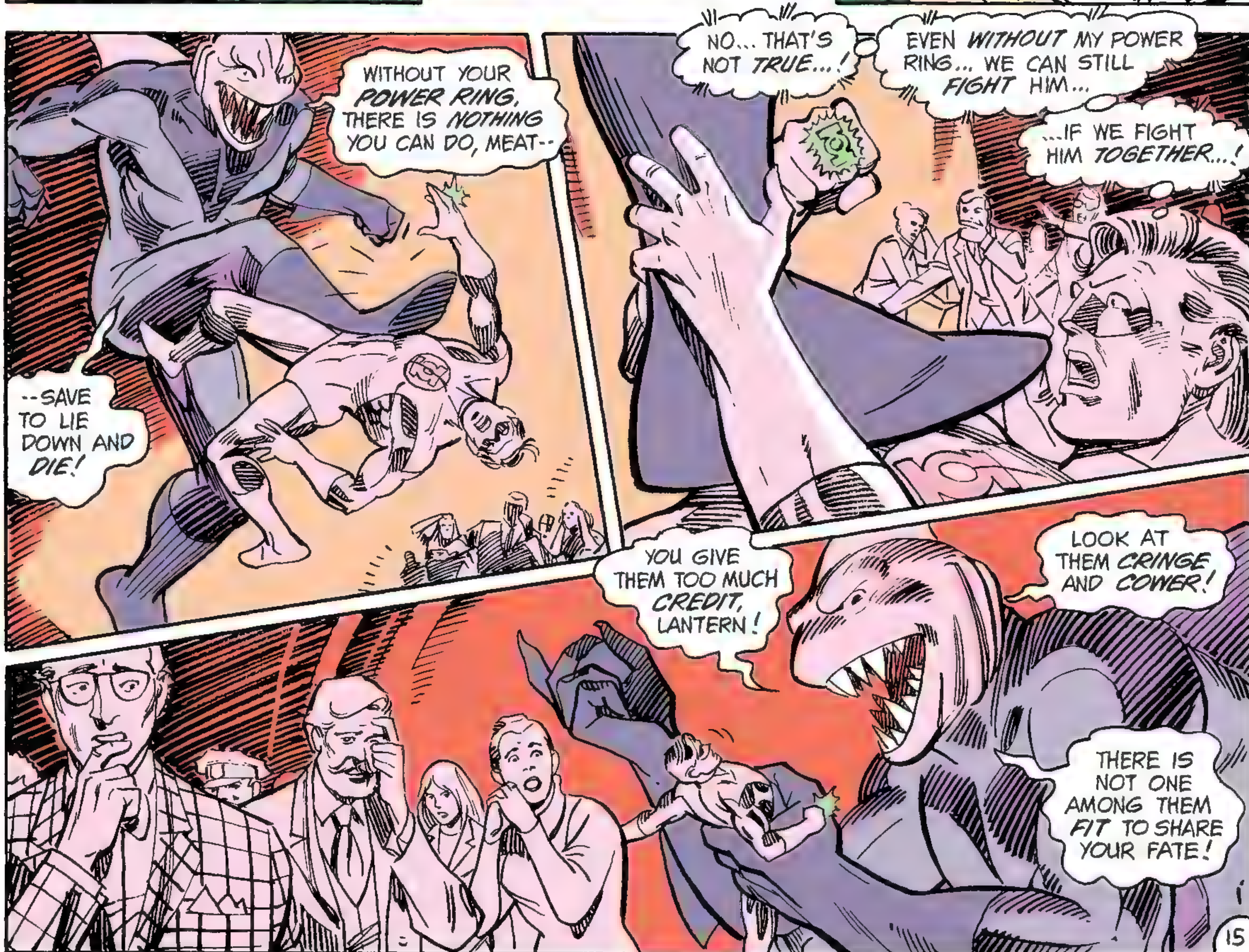
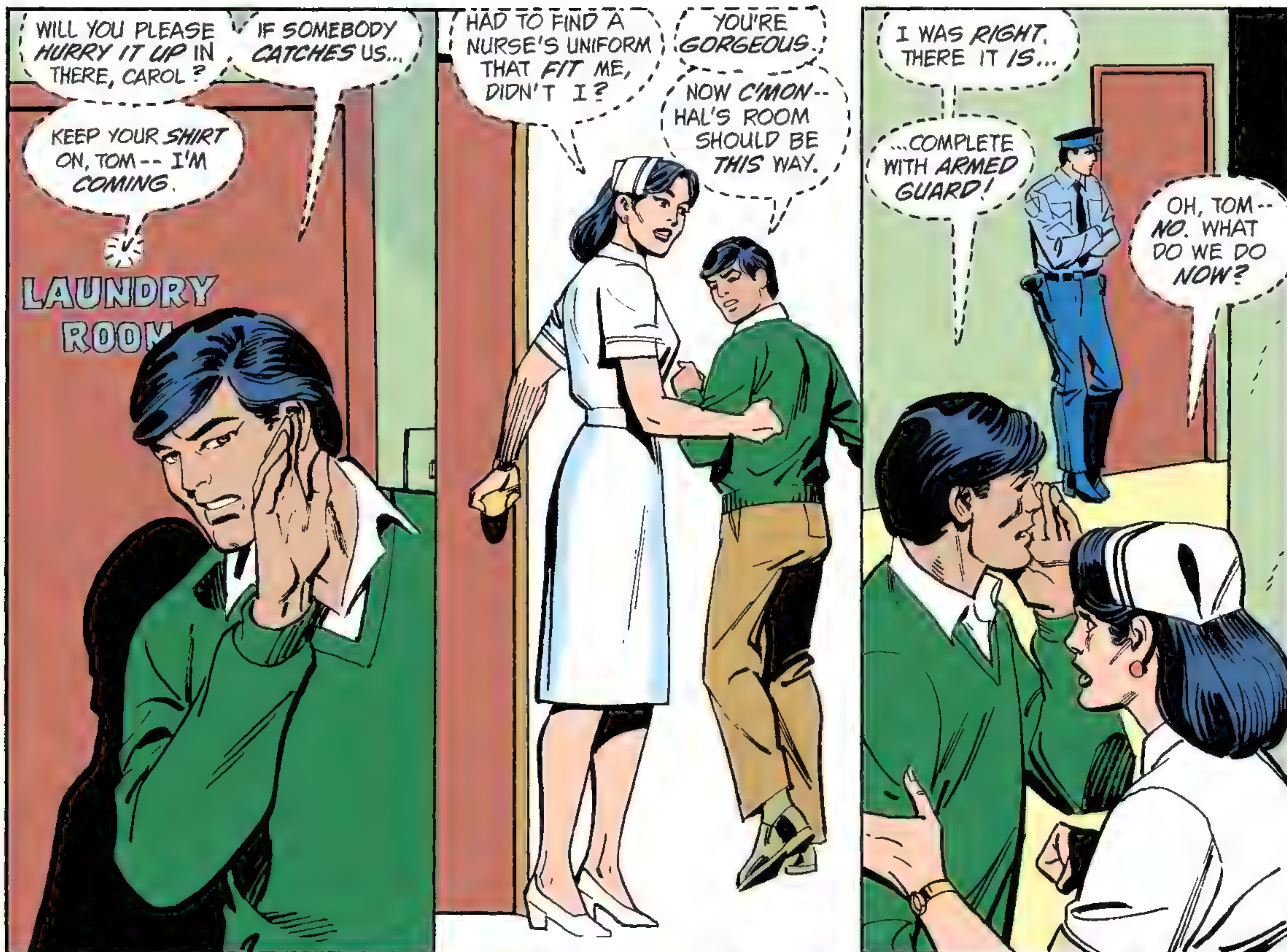
-- THE STRANGE  
PSYCHIC LINK  
YOU'VE MANAGED  
TO MAINTAIN  
WITH YOUR  
WEAPON WILL  
EXPIRE...

...AND THEN,  
MEAT-- SO WILL  
YOU!

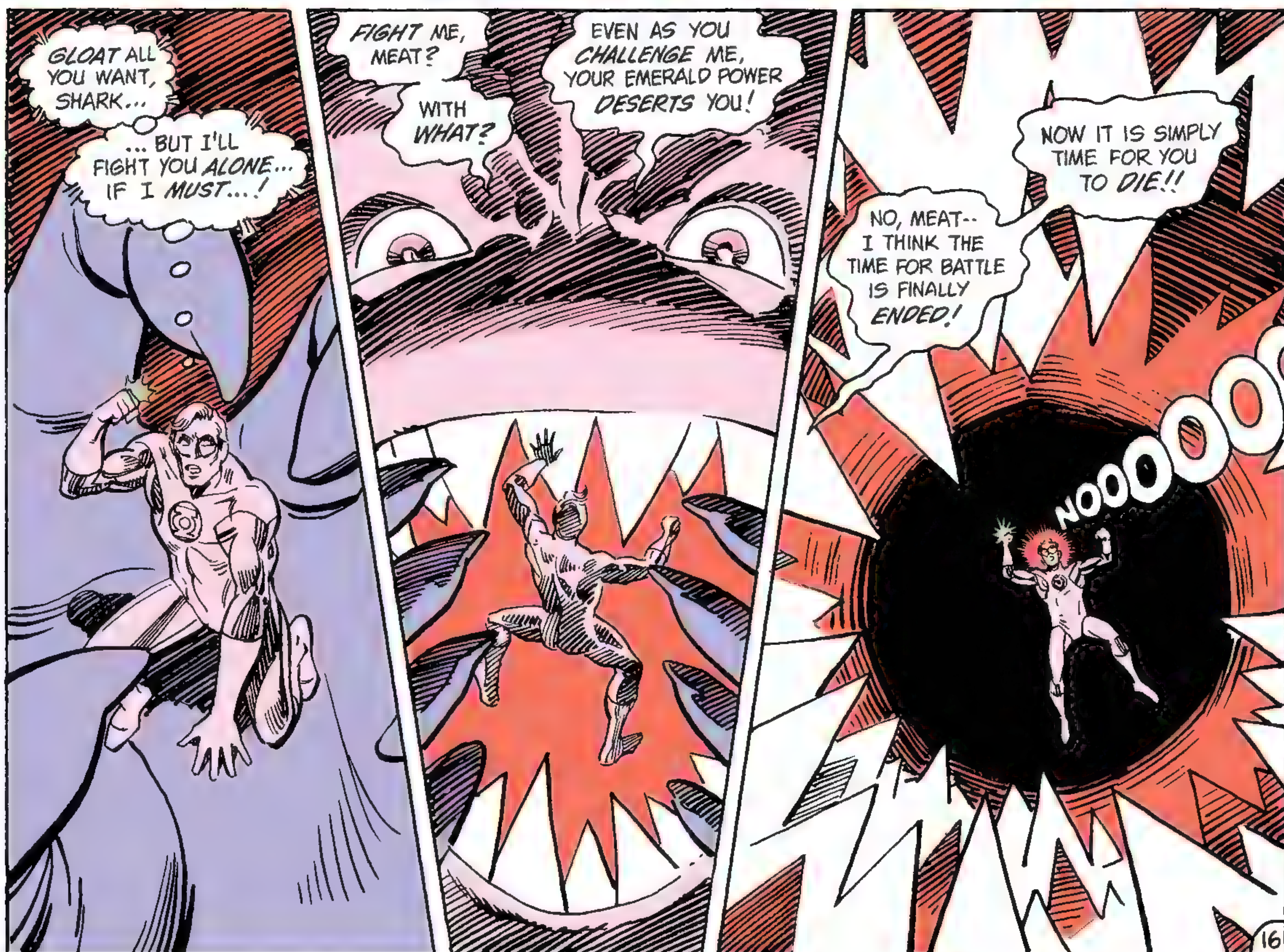
H-HE'S  
RIGHT...

...RING'S  
SLOWLY  
STARTING  
TO FADE...













AND BENEATH A SECLUDED LOS ANGELES PIER--

--THE AIR RINGS WITH A HIDEOUS HOWL OF TRIUMPH!

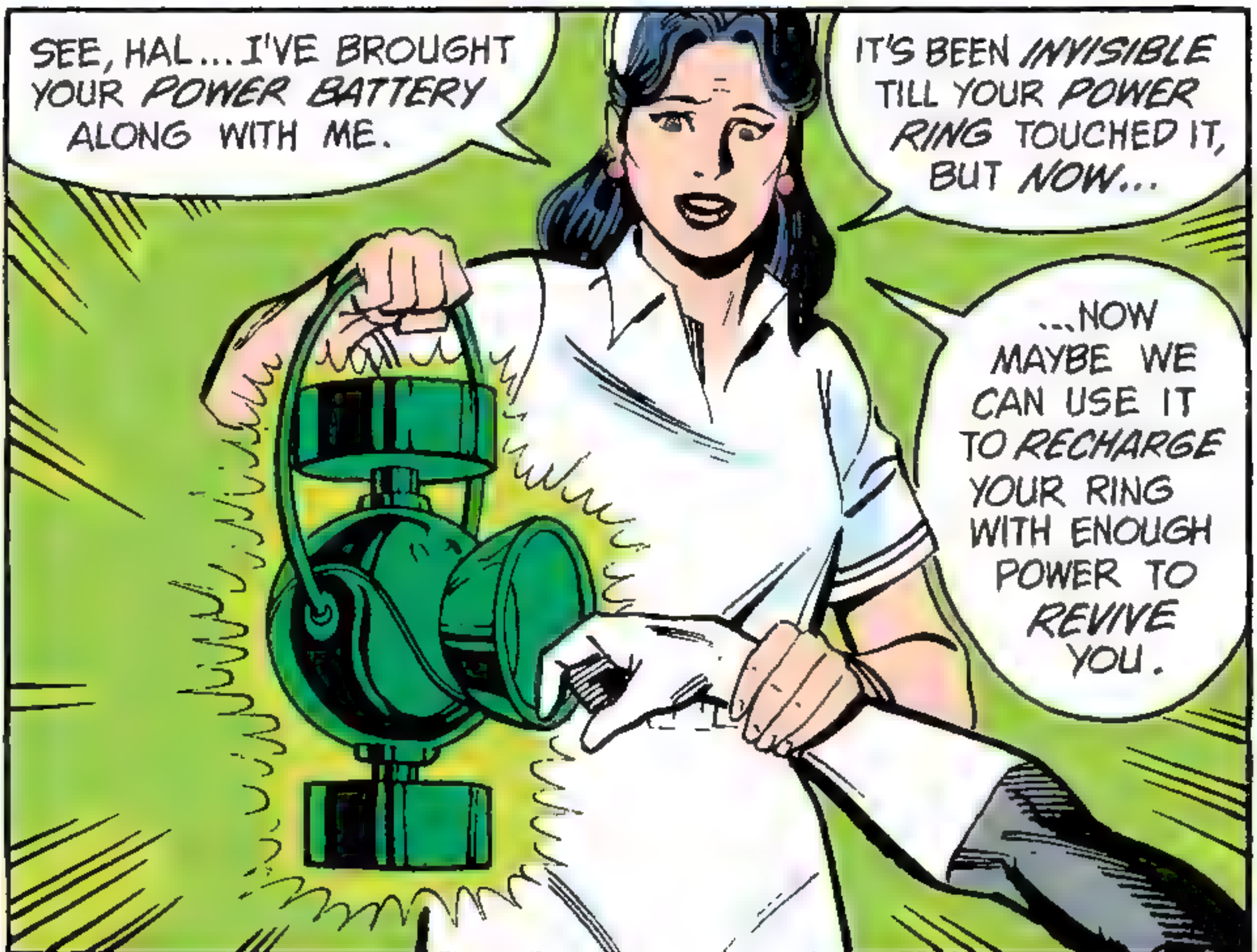


HAL?

HONEY?

IT--IT'S ME, HAL. IT'S CAROL.

I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, HONEY... IF YOU'LL LET ME.



SEE, HAL... I'VE BROUGHT YOUR POWER BATTERY ALONG WITH ME.

IT'S BEEN INVISIBLE TILL YOUR POWER RING TOUCHED IT, BUT NOW...

...NOW MAYBE WE CAN USE IT TO RECHARGE YOUR RING WITH ENOUGH POWER TO REVIVE YOU.

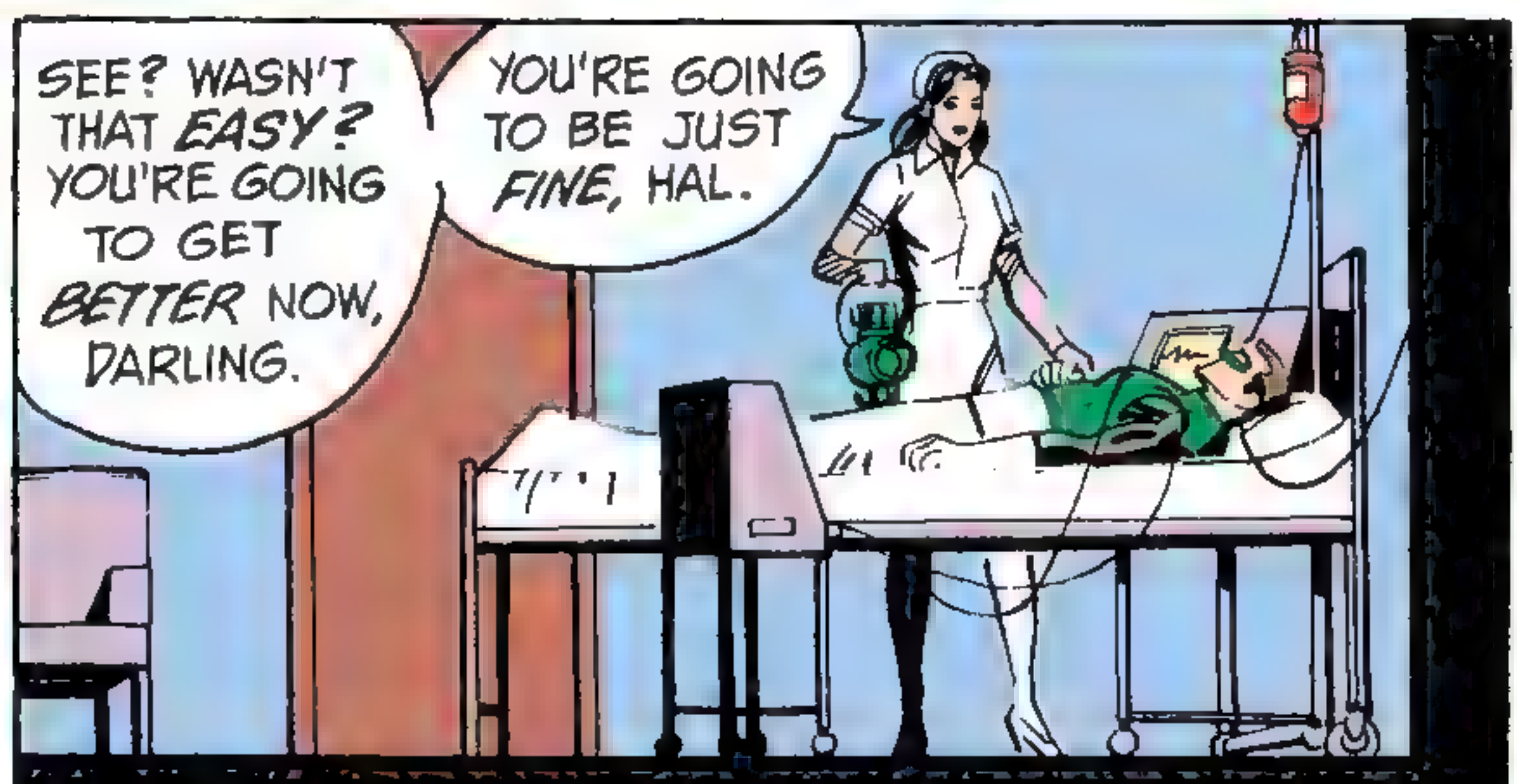


C'MON, HONEY-- I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE. YOU'VE GOT TO WORK WITH ME.

REPEAT YOUR SACRED OATH WITH ME -- PLEASE! YOU KNOW THE WORDS, HAL-- YOU'VE SAID THEM A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE...

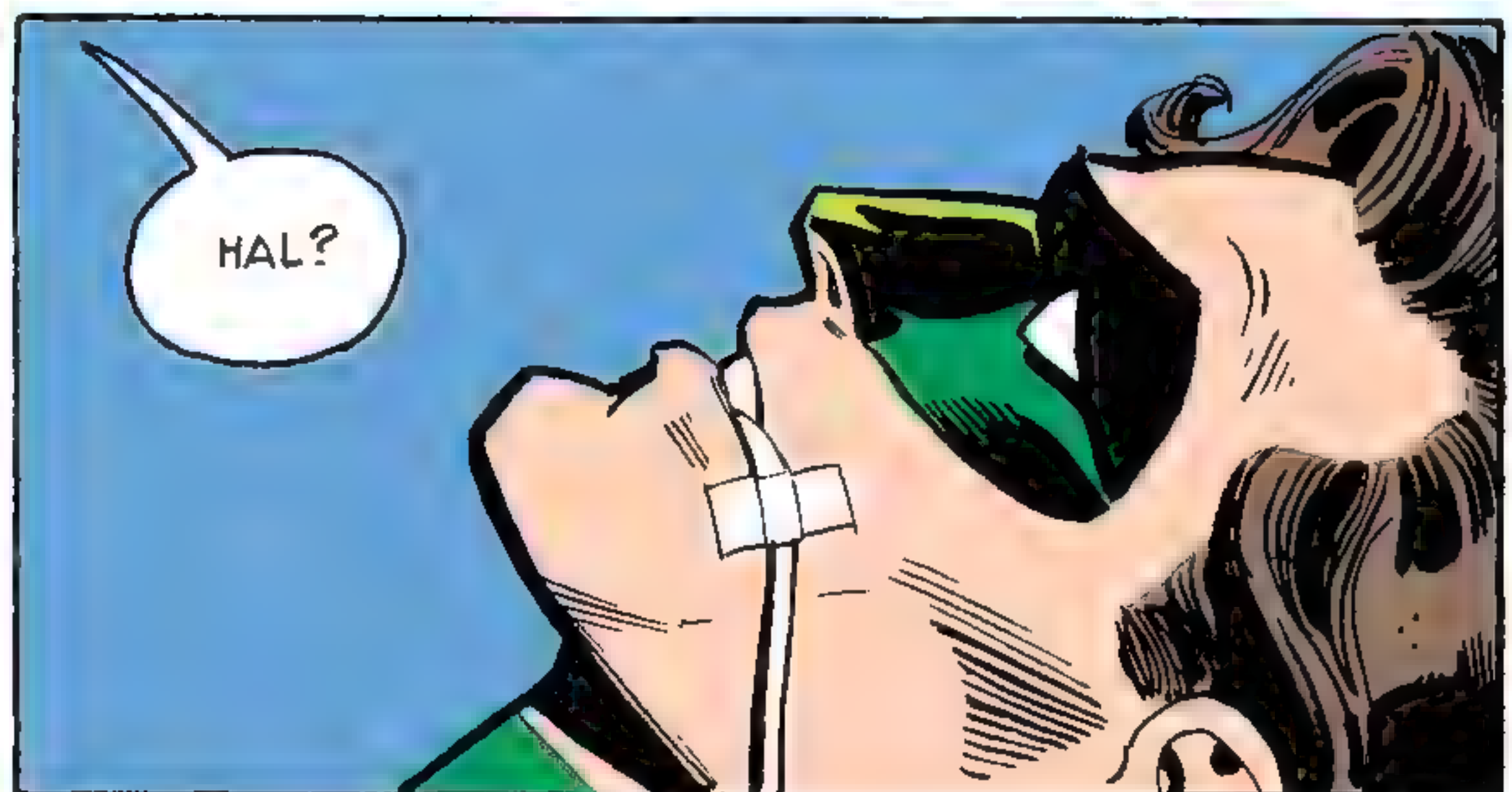
SAY THEM, HAL-- MAKE THEM MEAN SOMETHING!

IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN BLACKEST NIGHT, NO EVIL SHALL ESCAPE MY SIGHT! LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT, BEWARE MY POWER... GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!

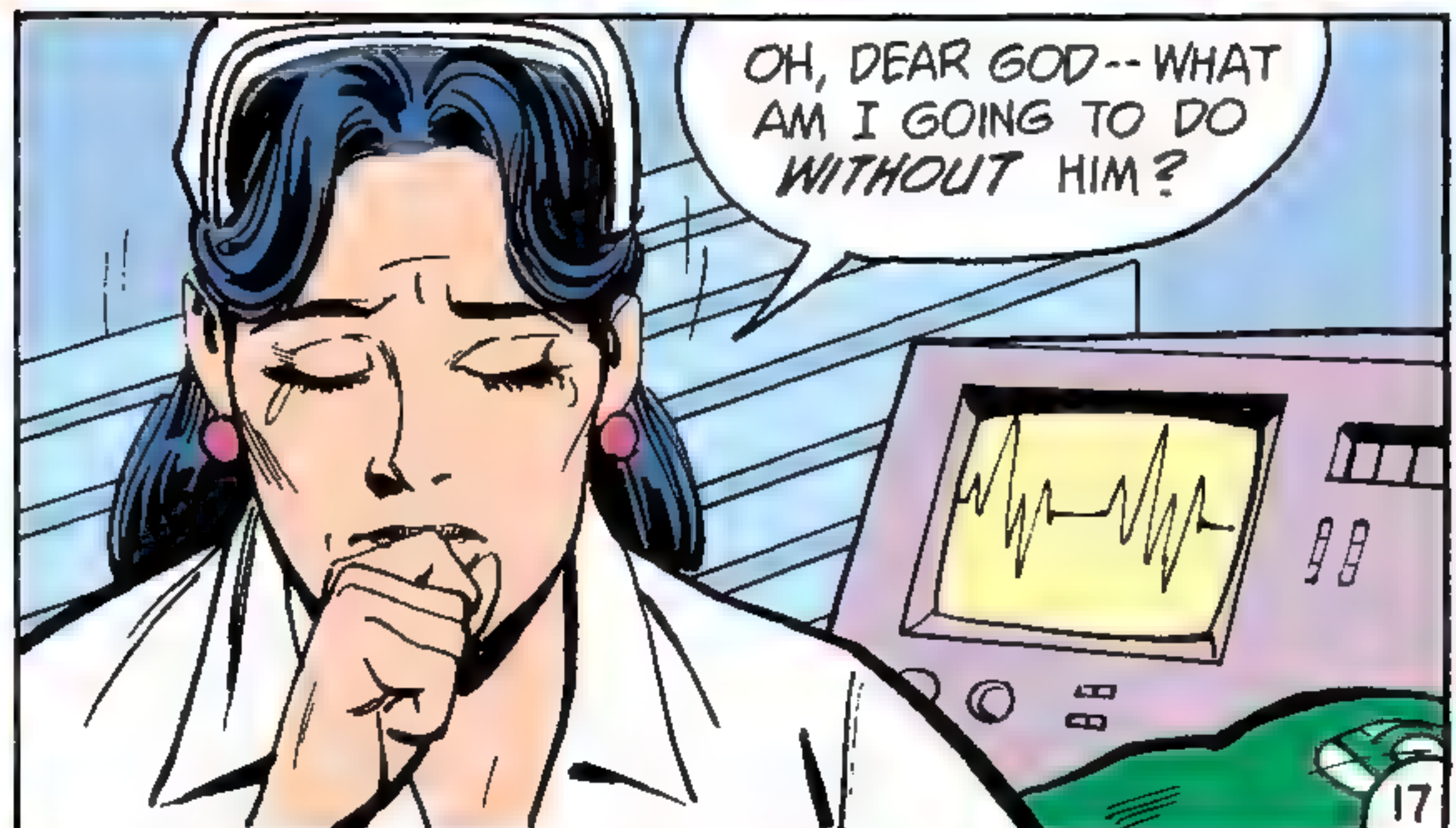


SEE? WASN'T THAT EASY? YOU'RE GOING TO GET BETTER NOW, DARLING.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE JUST FINE, HAL.



HAL?

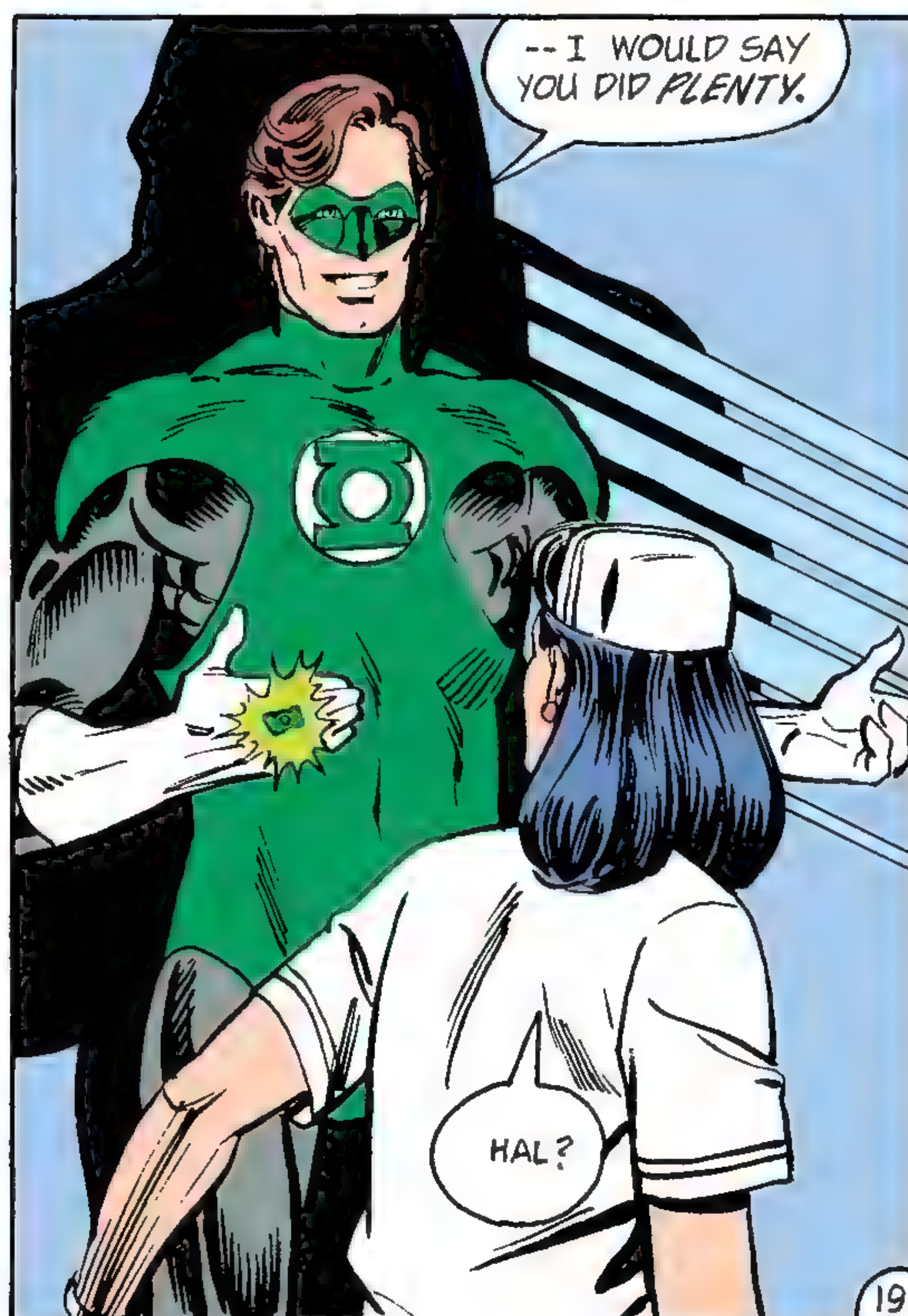
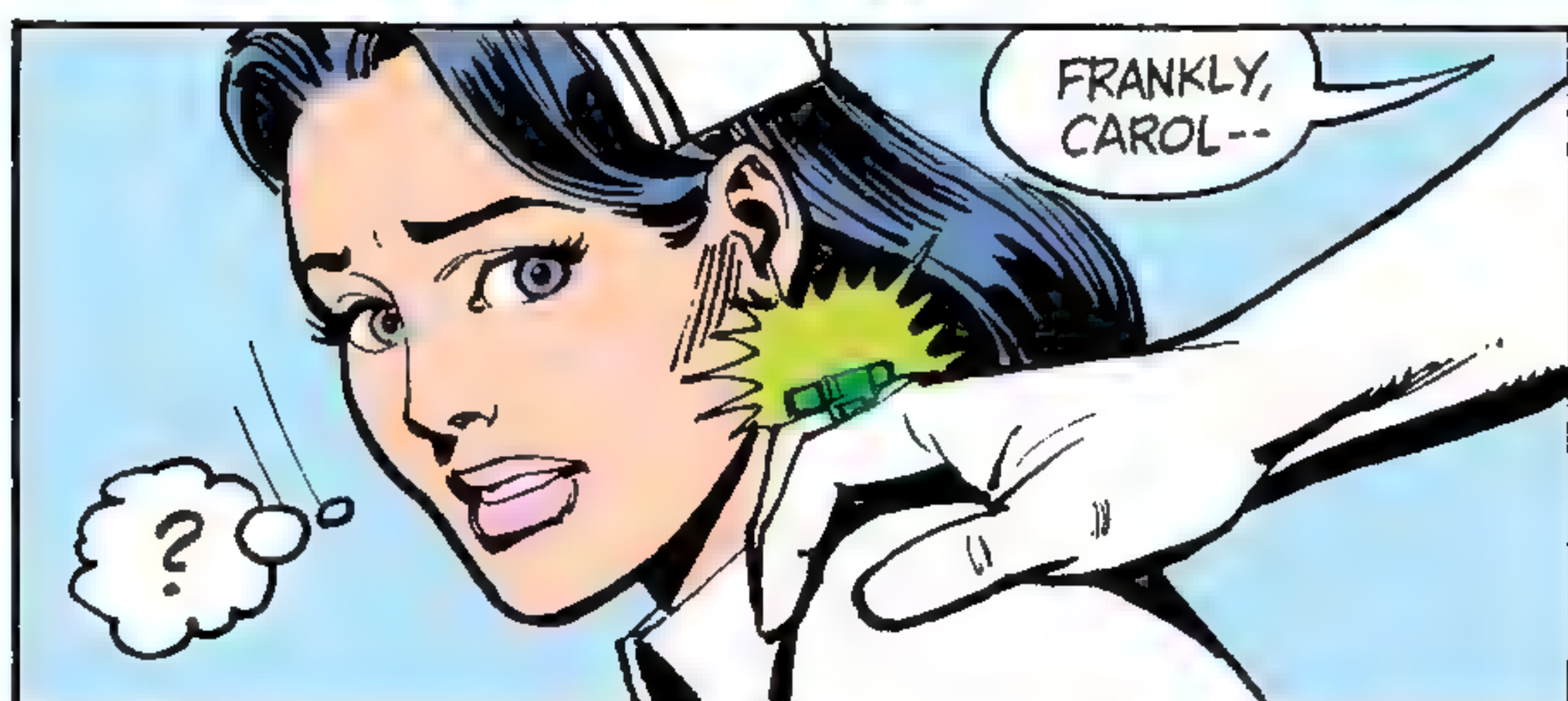
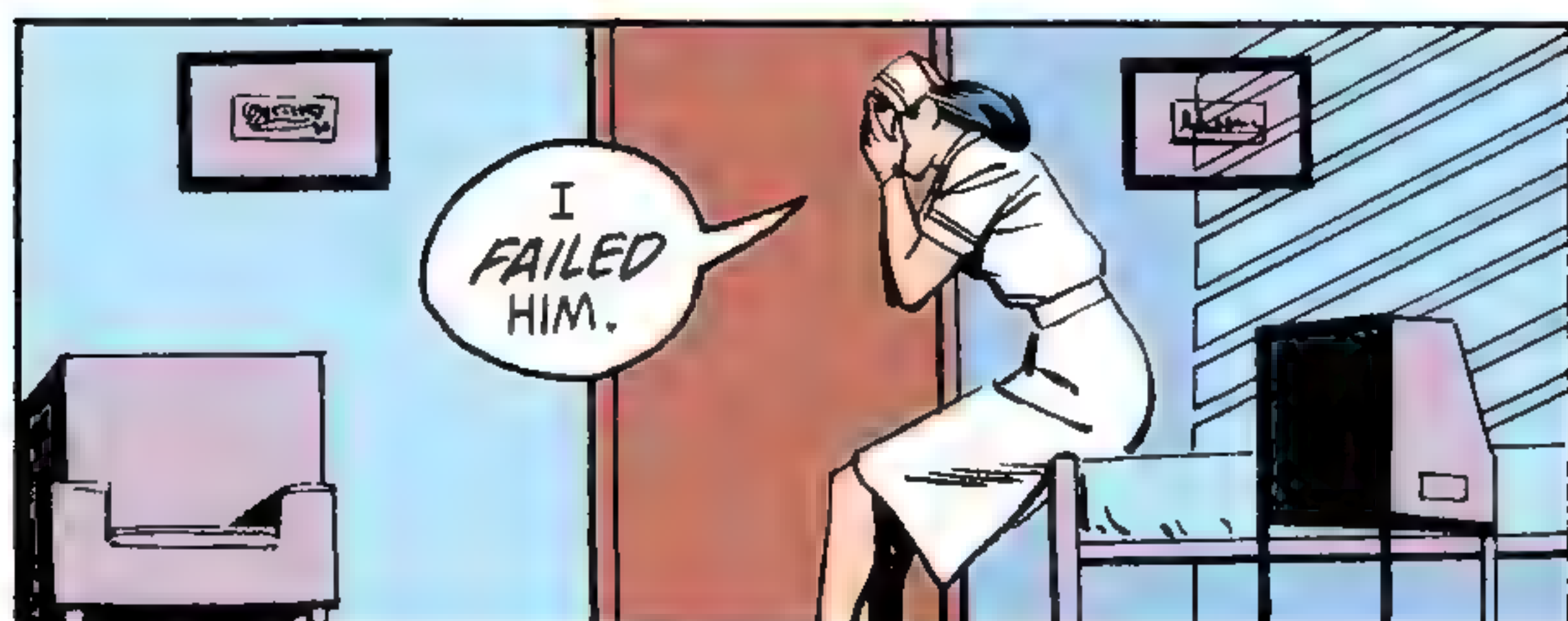
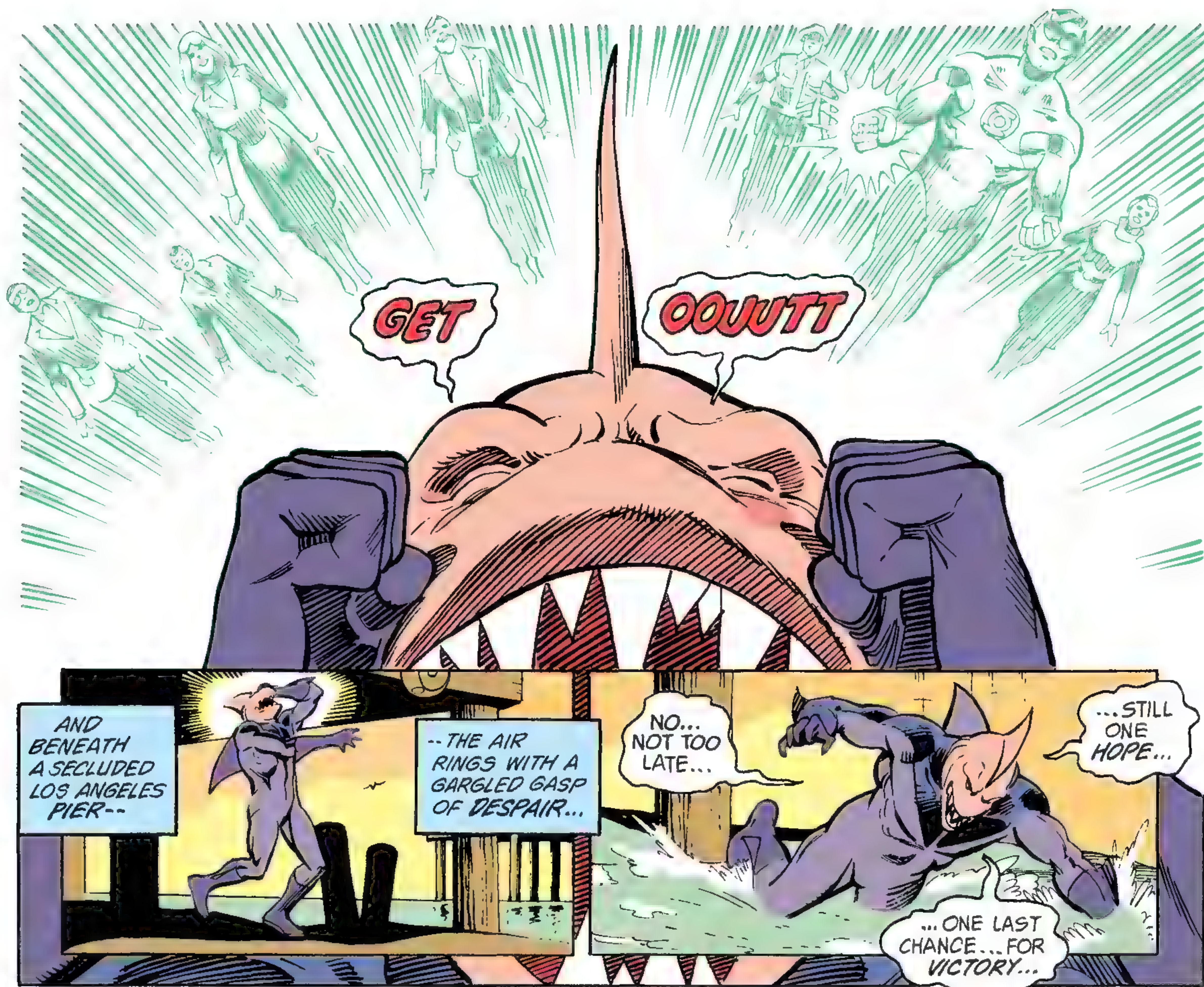


OH, DEAR GOD-- WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITHOUT HIM?

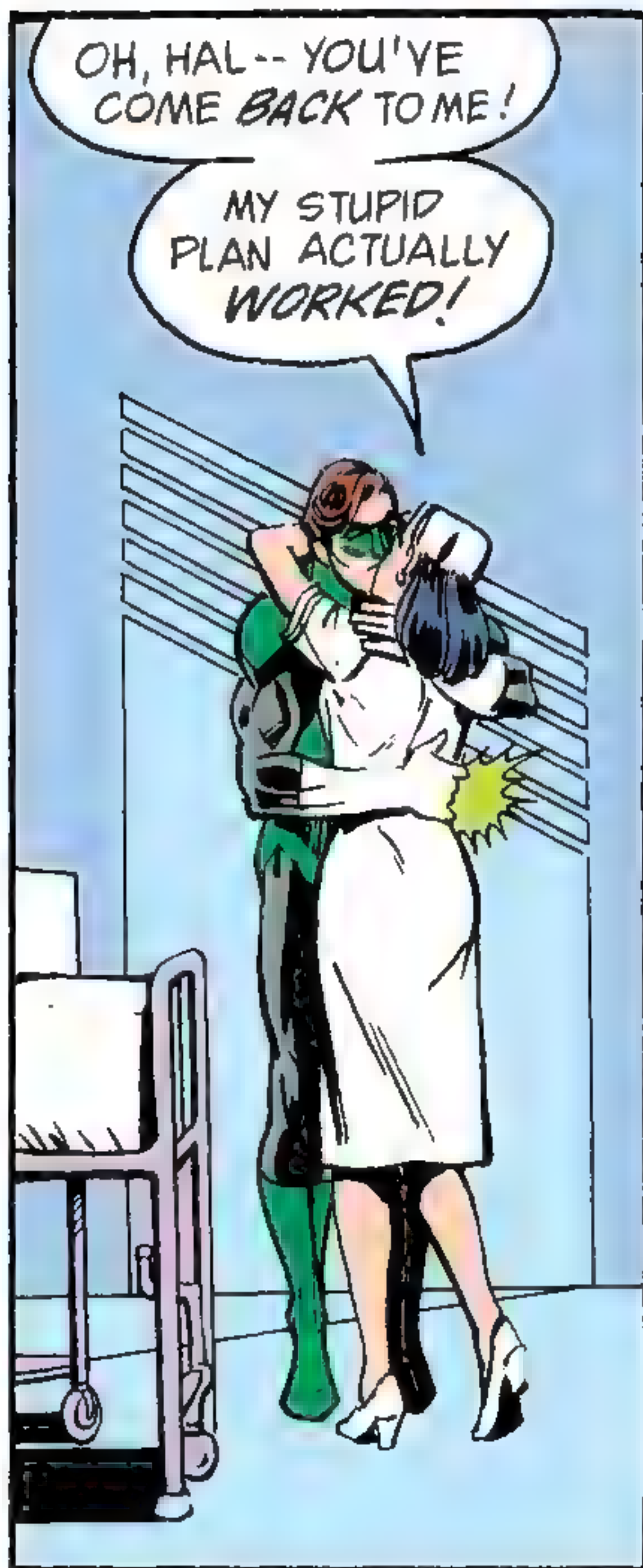












OH, HAL-- YOU'VE COME BACK TO ME!

MY STUPID PLAN ACTUALLY WORKED!

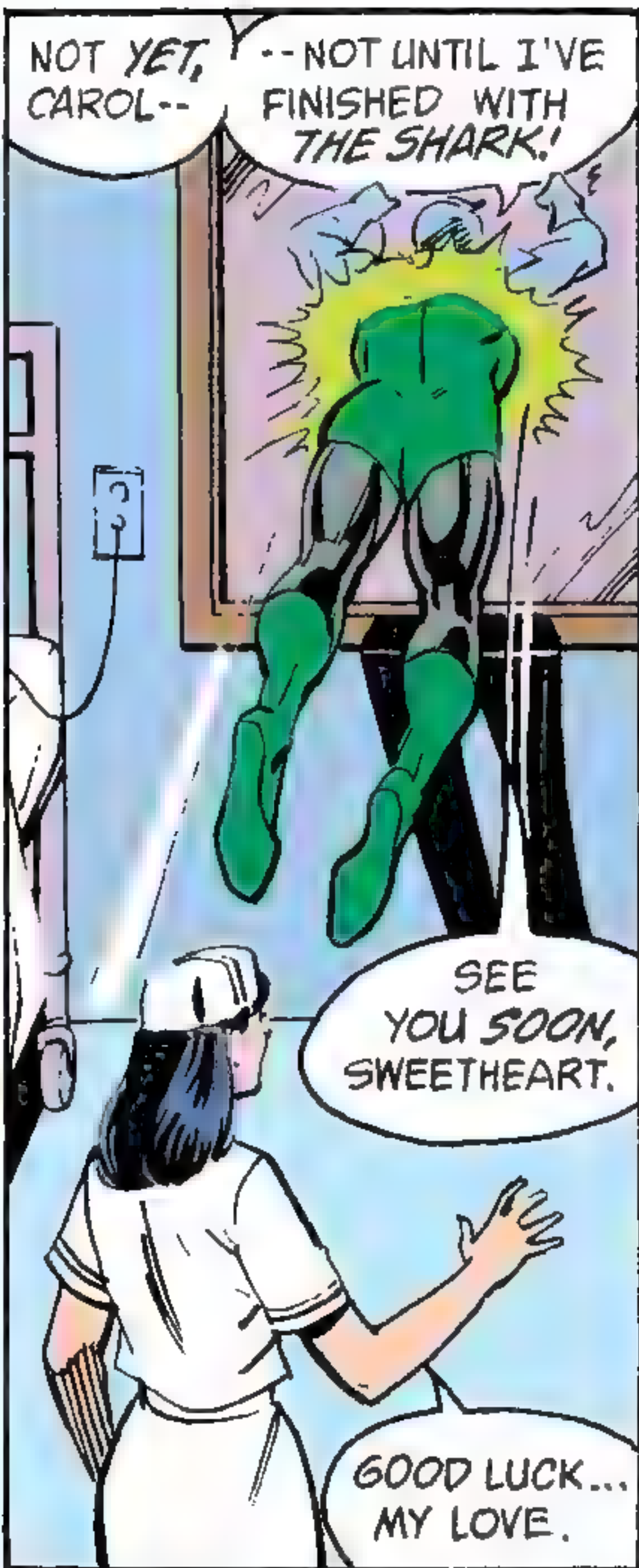


COULDN'T HAVE WORKED BETTER, SWEETHEART.

ALL OUR STOLEN MINDS ARE RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY BELONG...

...THANKS TO YOU,

THEN IT'S OVER?



NOT YET, CAROL--

--NOT UNTIL I'VE FINISHED WITH THE SHARK!

SEE YOU SOON, SWEETHEART.

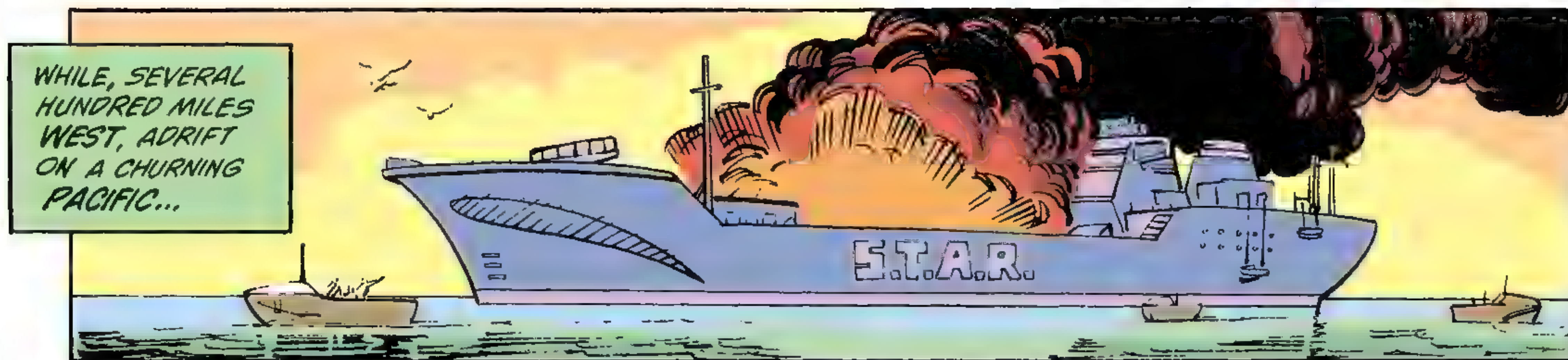
GOOD LUCK... MY LOVE.



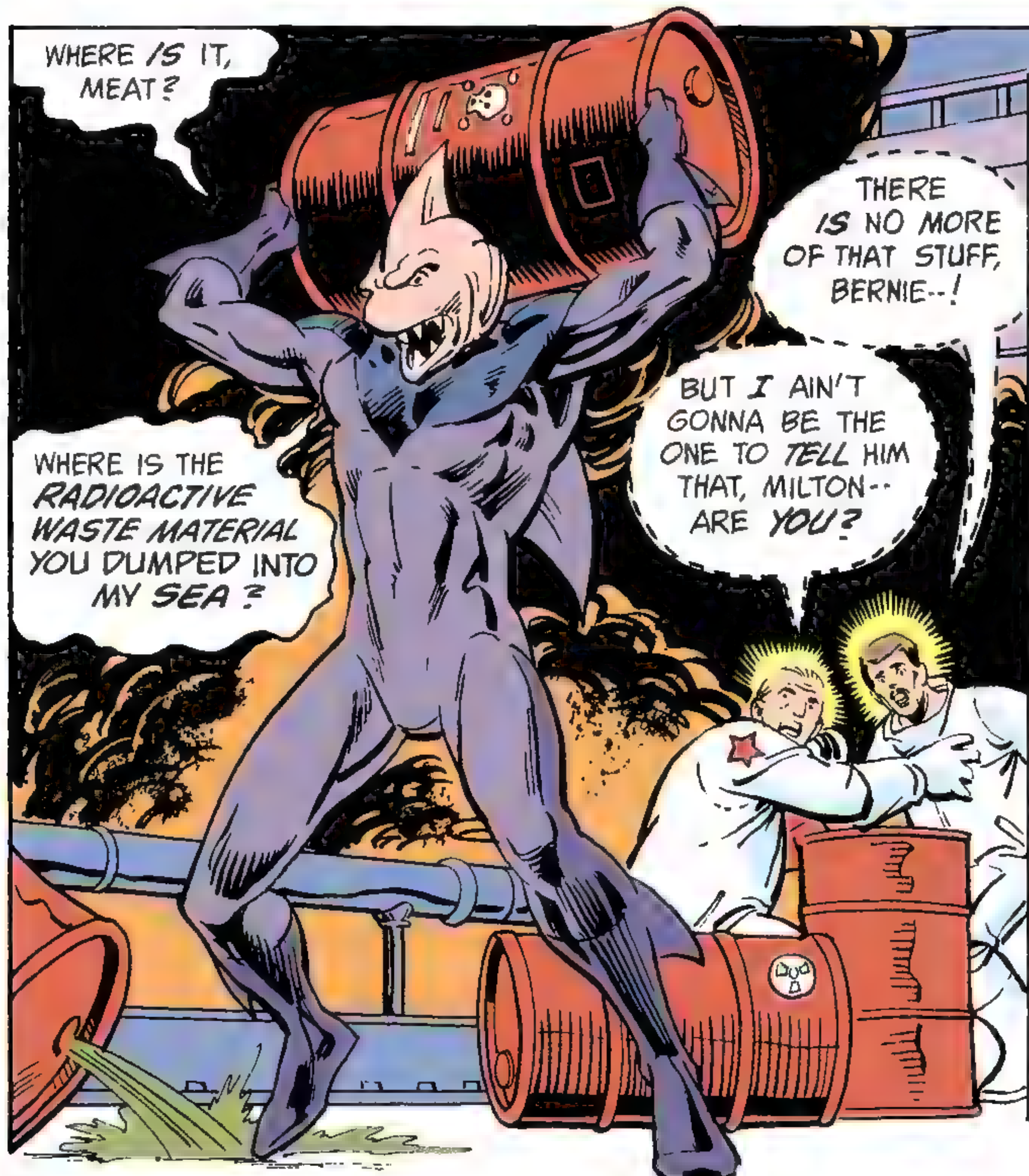
NO, FELLA, I SAID MAKE A RIGHT AT THE END OF THE--

HEY, EVERYTHING OKAY IN THERE, NURSE?

OKAY? FRIEND, THEY'RE PERFECT.



WHILE, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES WEST, ADRIPT ON A CHURNING PACIFIC...

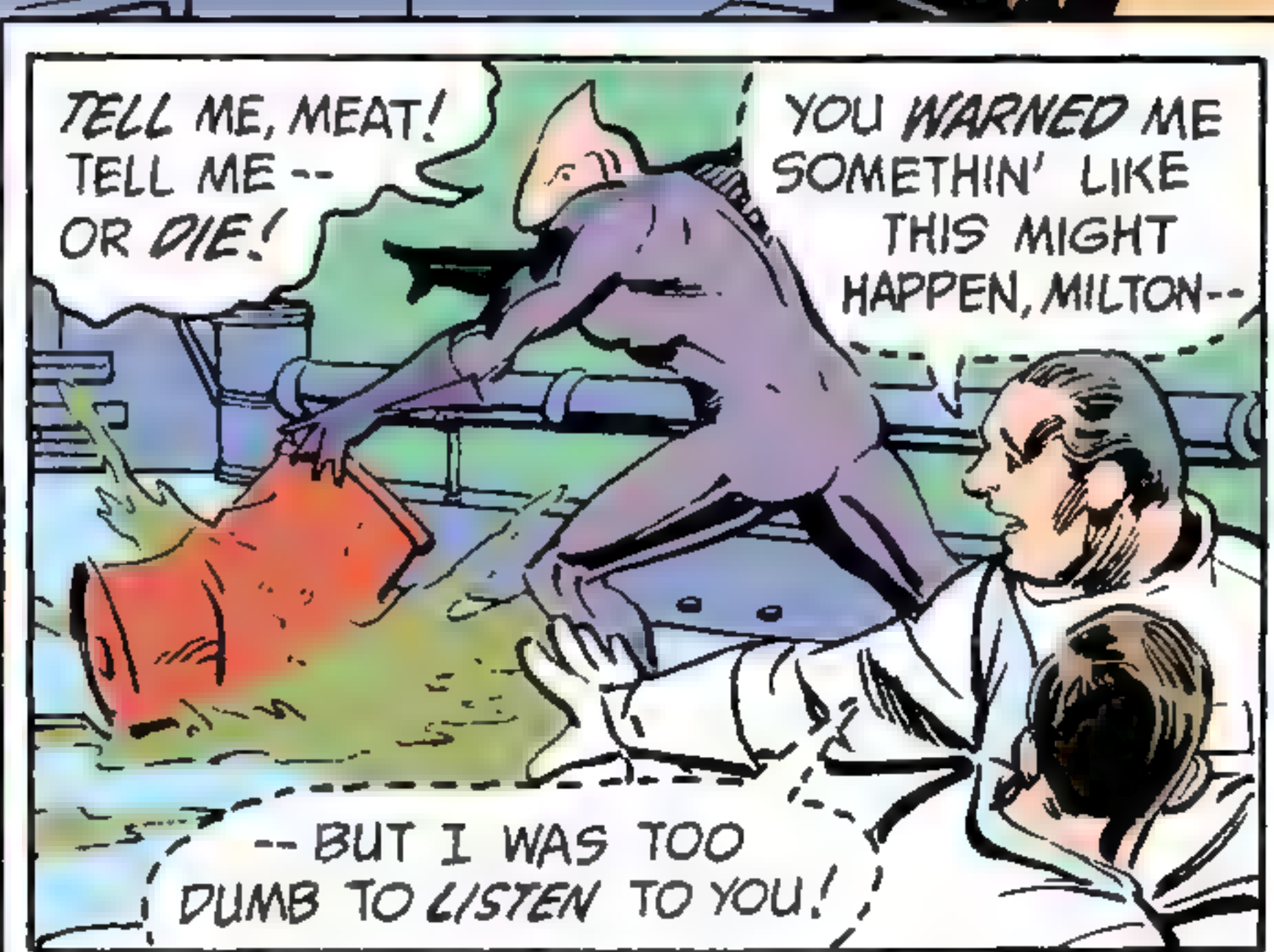


WHERE IS IT, MEAT?

WHERE IS THE RADIOACTIVE WASTE MATERIAL YOU DUMPED INTO MY SEA?

THERE IS NO MORE OF THAT STUFF, BERNIE--!

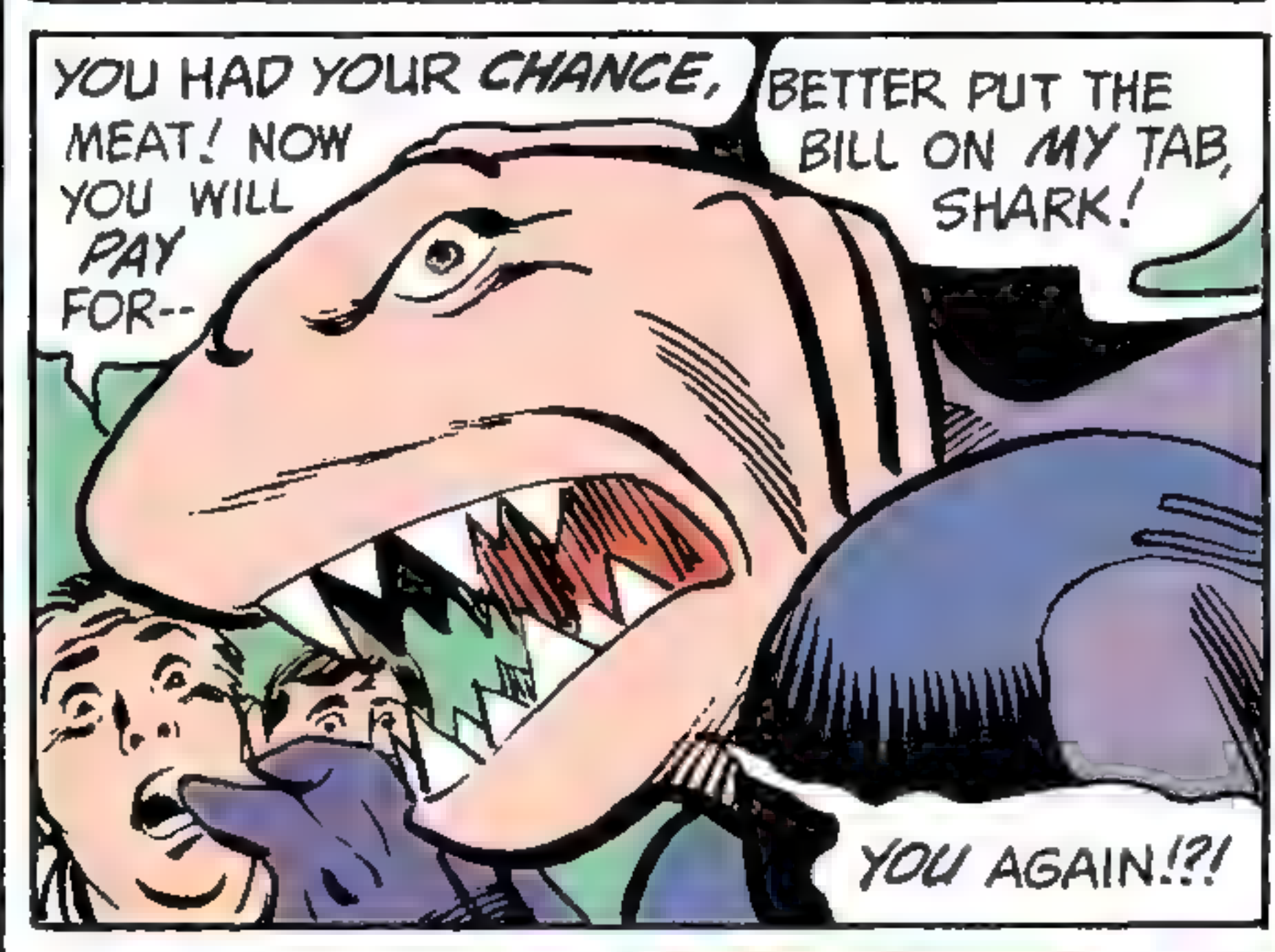
BUT I AIN'T GONNA BE THE ONE TO TELL HIM THAT, MILTON-- ARE YOU?



TELL ME, MEAT! TELL ME -- OR DIE!

YOU WARNED ME SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN, MILTON--

-- BUT I WAS TOO DUMB TO LISTEN TO YOU!

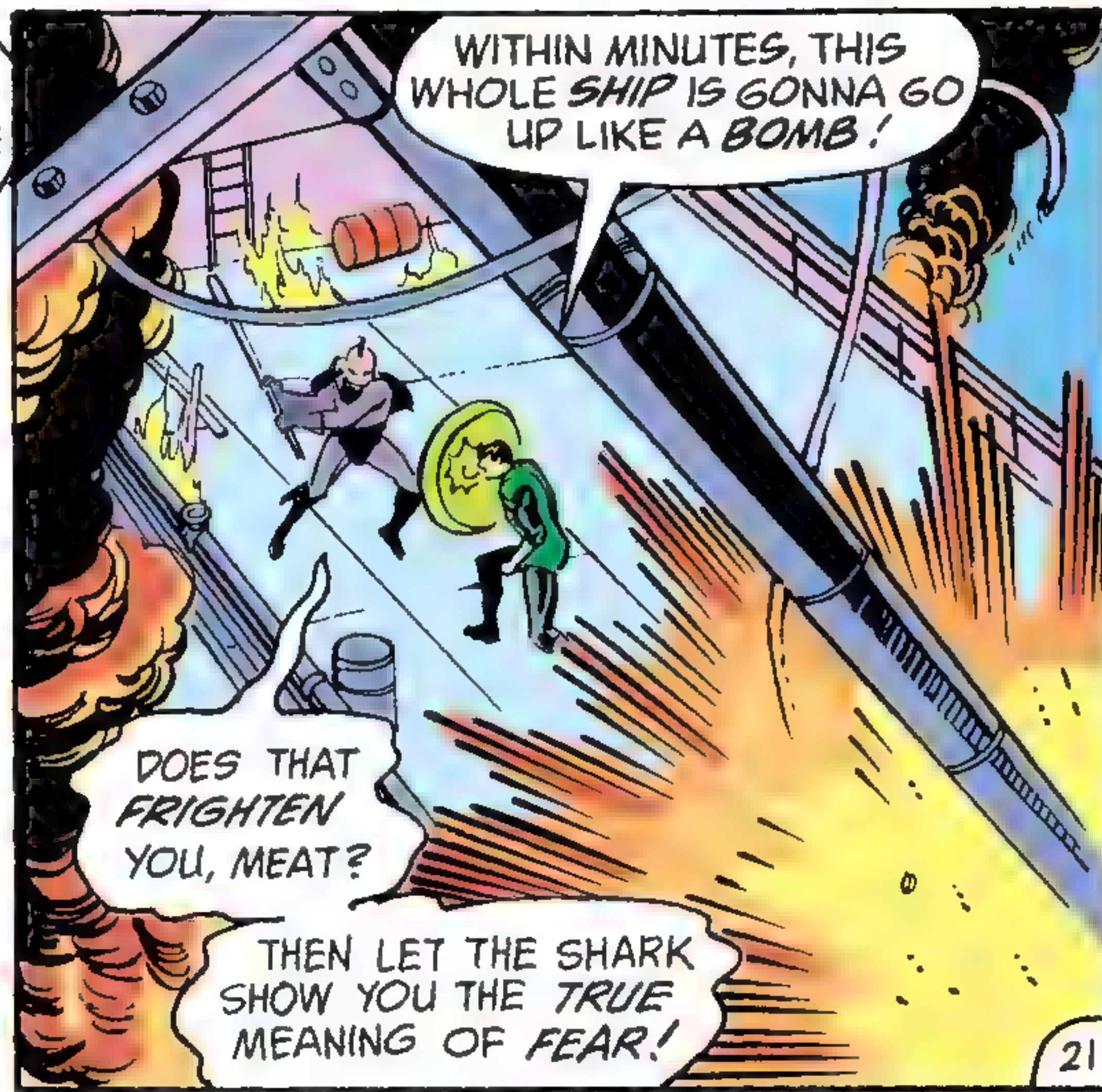
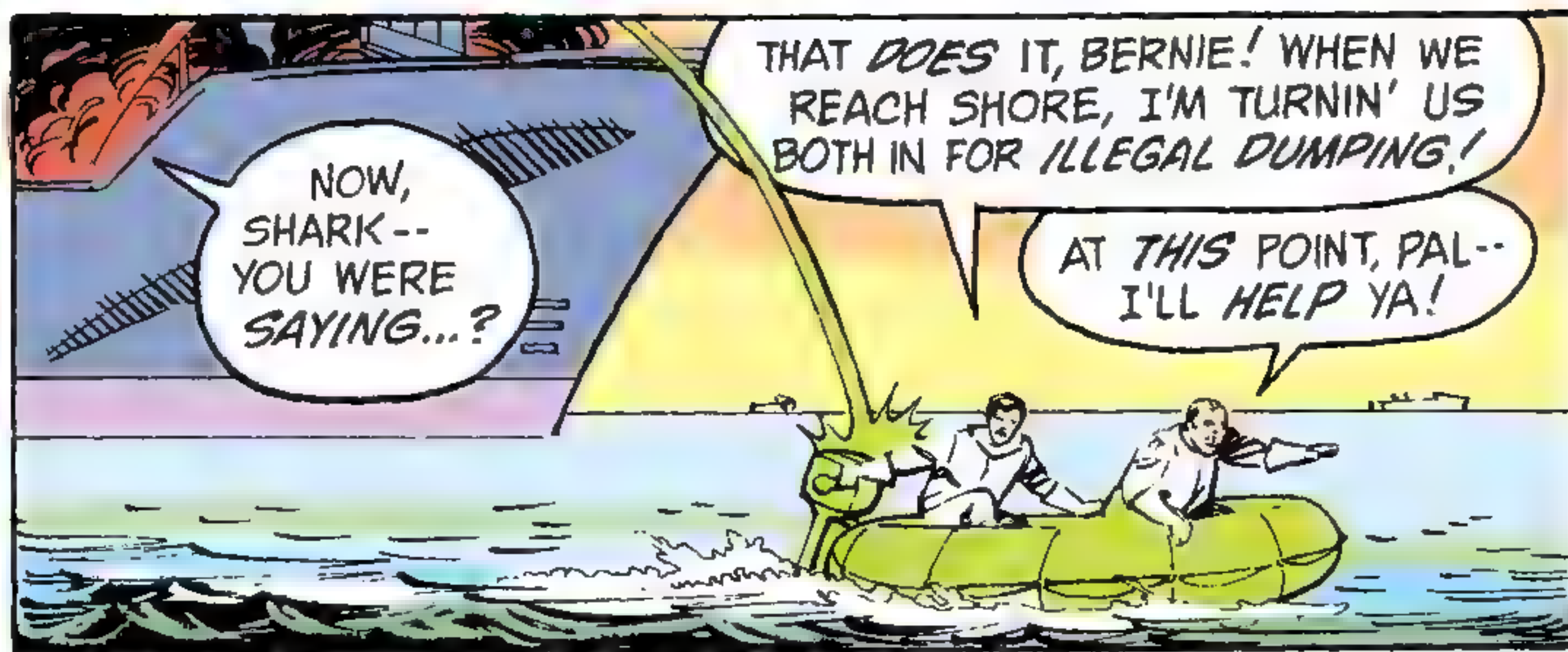
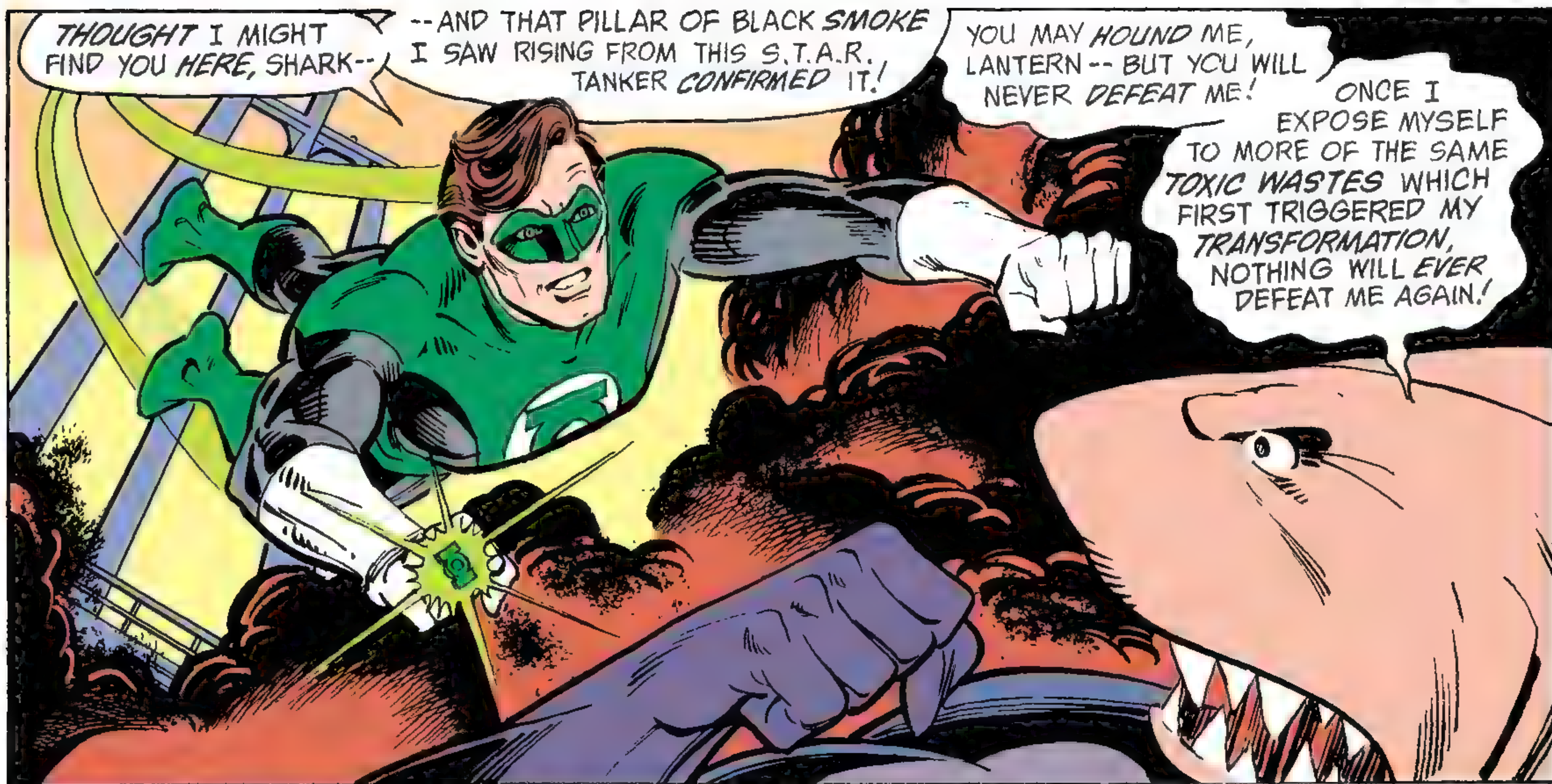


YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, MEAT! NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR--

BETTER PUT THE BILL ON MY TAB, SHARK!

YOU AGAIN!?!?







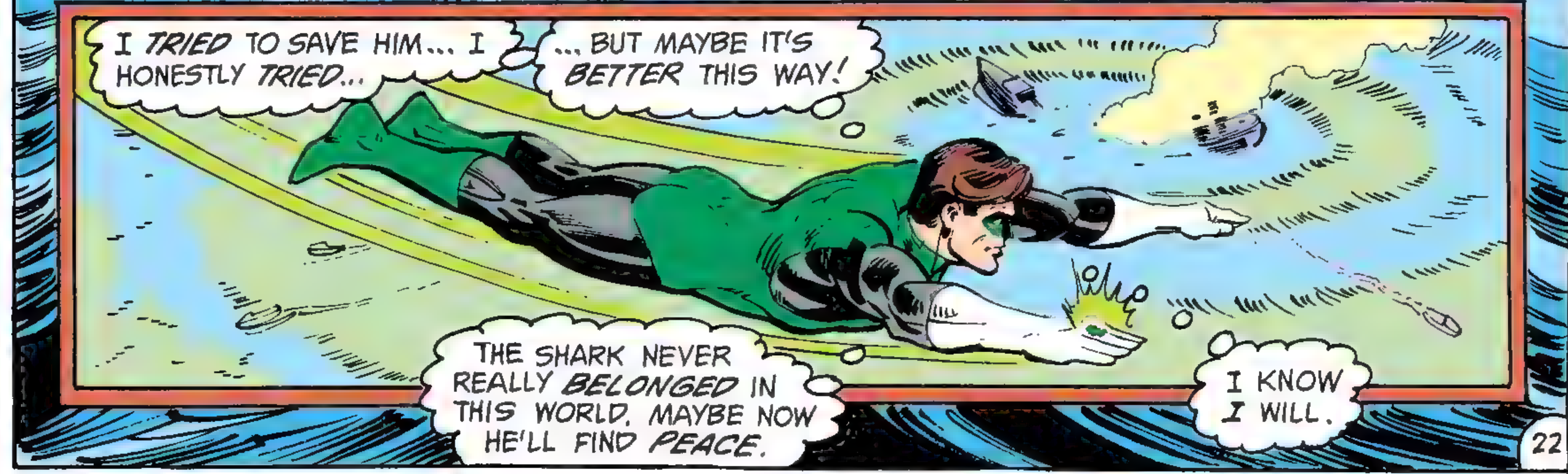
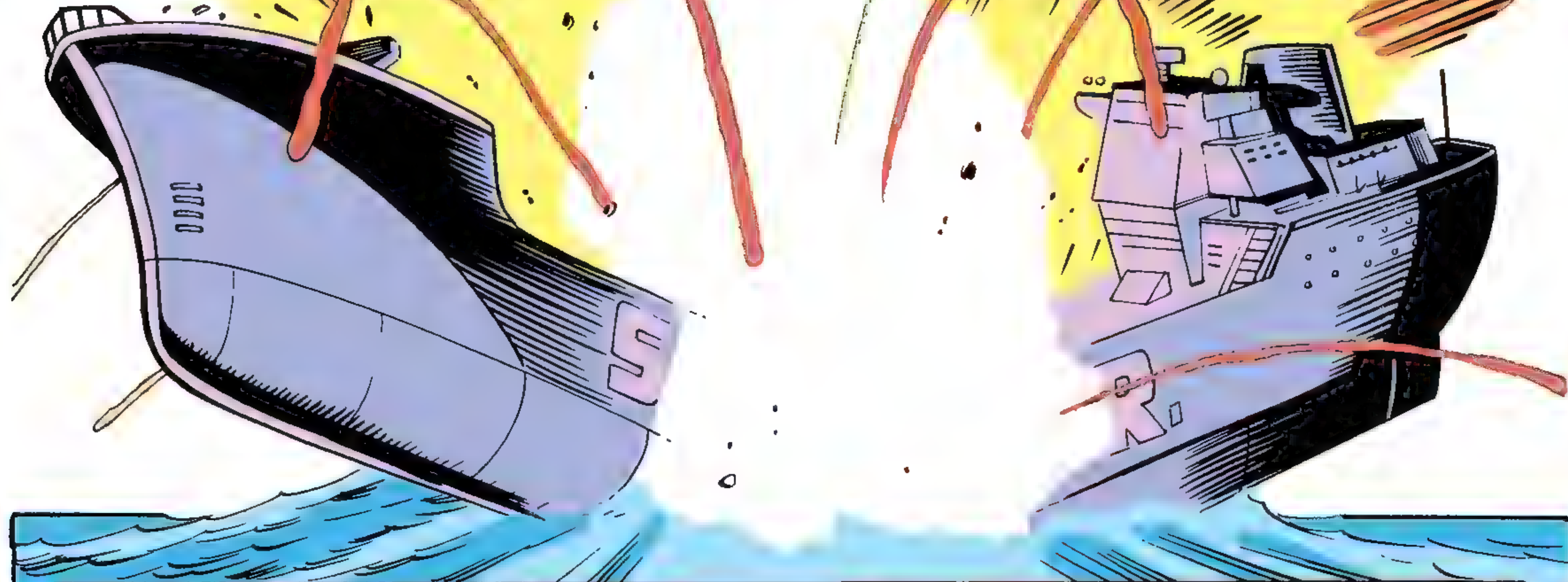


BUT THE FISH-MAN'S FINAL BOAST GOES UNFINISHED, AS THE BURNING CHEMICALS FINALLY DETONATE--

-- AND THE EVENING SKY TURNS CRIMSON--

-- SAVE FOR ONE SLIM SLIVER OF GREEN HURLING HEAVENWARD JUST AHEAD OF THE BLOSSOMING SHOCKWAVE...

**KWAWA-VOOM!**







WHILE, IN A DESERTED WAREHOUSE ON A LOS ANGELES PIER...

I DON'T LIKE THIS... NOT A BIT!

MAKING PERSONAL CONTACT LIKE THIS IS DANGEROUS...

IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, THEY COULD BE TRACED RIGHT BACK TO ME!



AND WHAT IN HELL IS KEEPING THEM, ANYWAY?

IF I CAN MAKE IT HERE ON TIME FROM WASHINGTON, YOU'D THINK THE LEAST THEY COULD DO IS--

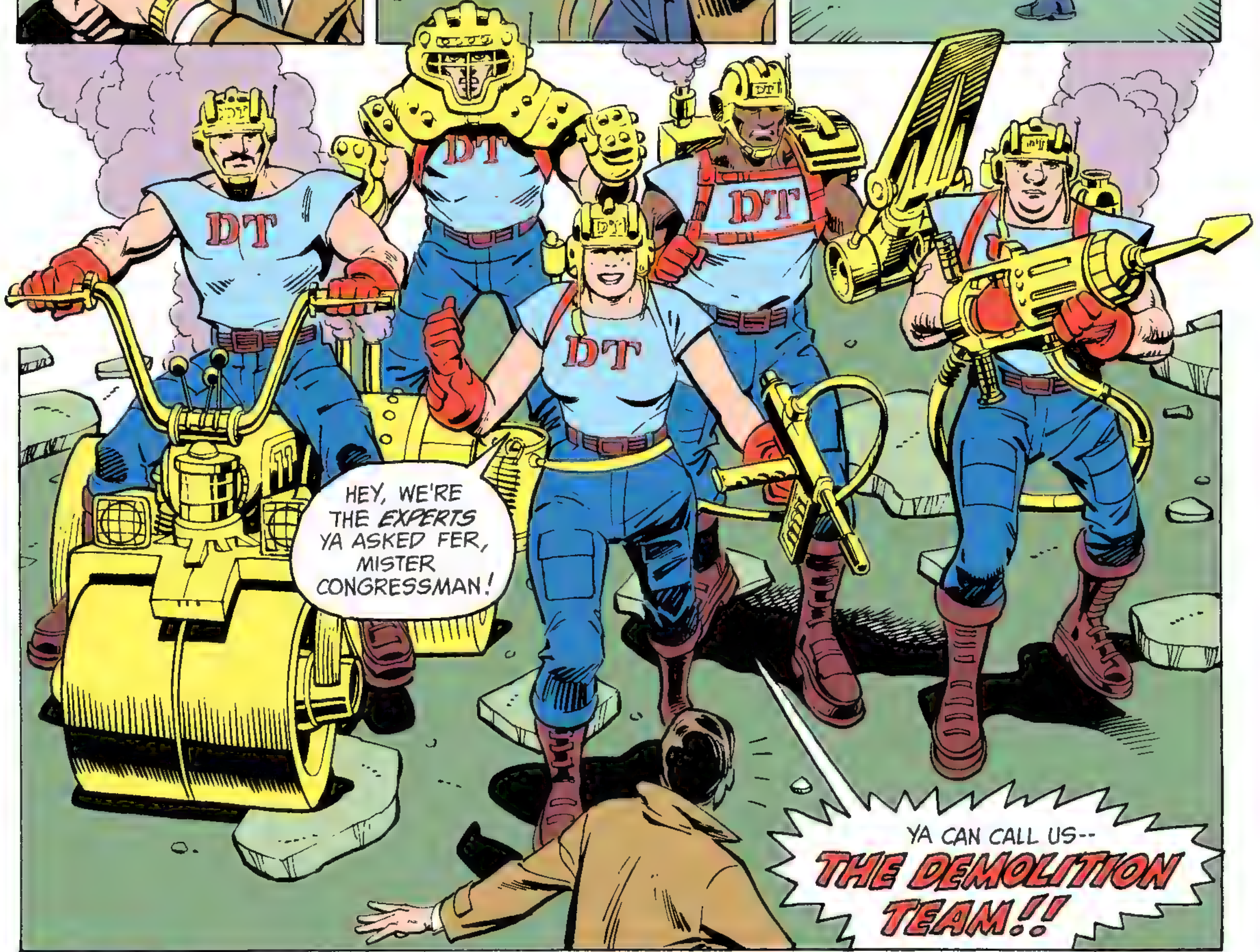


--EH?

THAT WALL...?!



DEAR GOD! WHAT HAVE I UNLEASHED?



HEY, WE'RE THE EXPERTS YA ASKED FER, MISTER CONGRESSMAN!

YA CAN CALL US--  
**THE DEMOLITION TEAM!!**

**NEXT ISSUE:**

FERRIS AIRCRAFT IS IN JEOPARDY--AND GREEN ARROW IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! JOIN US FOR...

**"A BAD CASE OF THE D.T.S!"**





BY LEN WEIN AND DAVE GIBBONS

75¢

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

THE DEADLY  
DEMOLITION  
TEAM  
IS HERE,  
PUNKS!

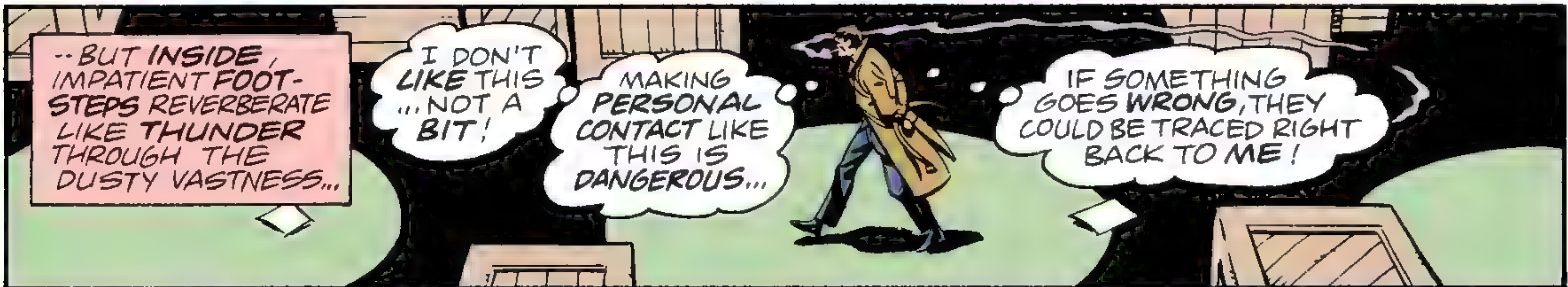
BUT  
WHERE IS  
GREEN  
LANTERN?

GIBBONS





OUTSIDE, THIS MOONLIT  
LOS ANGELES WAREHOUSE  
SEEMS AS DESERTED  
AS ITS BROTHERS--



--BUT INSIDE,  
IMPATIENT FOOT-  
STEPS REVERBERATE  
LIKE THUNDER  
THROUGH THE  
DUSTY VASTNESS...

I DON'T  
LIKE THIS  
...NOT A  
BIT!

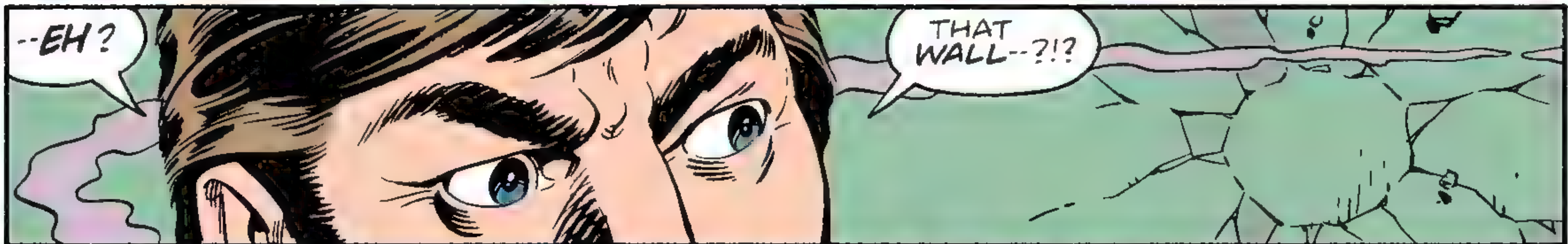
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IF I CAN MAKE IT HERE ON  
TIME FROM WASHINGTON, YOU'D THINK  
THE LEAST THEY COULD DO IS --



--EH?

THAT  
WALL--?!?



**KROOM!**

DEAR  
GOD!

WHAT  
HAVE I  
UNLEASHED?



HEY, YOU  
CALLED US,  
BUB--

--WE DIDN'T  
CALL YOU!

WHO--?!?





WE'RE THE EXPERTS  
YA ASKED THE  
MONITOR TA SEND YA,  
CONGRESSMAN  
BLOCH!

IF YA WANT, YA CAN CALL US --  
**THE DEMOLITION TEAM!**

AN' NOW THAT YA GOT  
US, WHADDAYA GONNA  
DO WIT' US?

THAT, LITTLE LADY,  
DEPENDS ENTIRELY  
ON YOU!

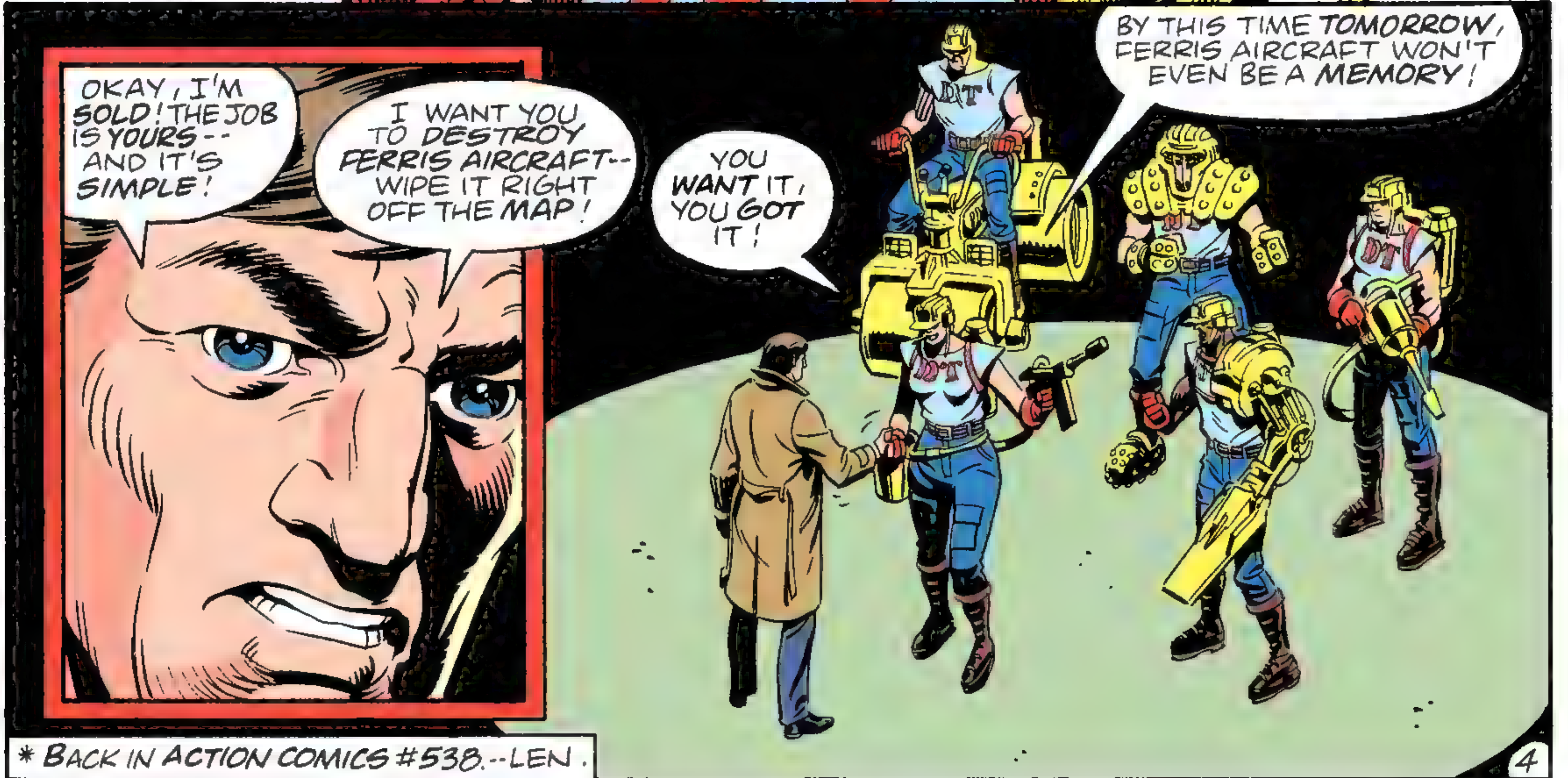
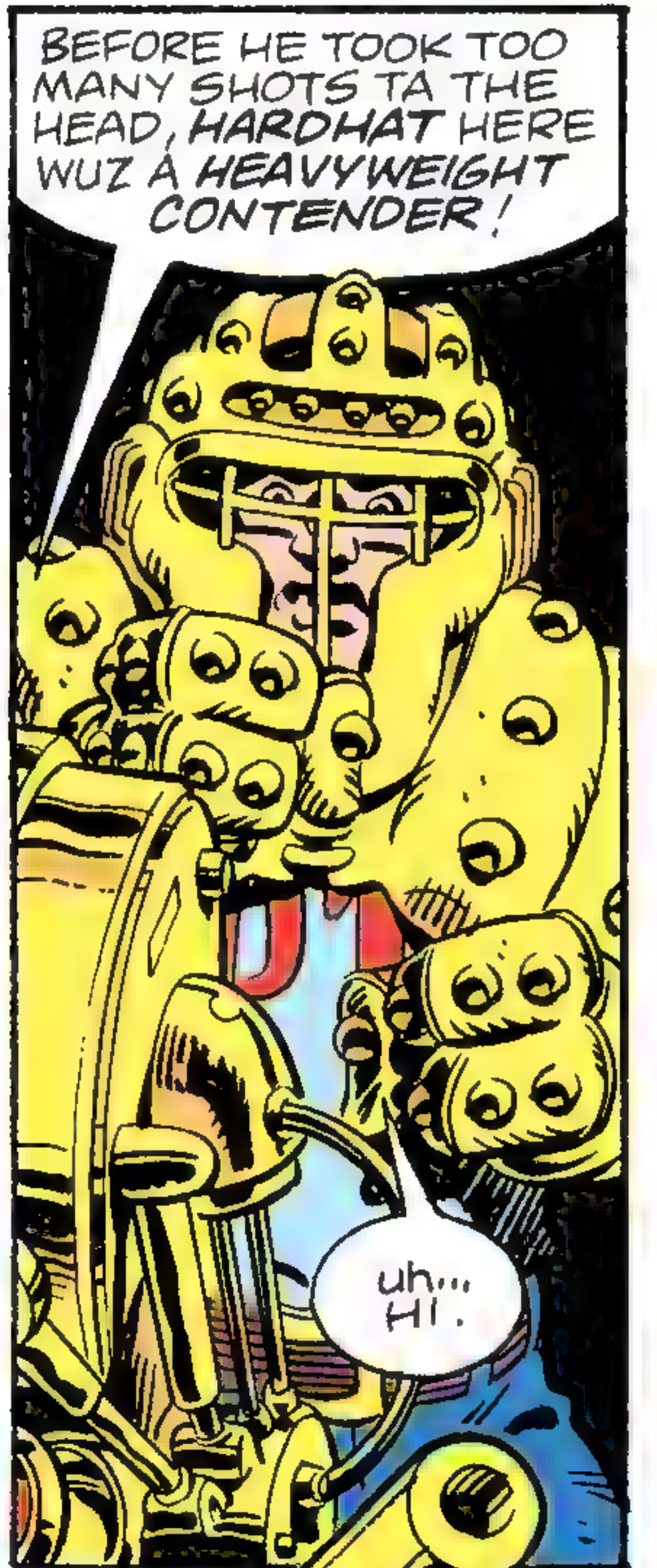
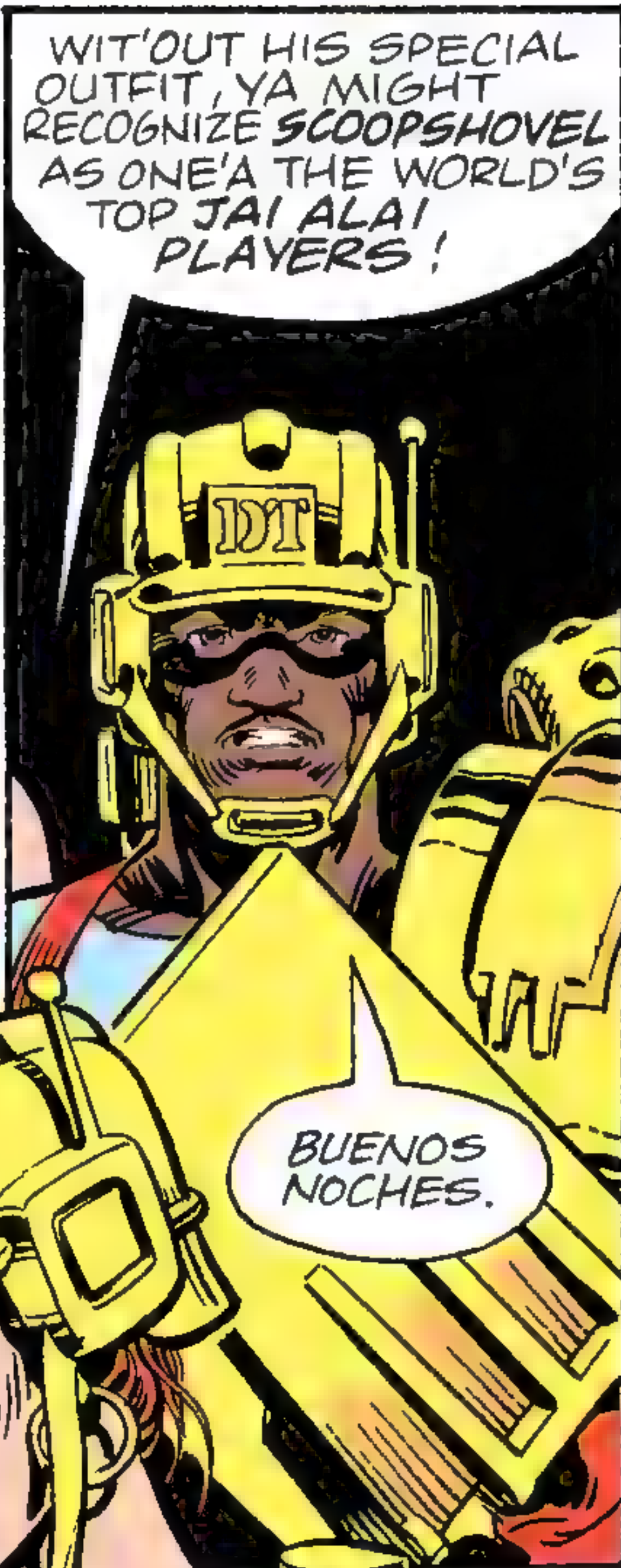
BEGINNING A DRAMATIC TURNING  
POINT IN THE LIFE OF THE EMERALD  
CRUSADER CALLED ...

**GREEN LANTERN**

**A BAD CASE OF THE D.T.'S!**

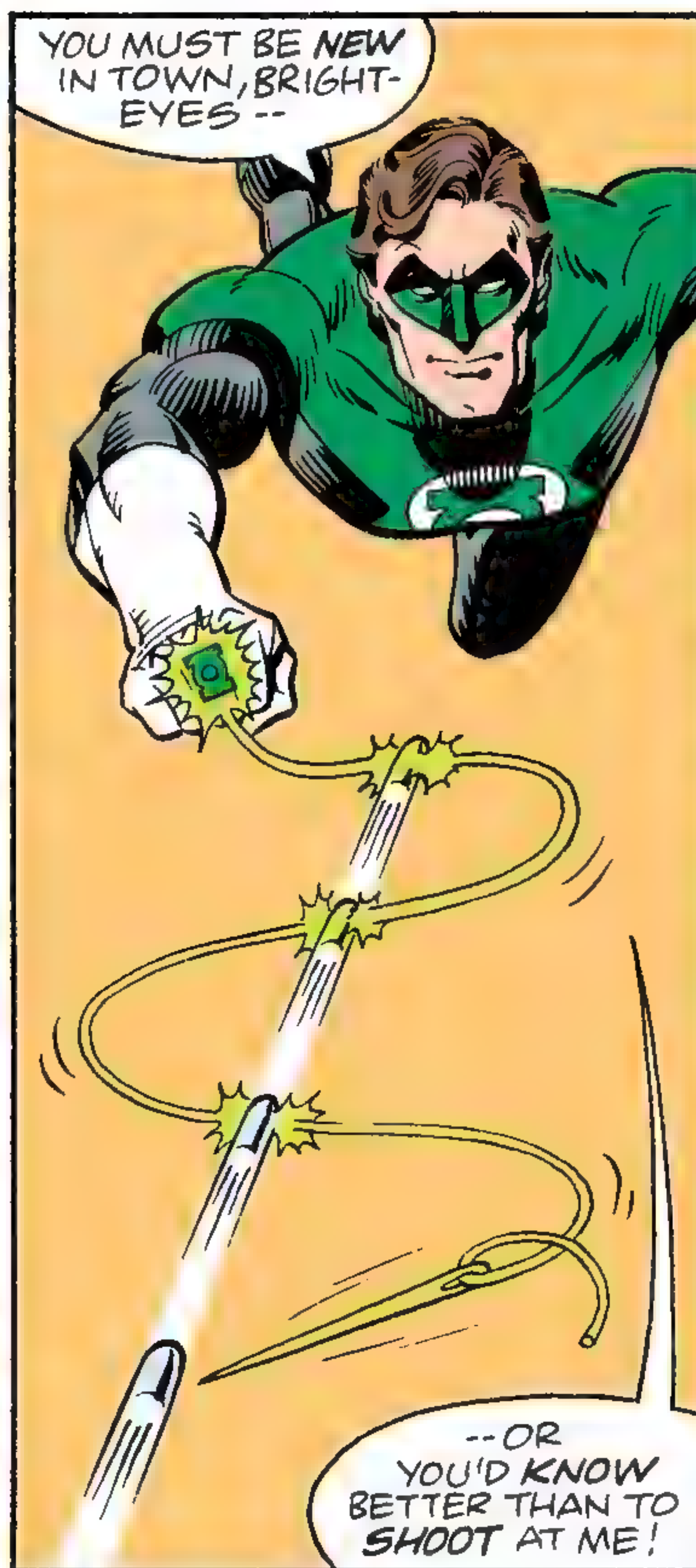
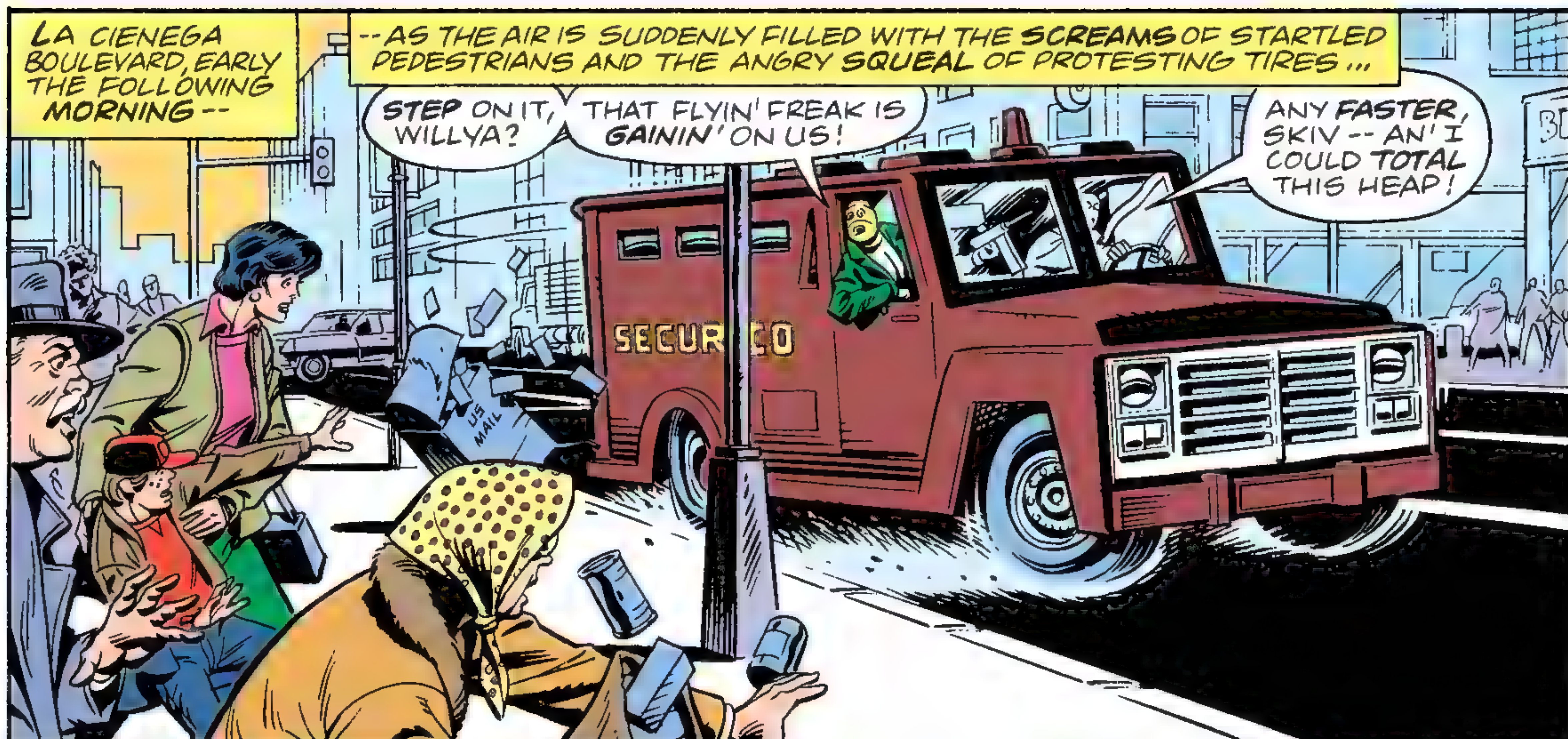
LEN WEIN  
WRITER/EDITOR  
DAVE GIBBONS  
ARTIST/LETTERER  
ANTHONY TOLLIN  
colorist



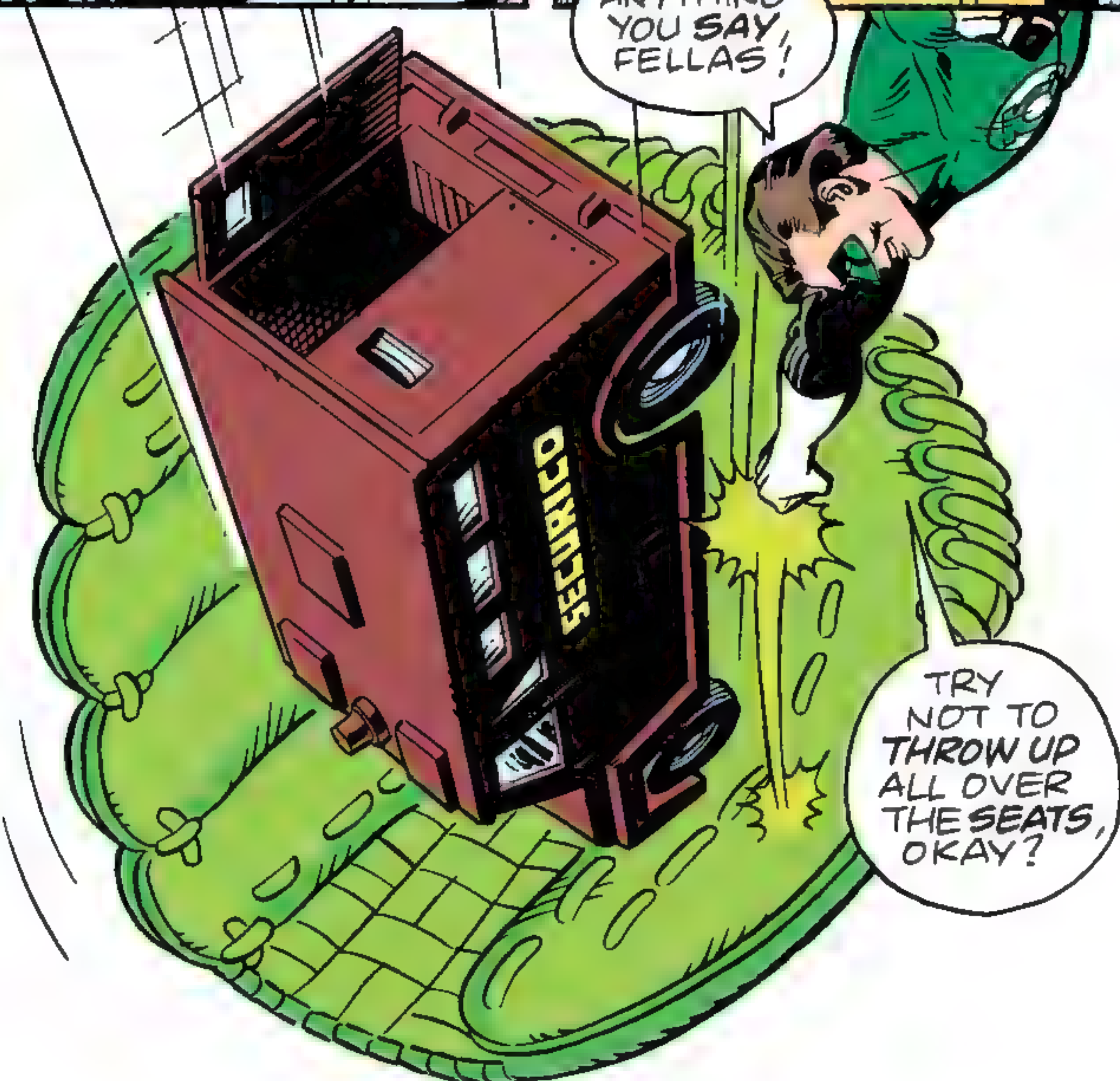
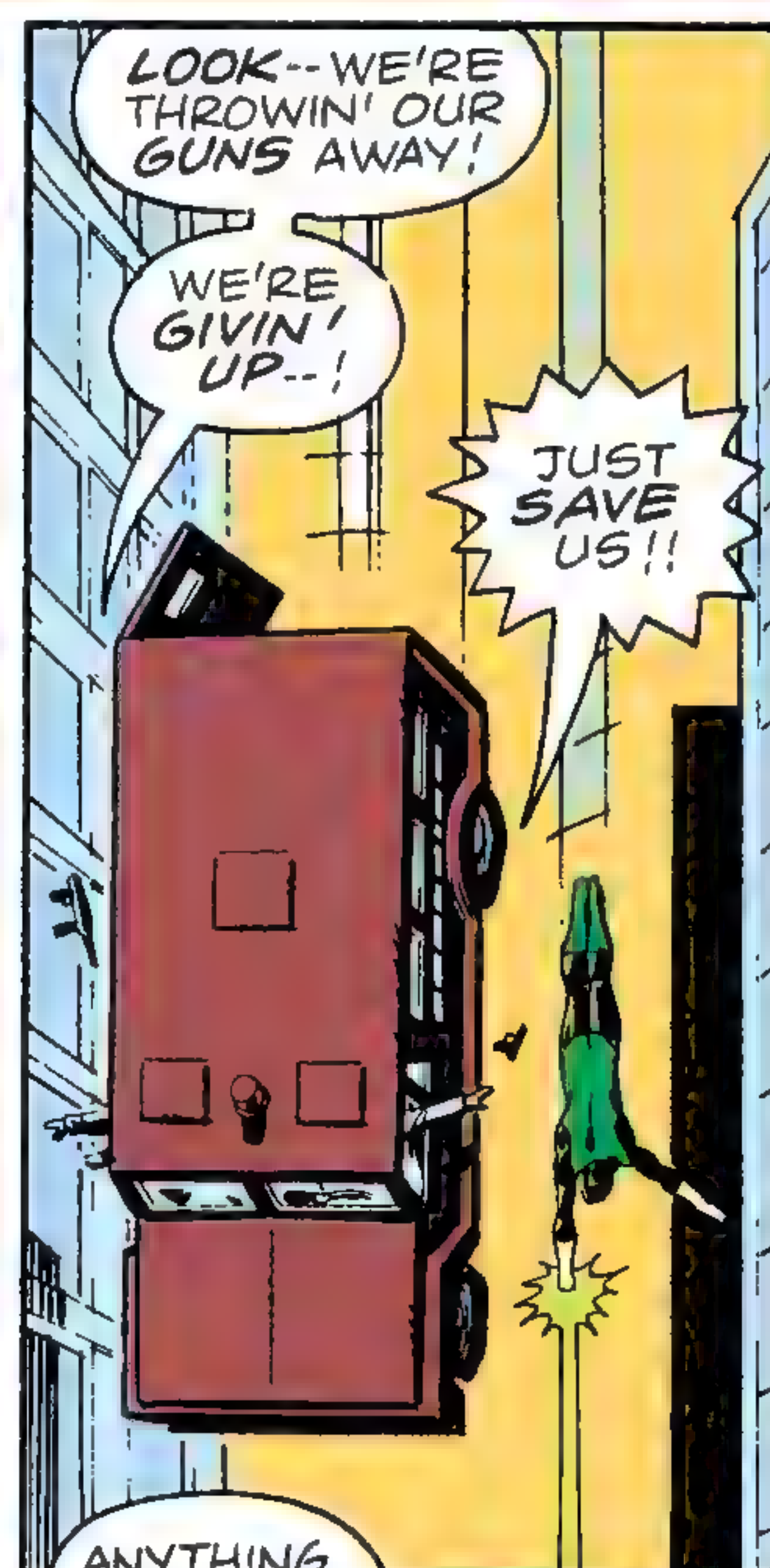
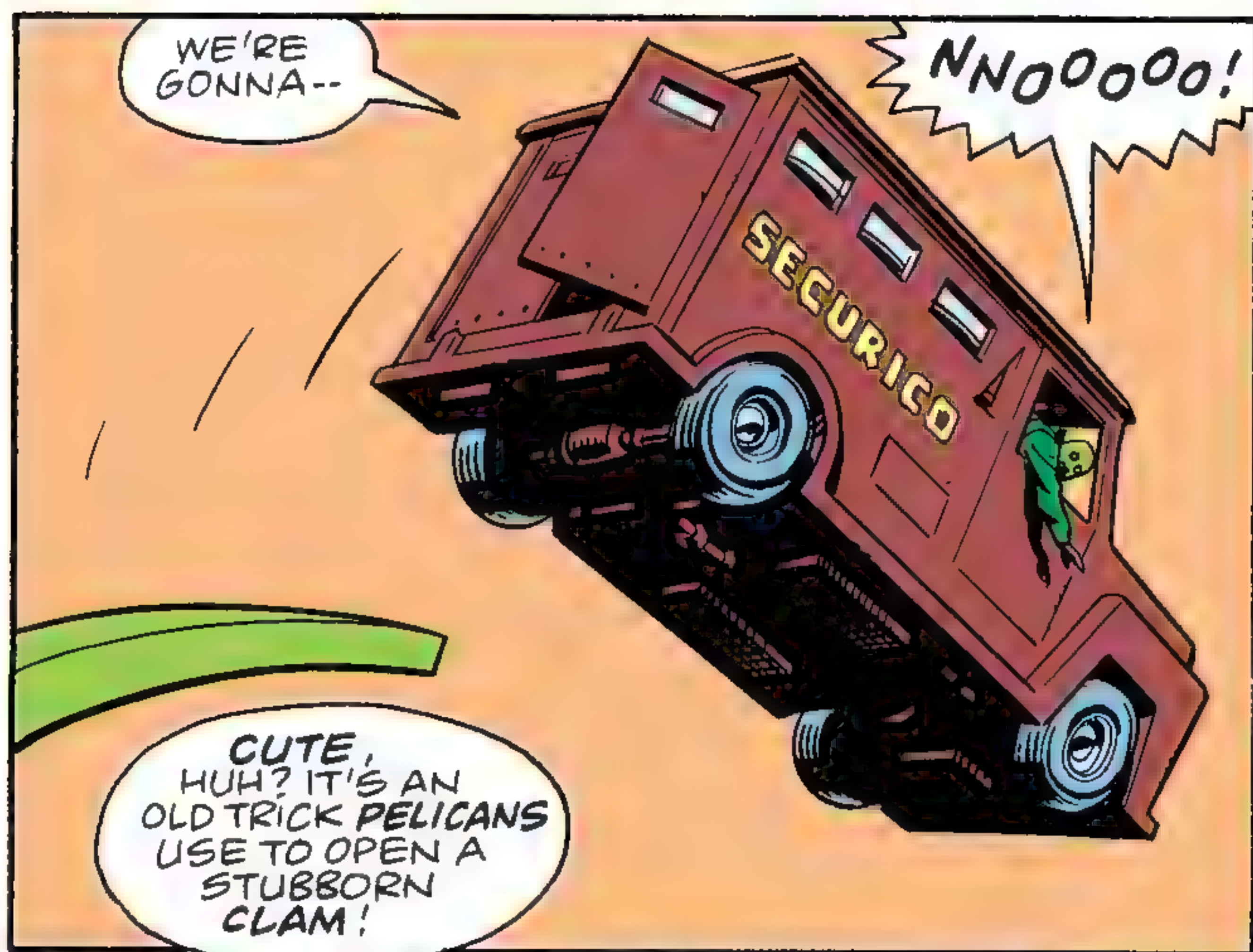
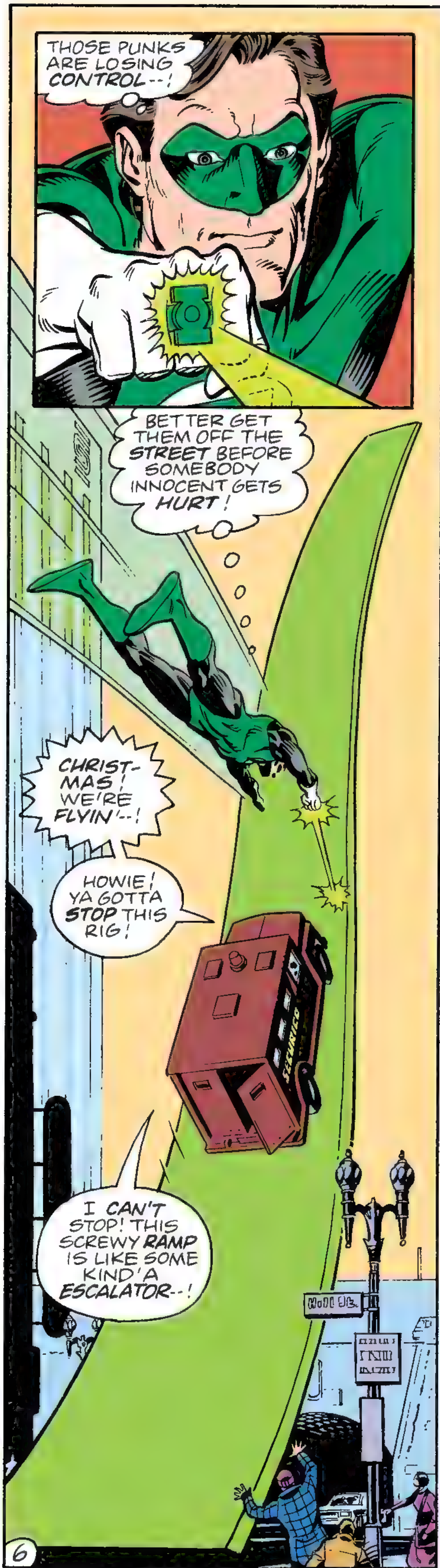


\* BACK IN ACTION COMICS #538.--LEN.

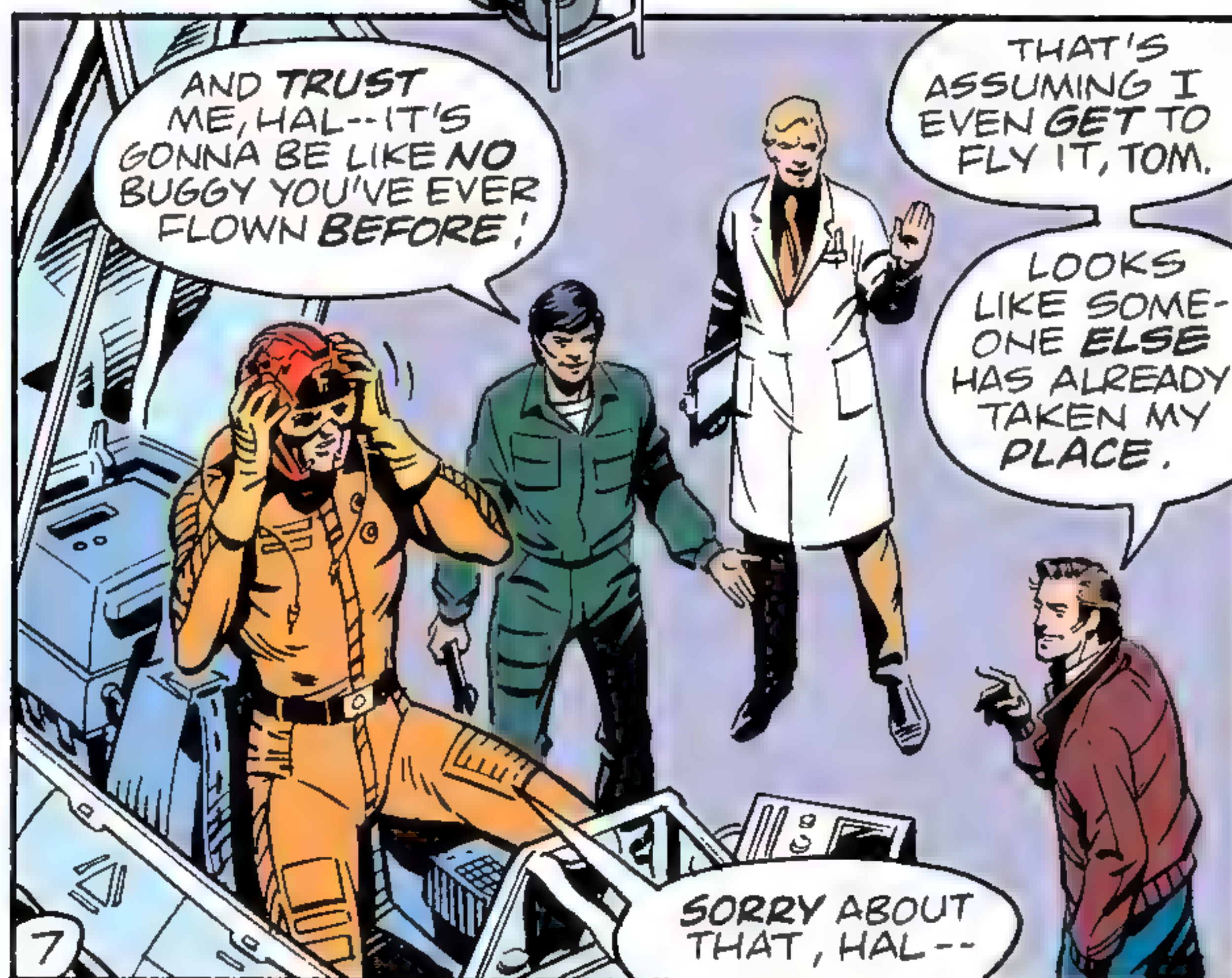
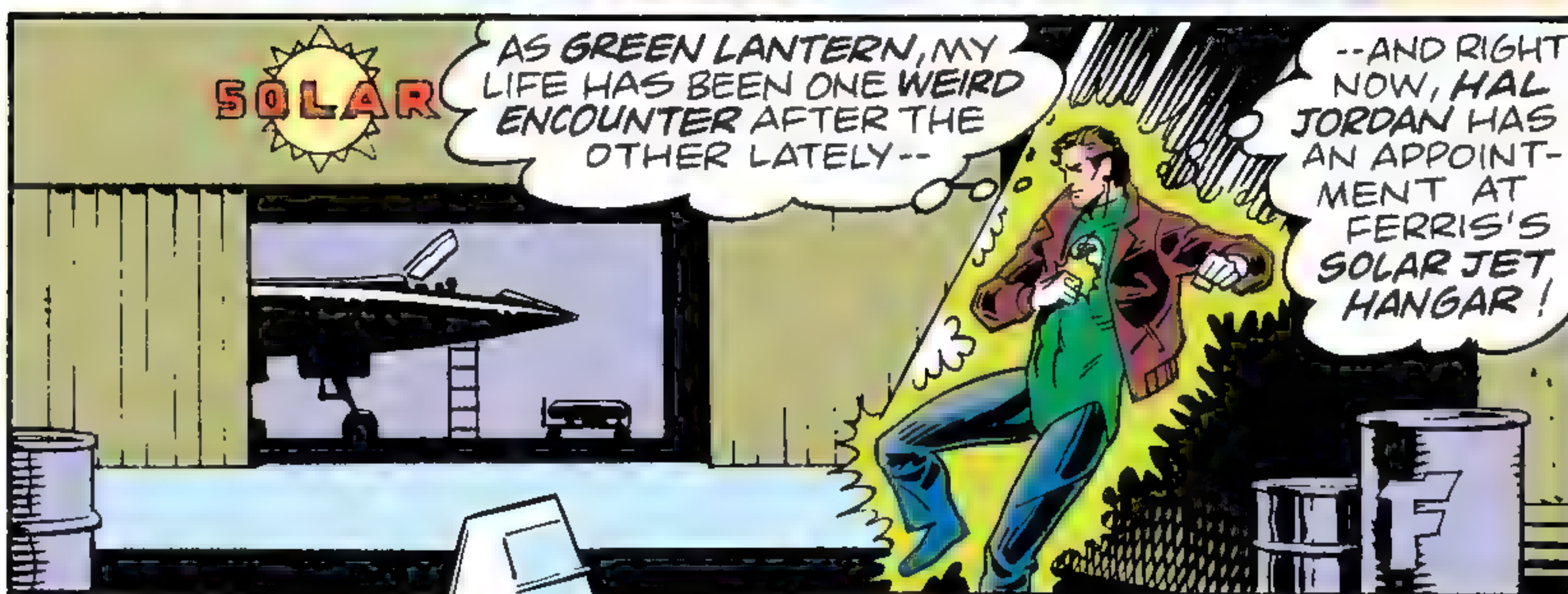
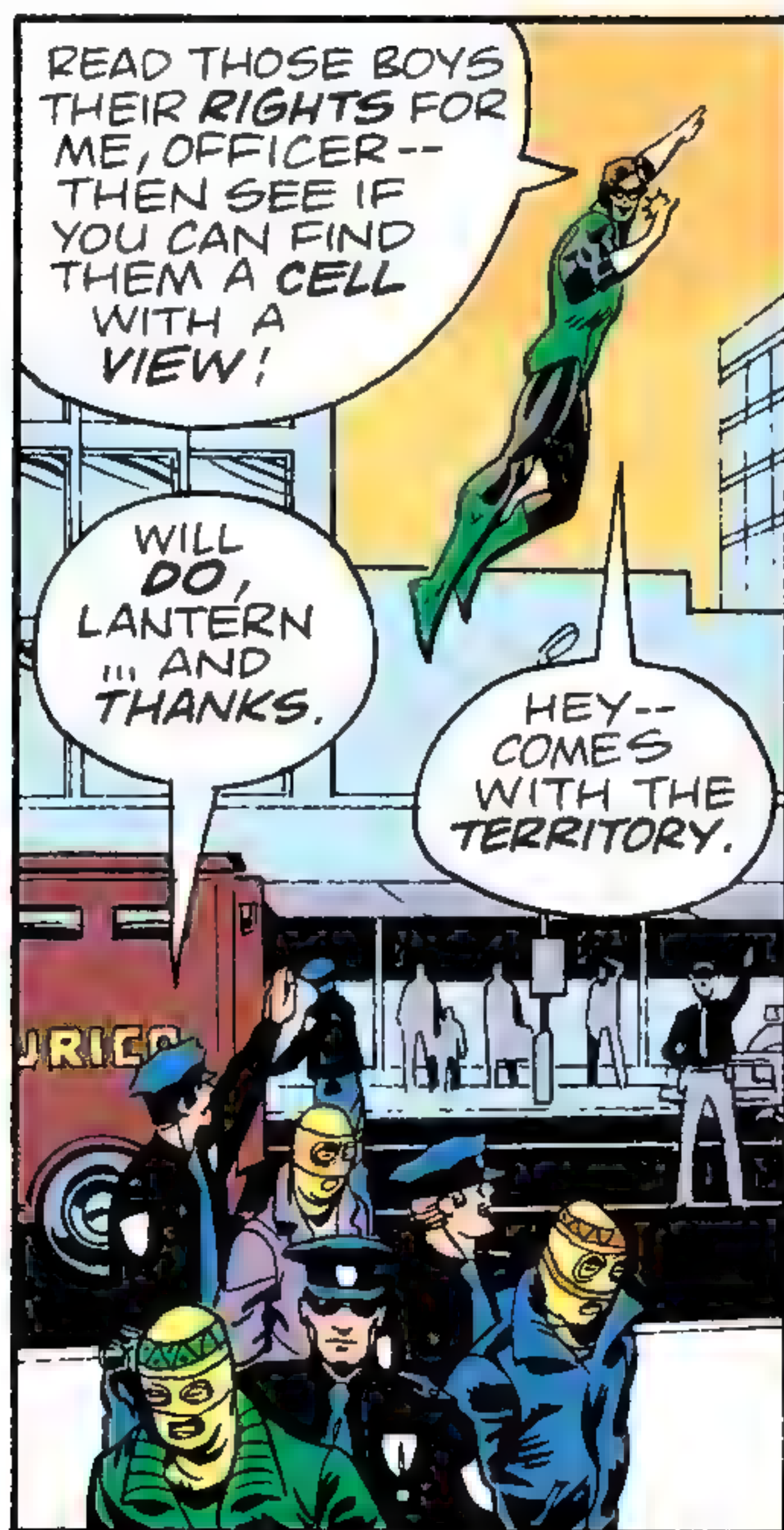




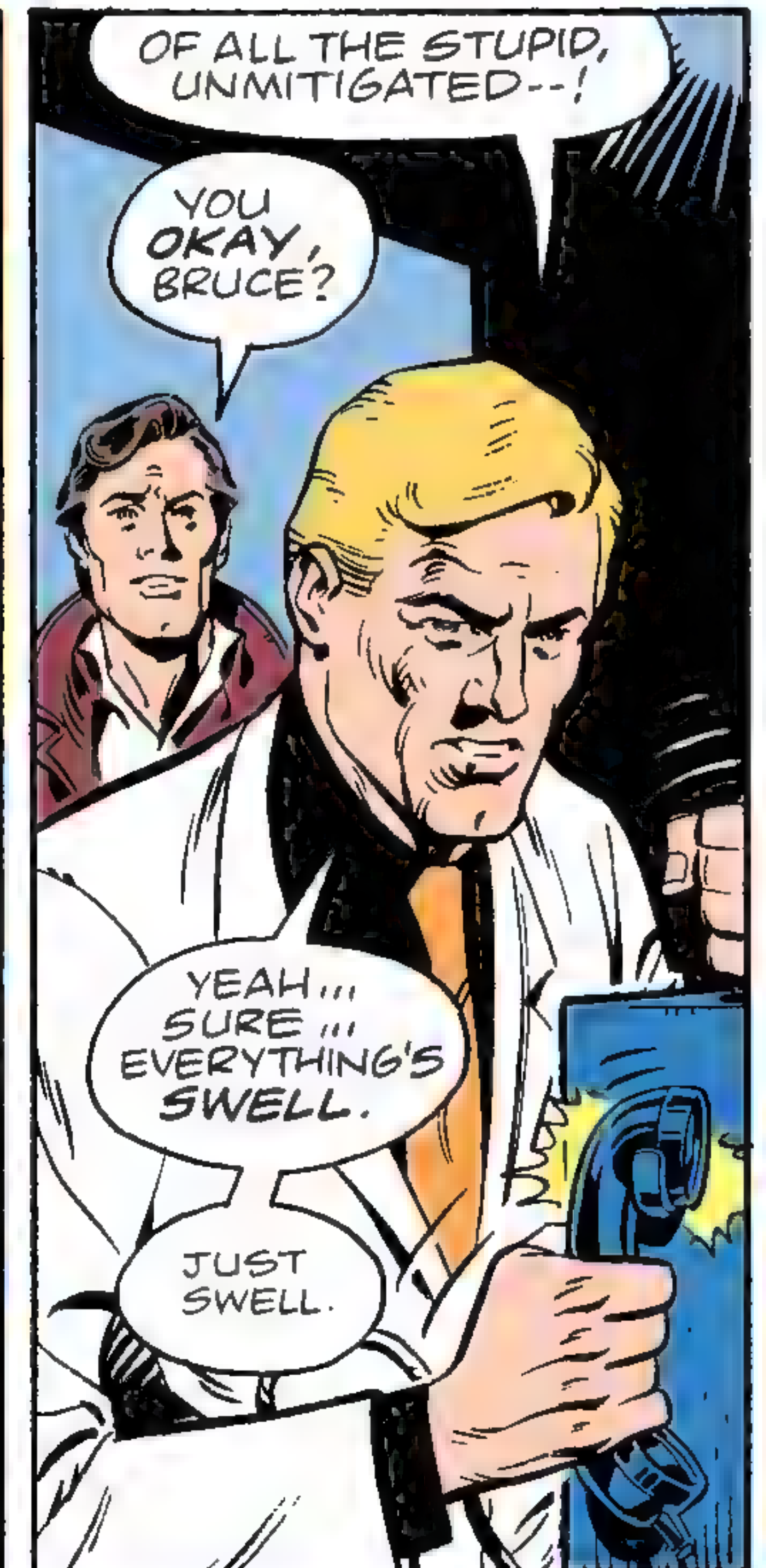
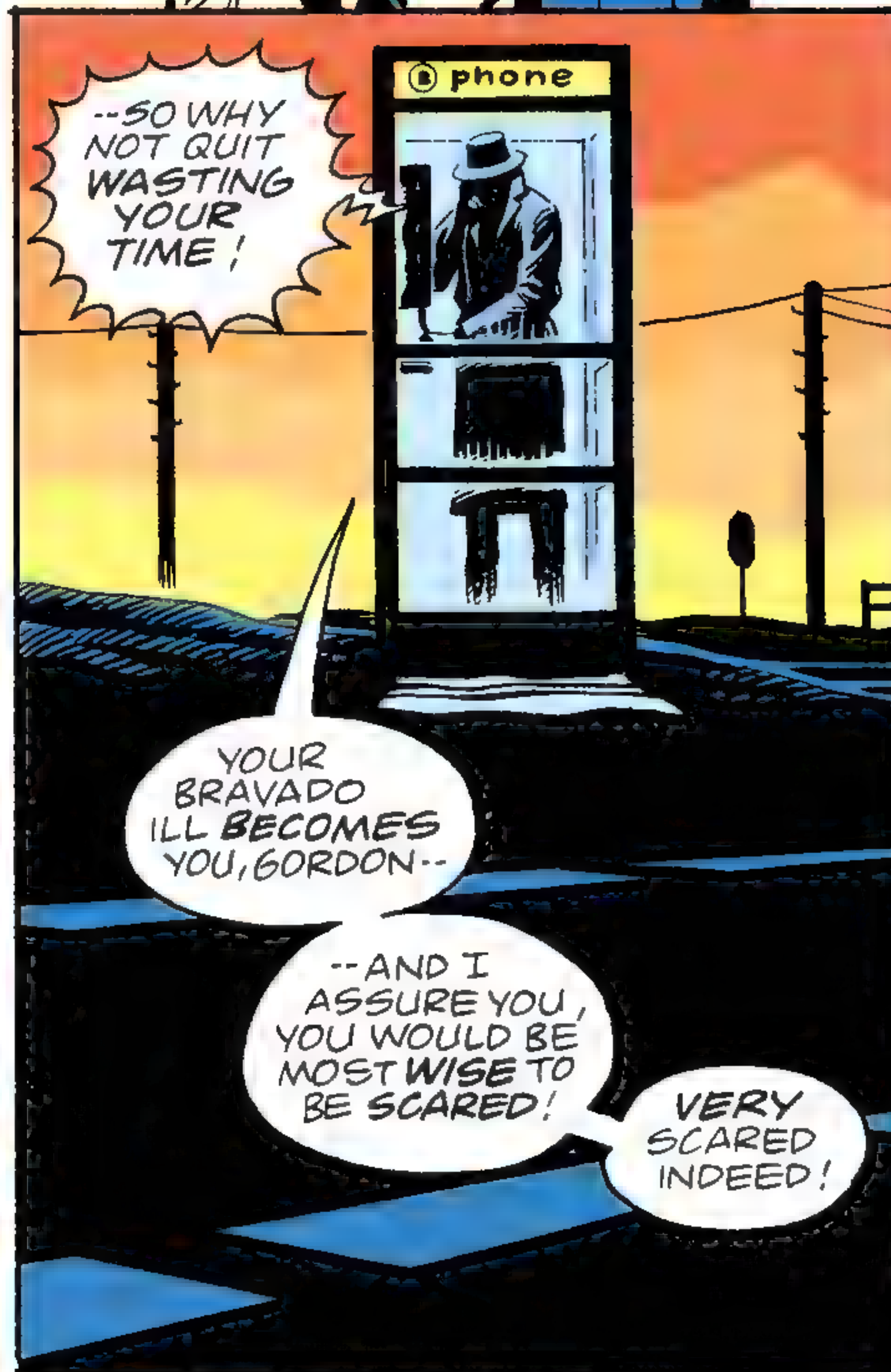
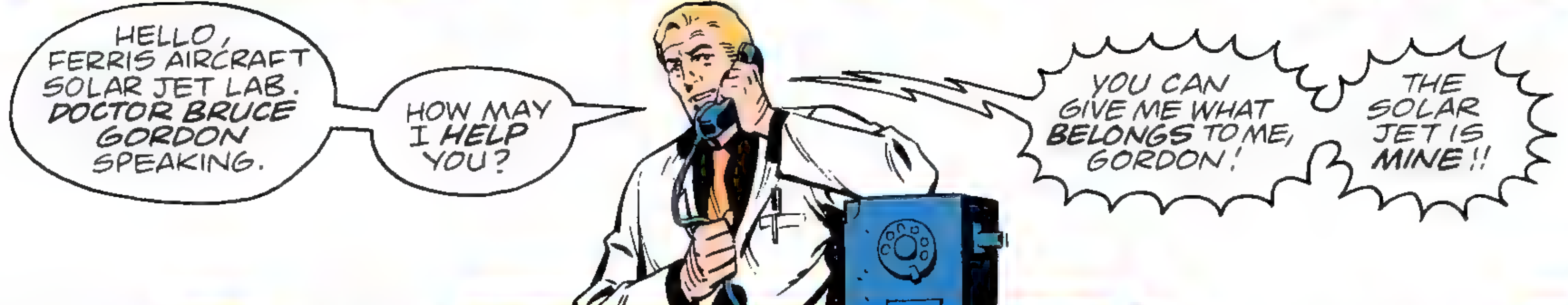
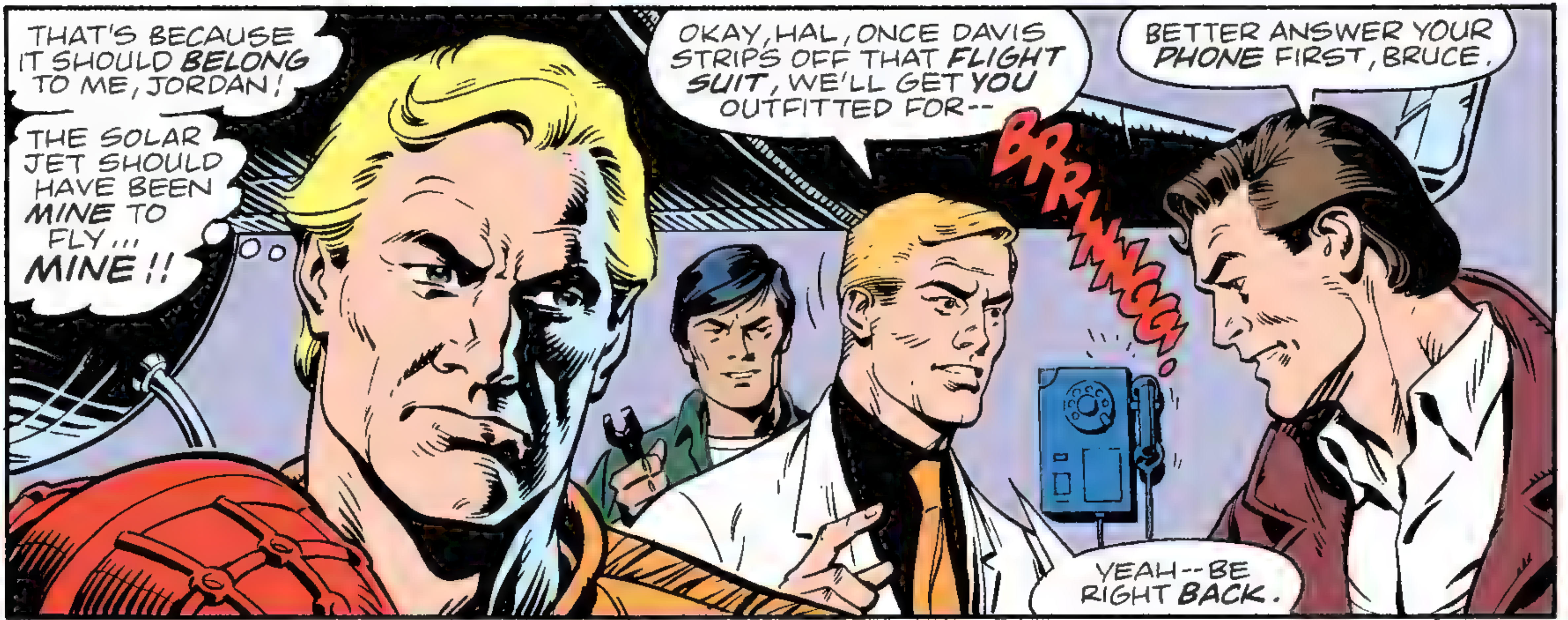




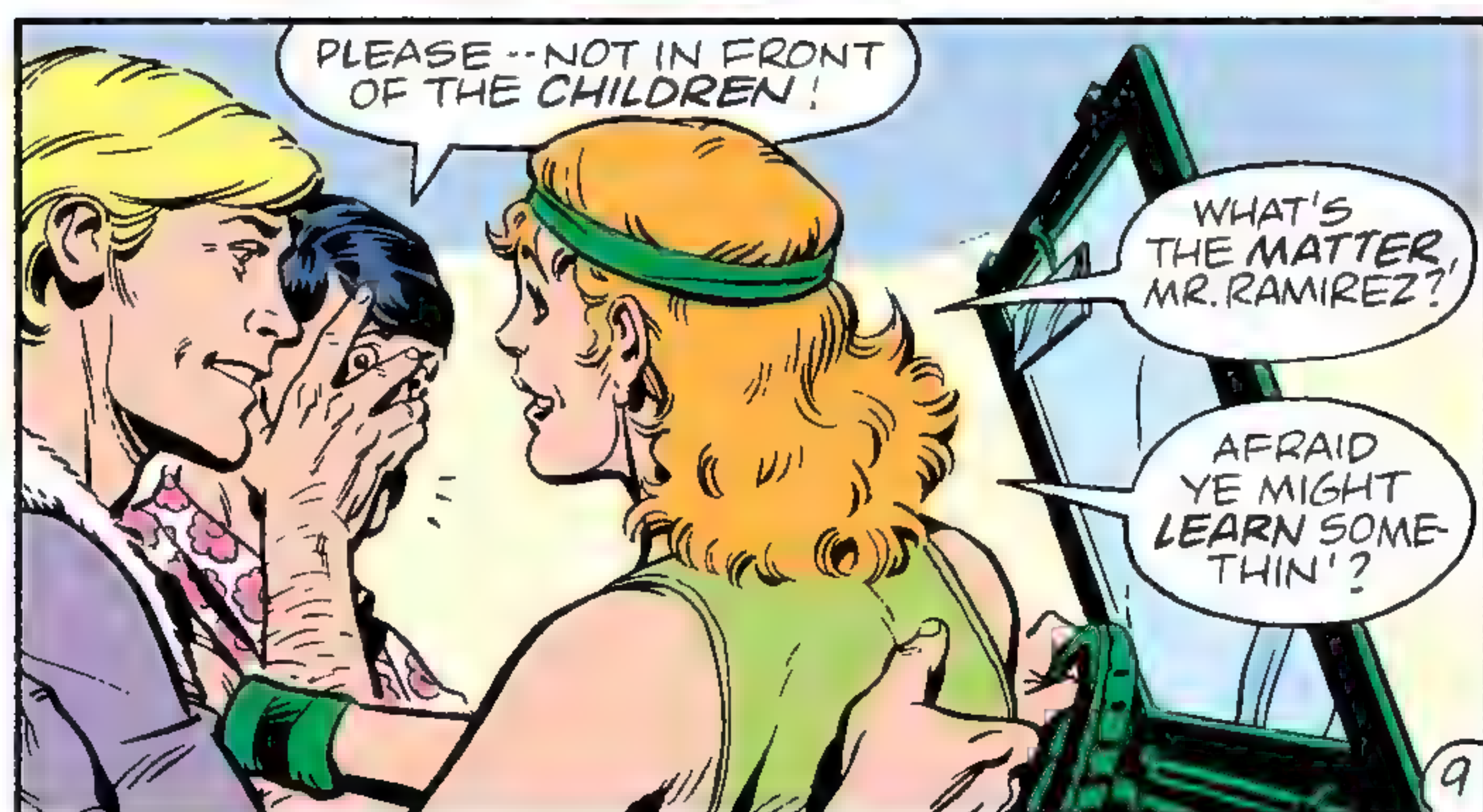
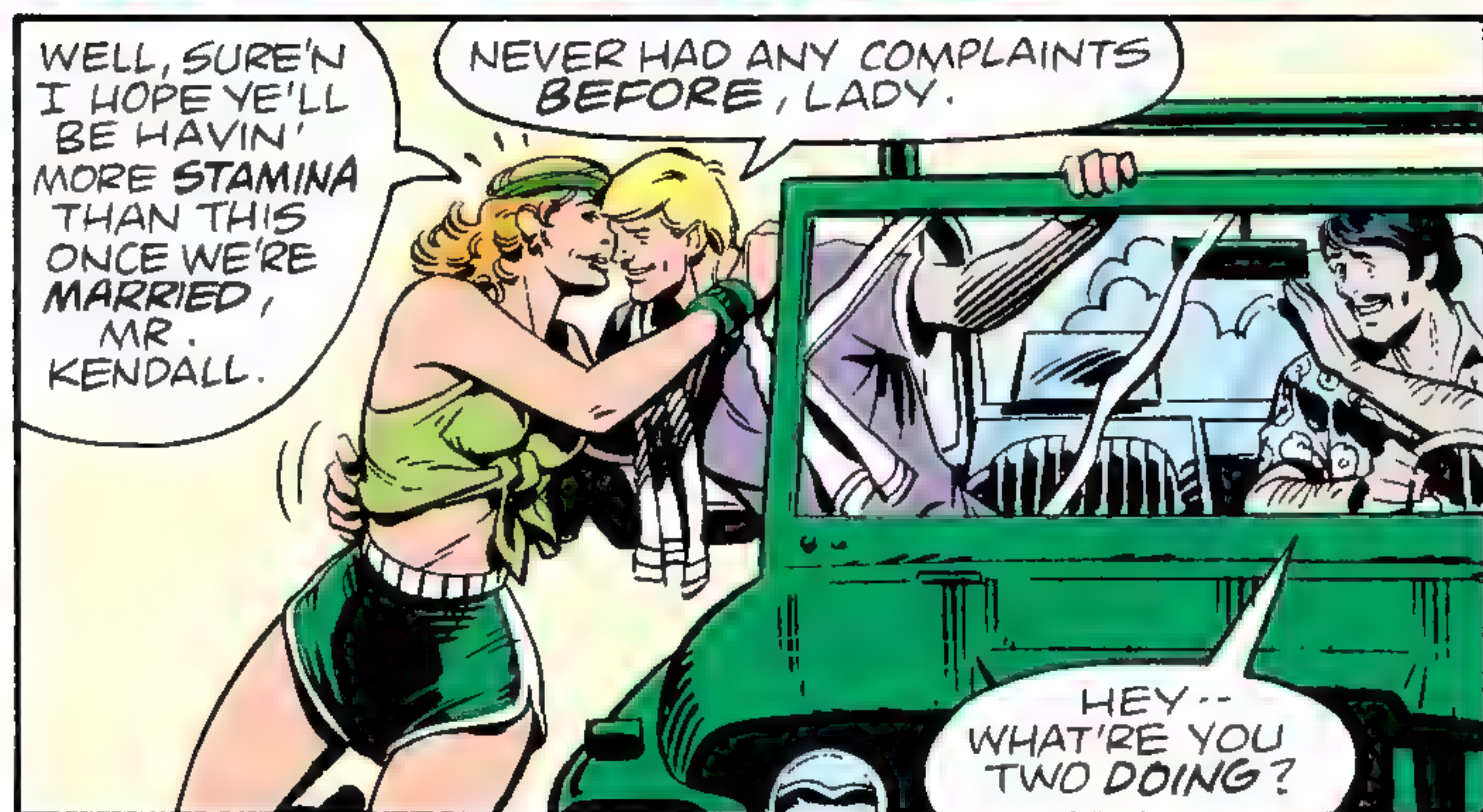
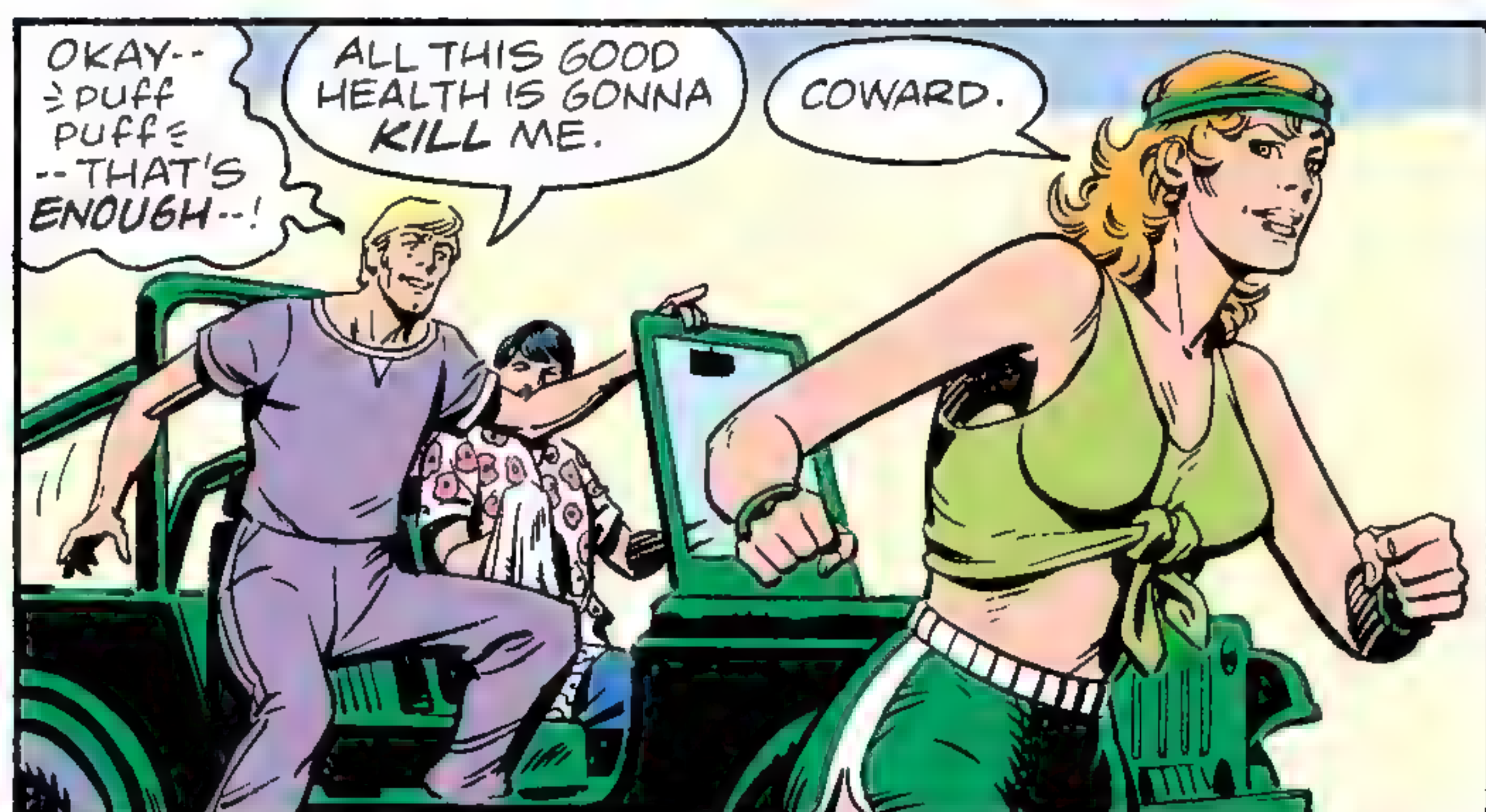
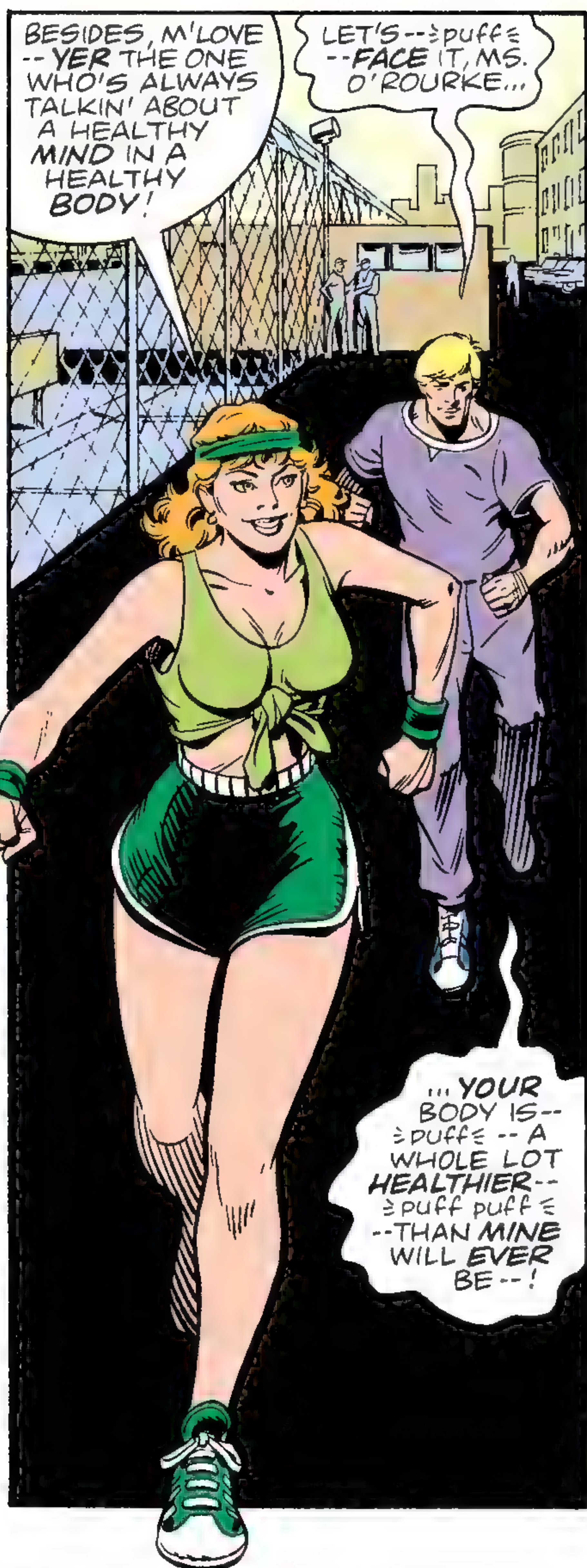
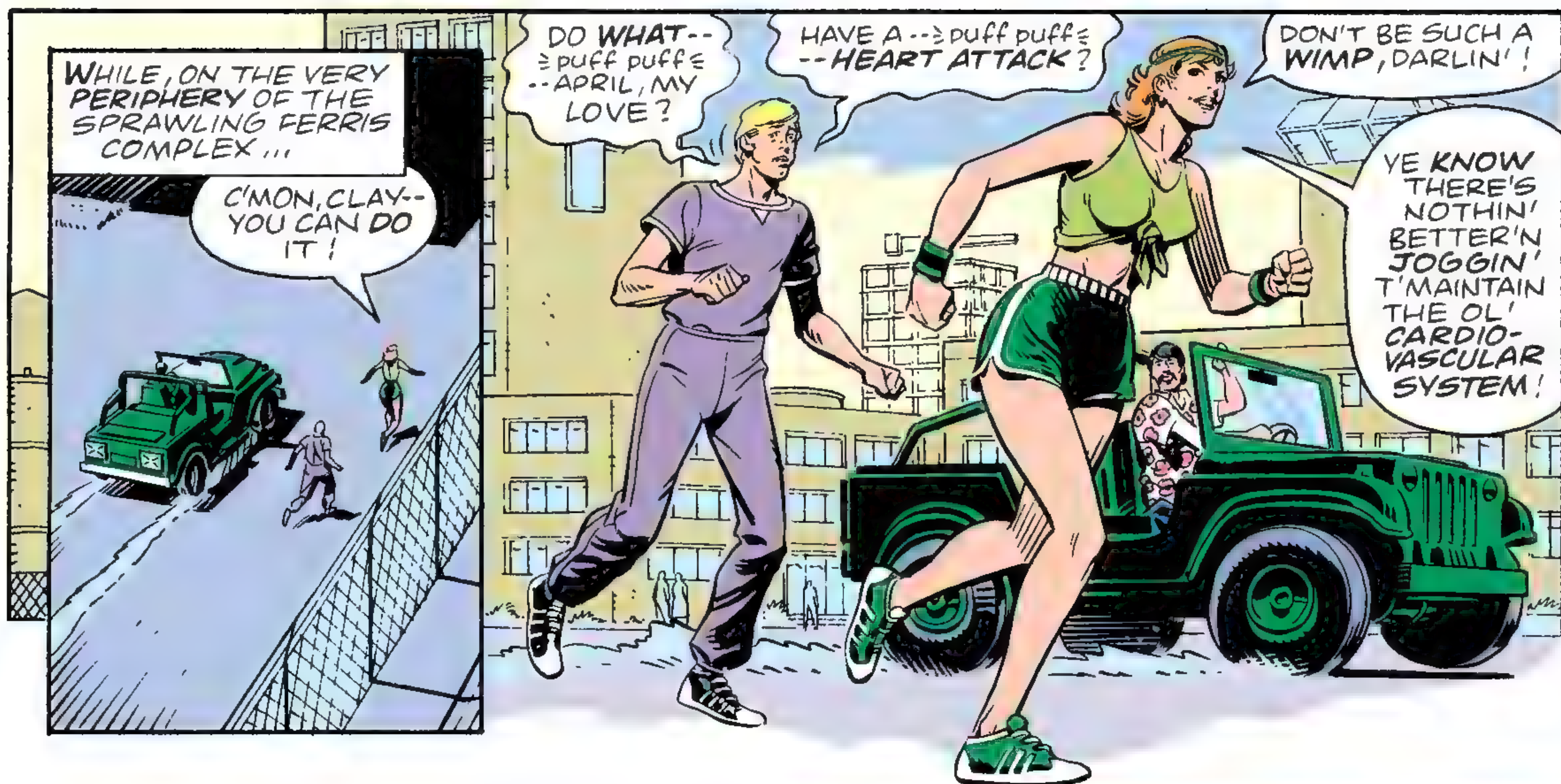




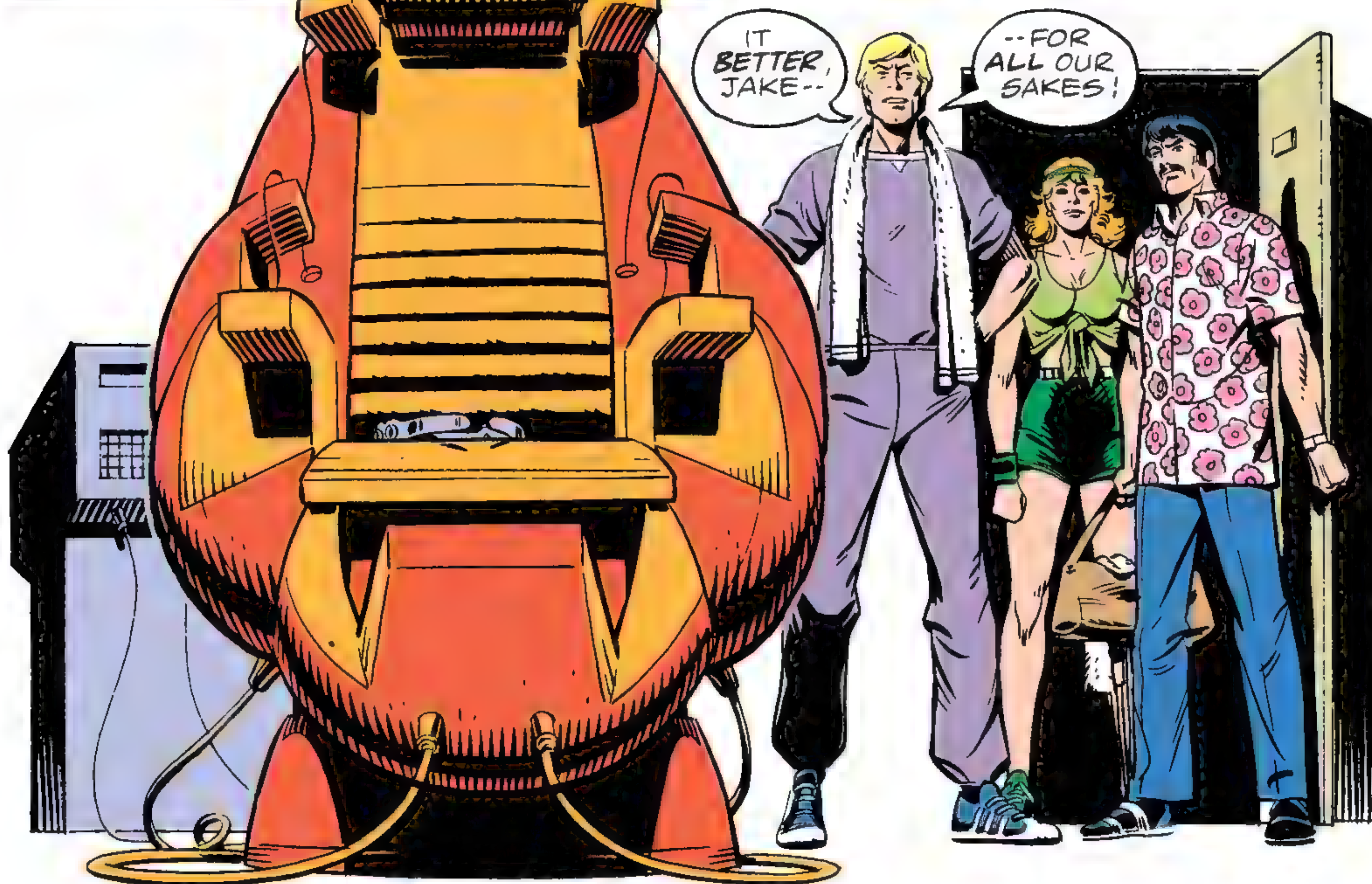
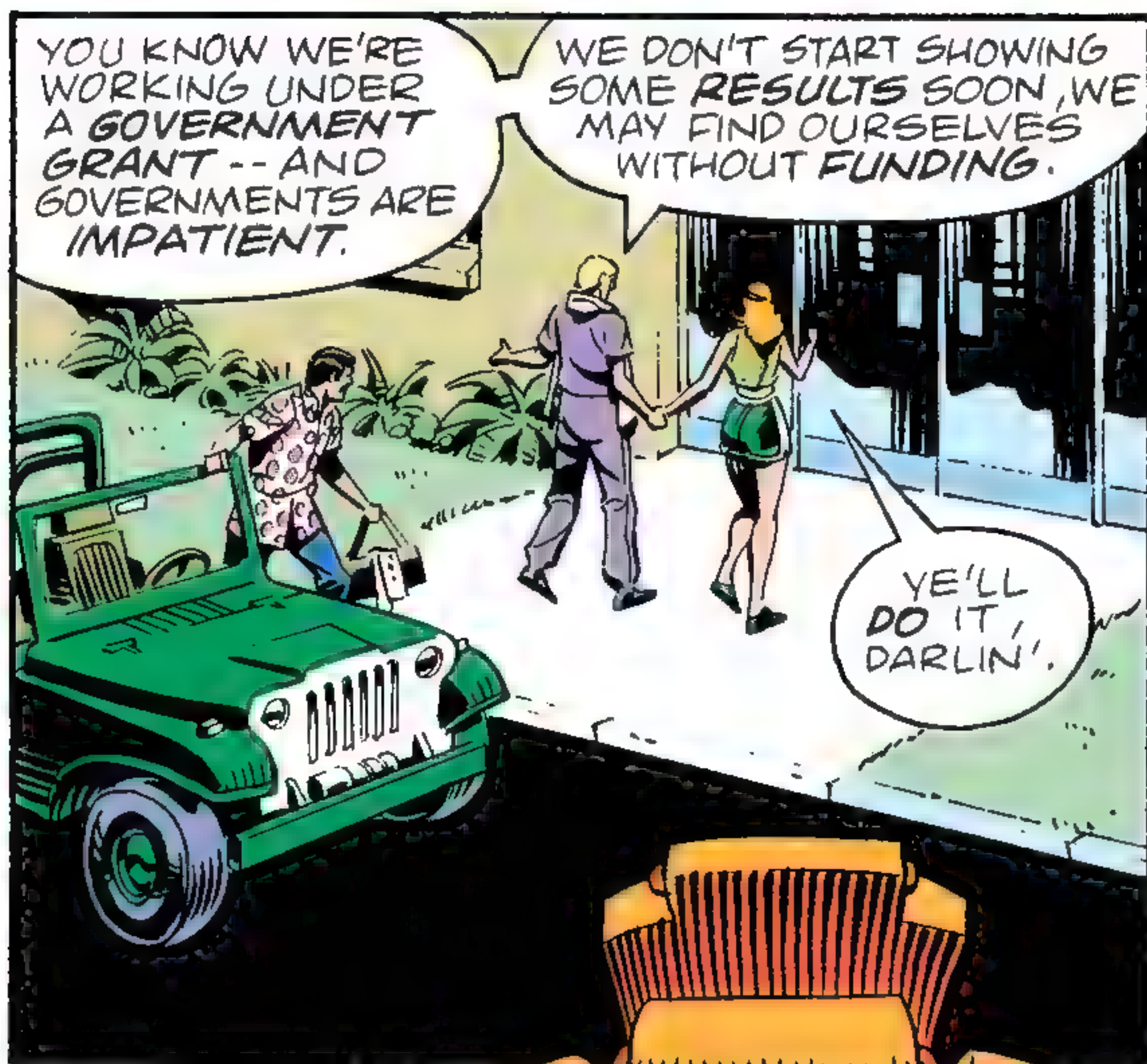
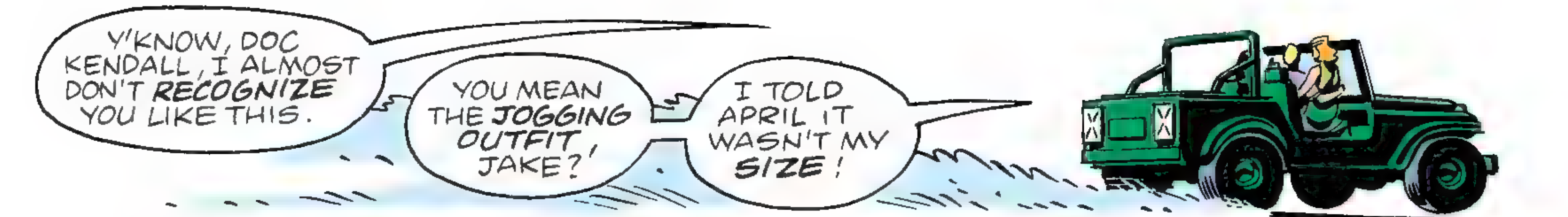




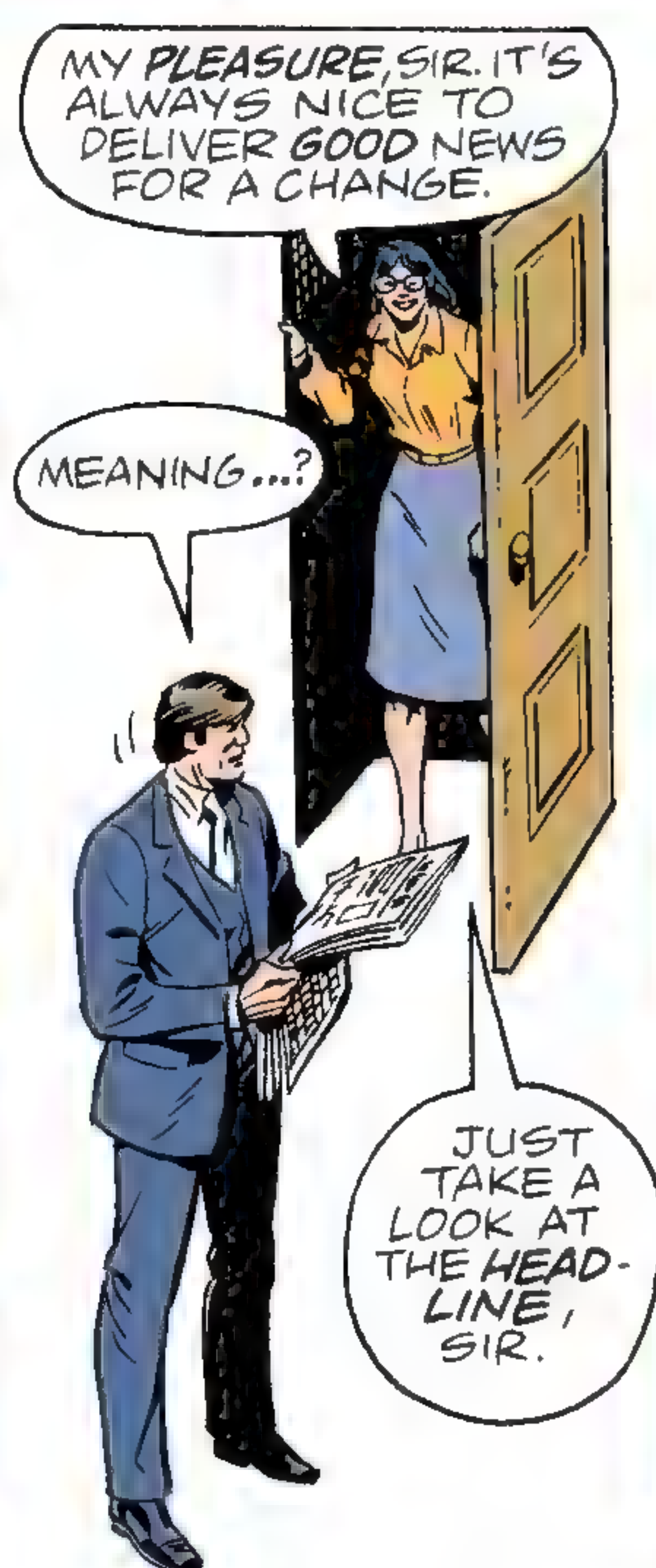




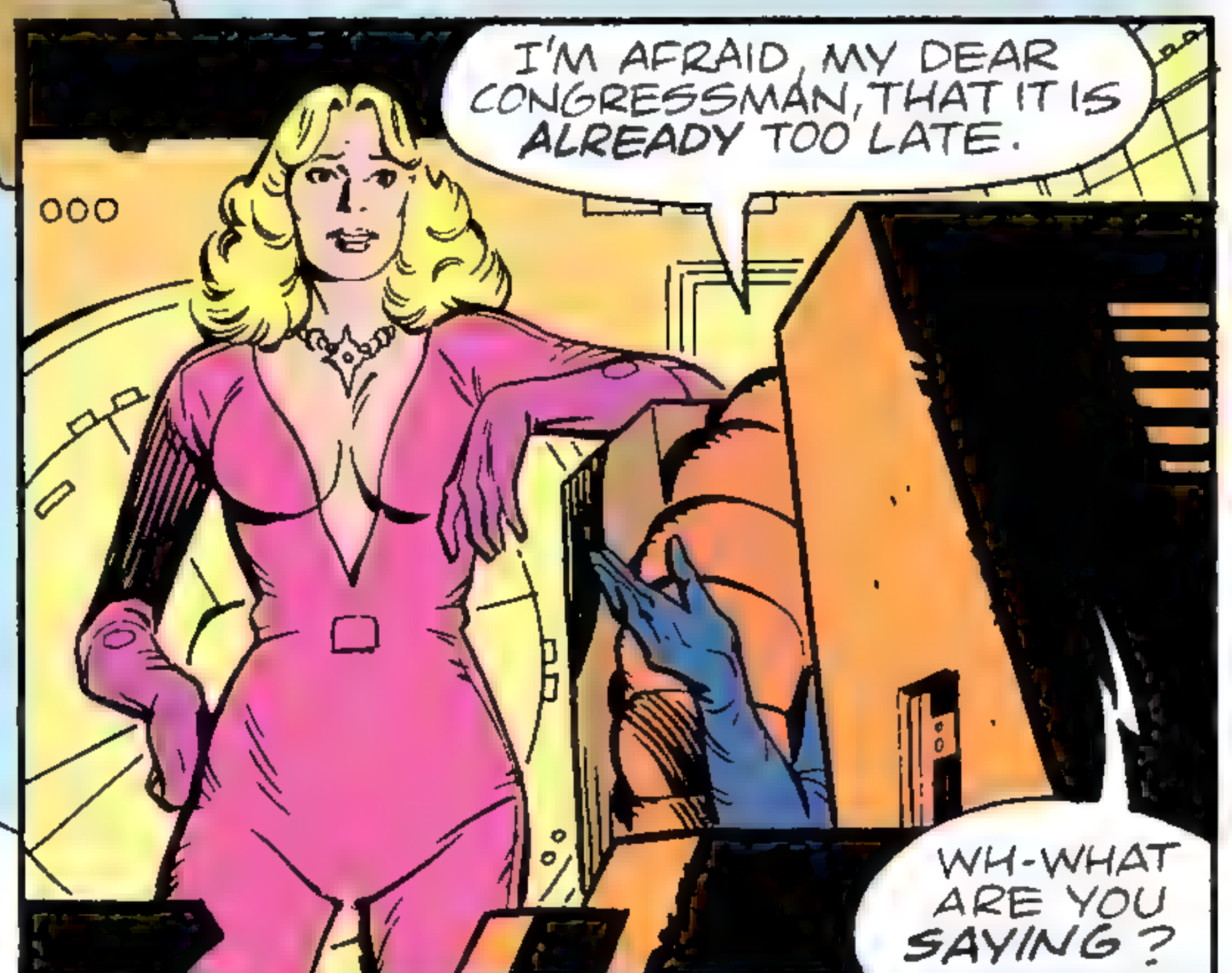
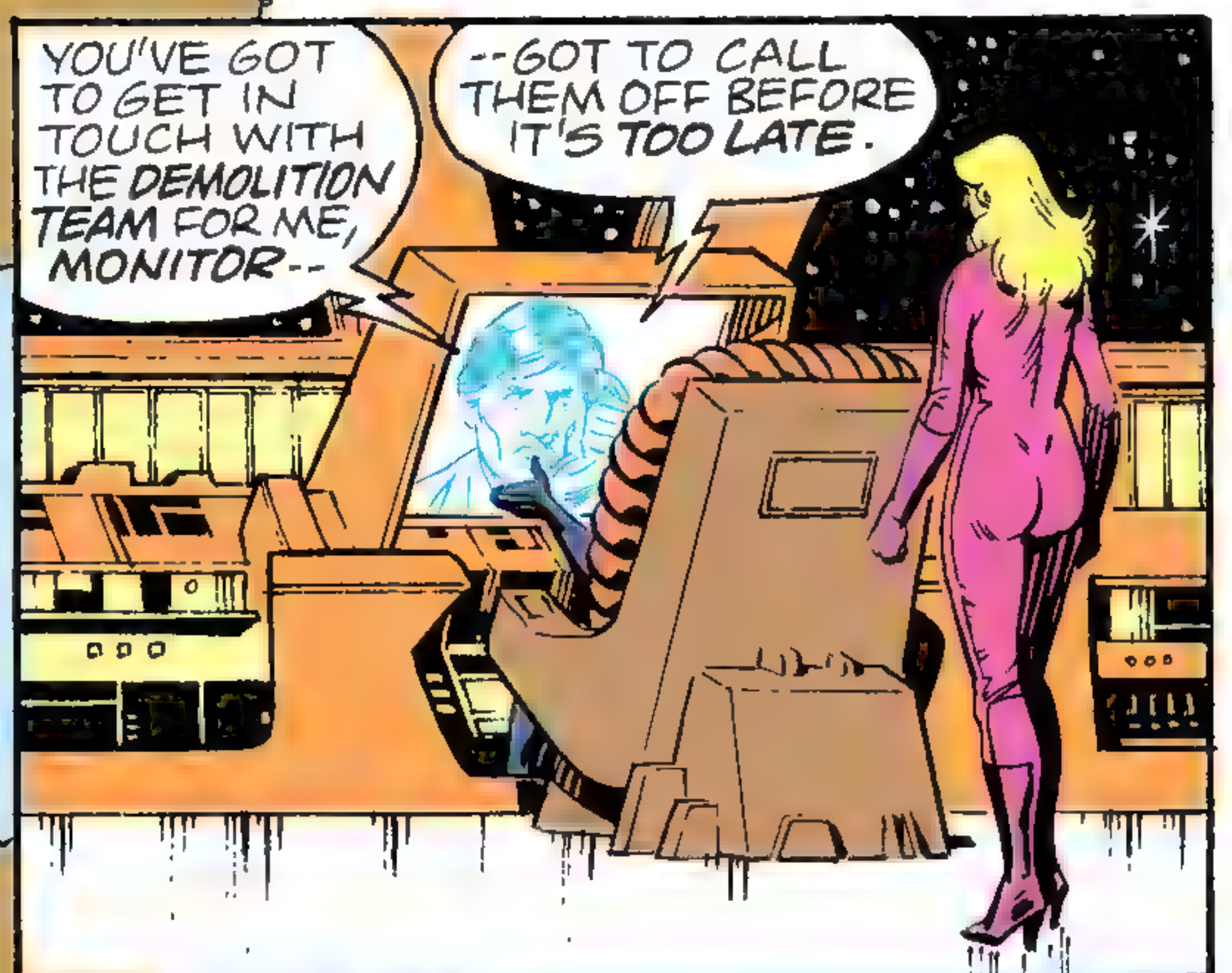
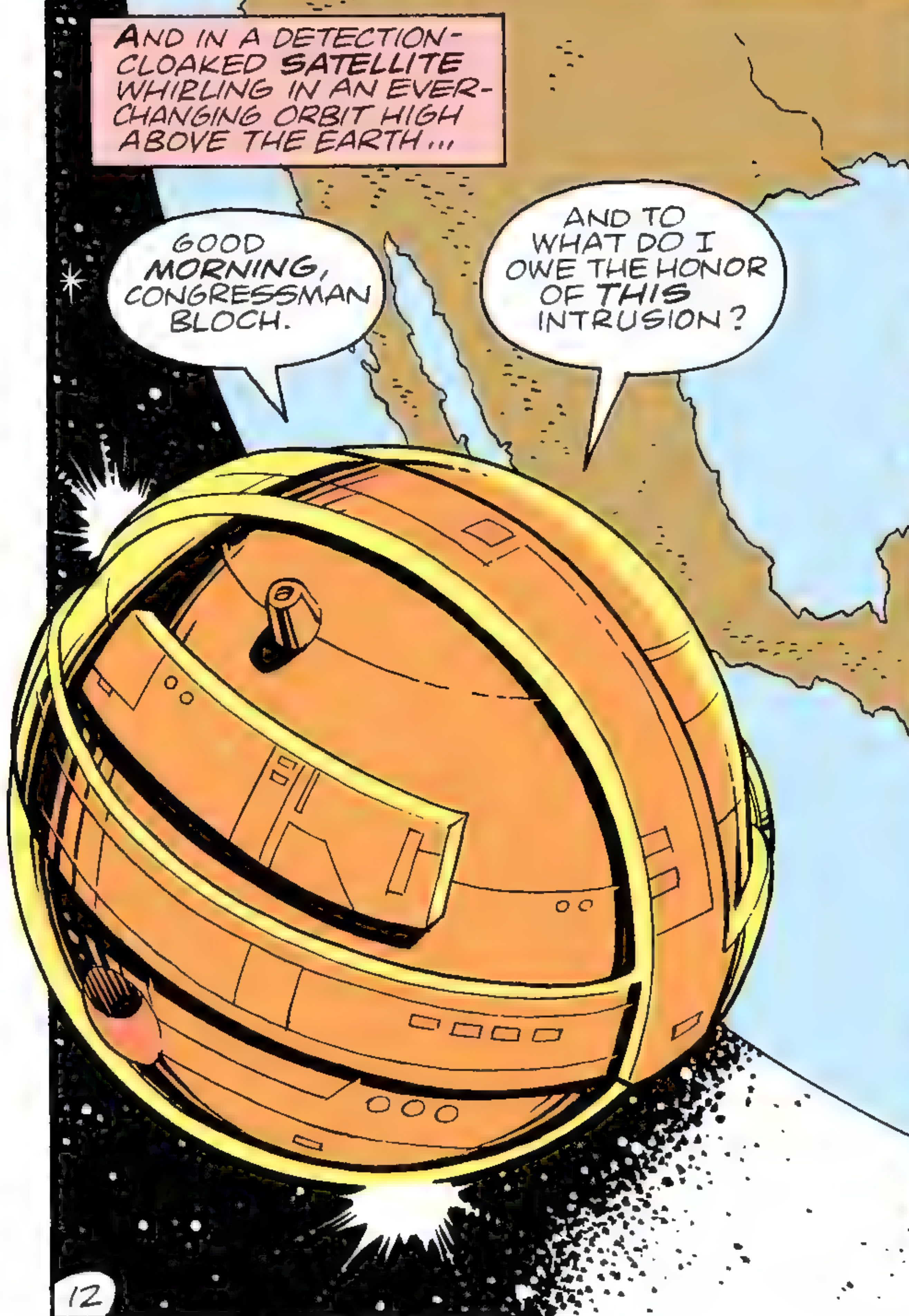
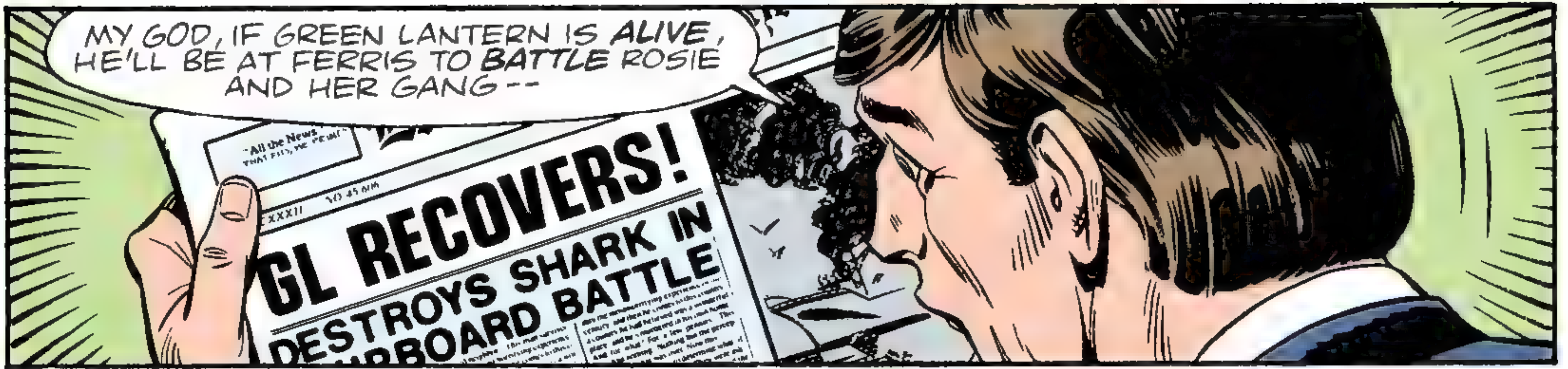




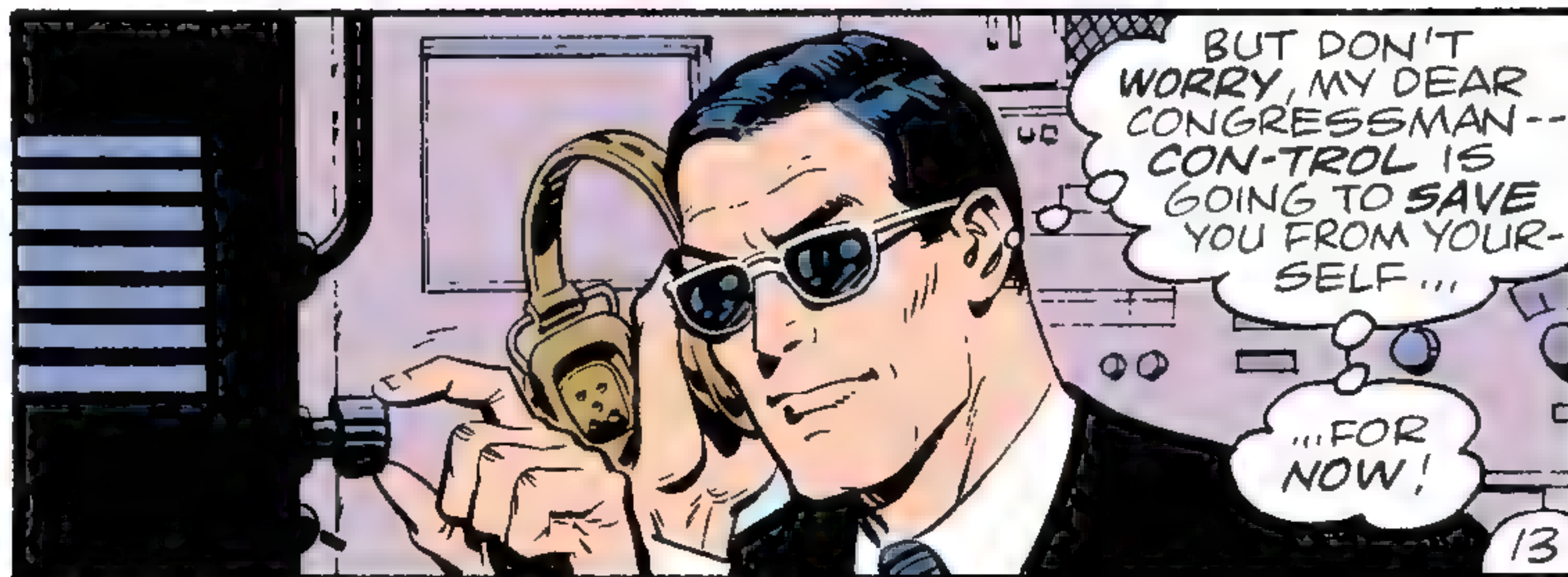
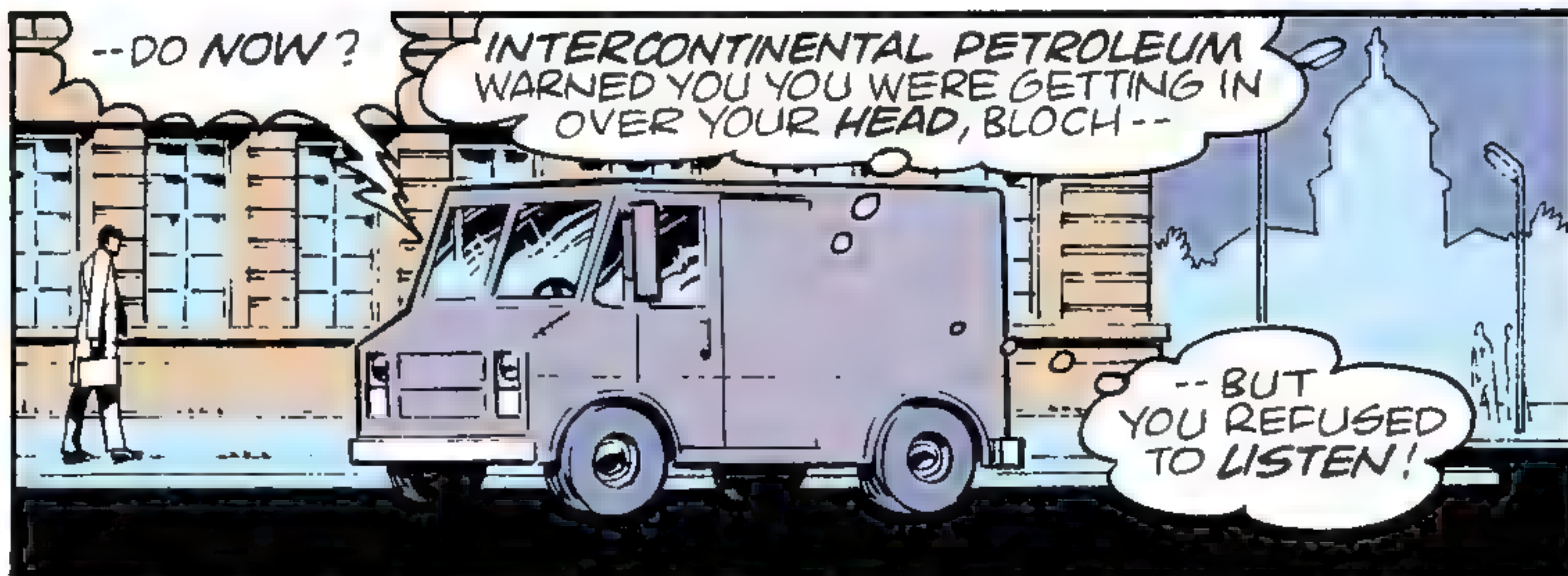
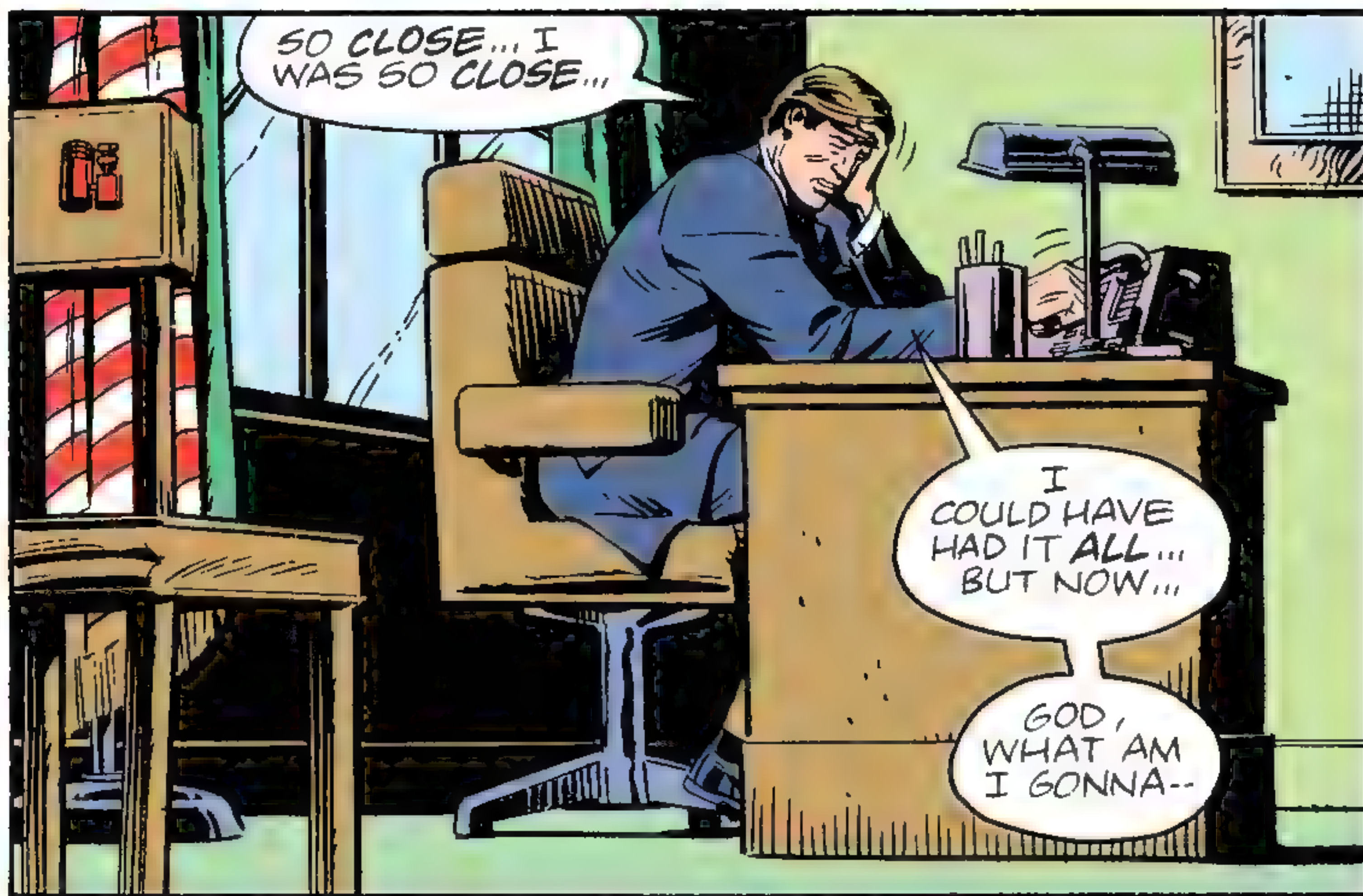
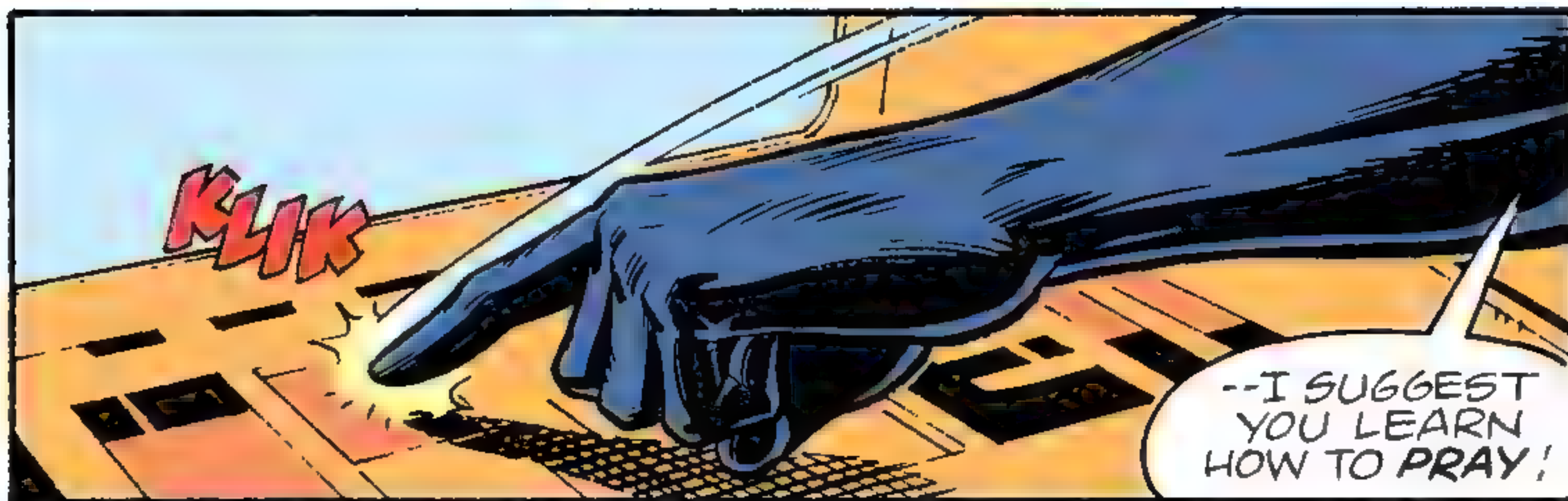
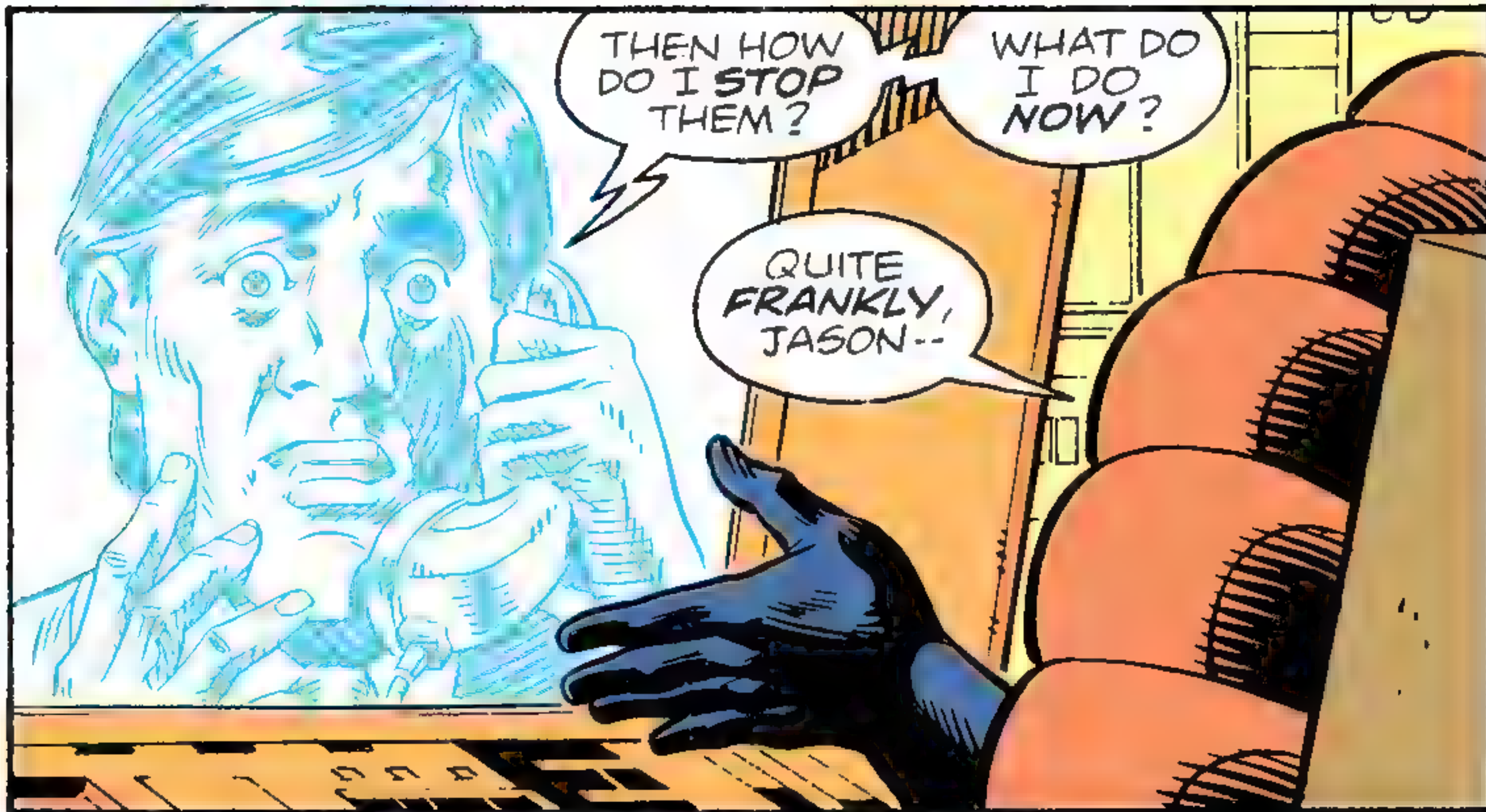








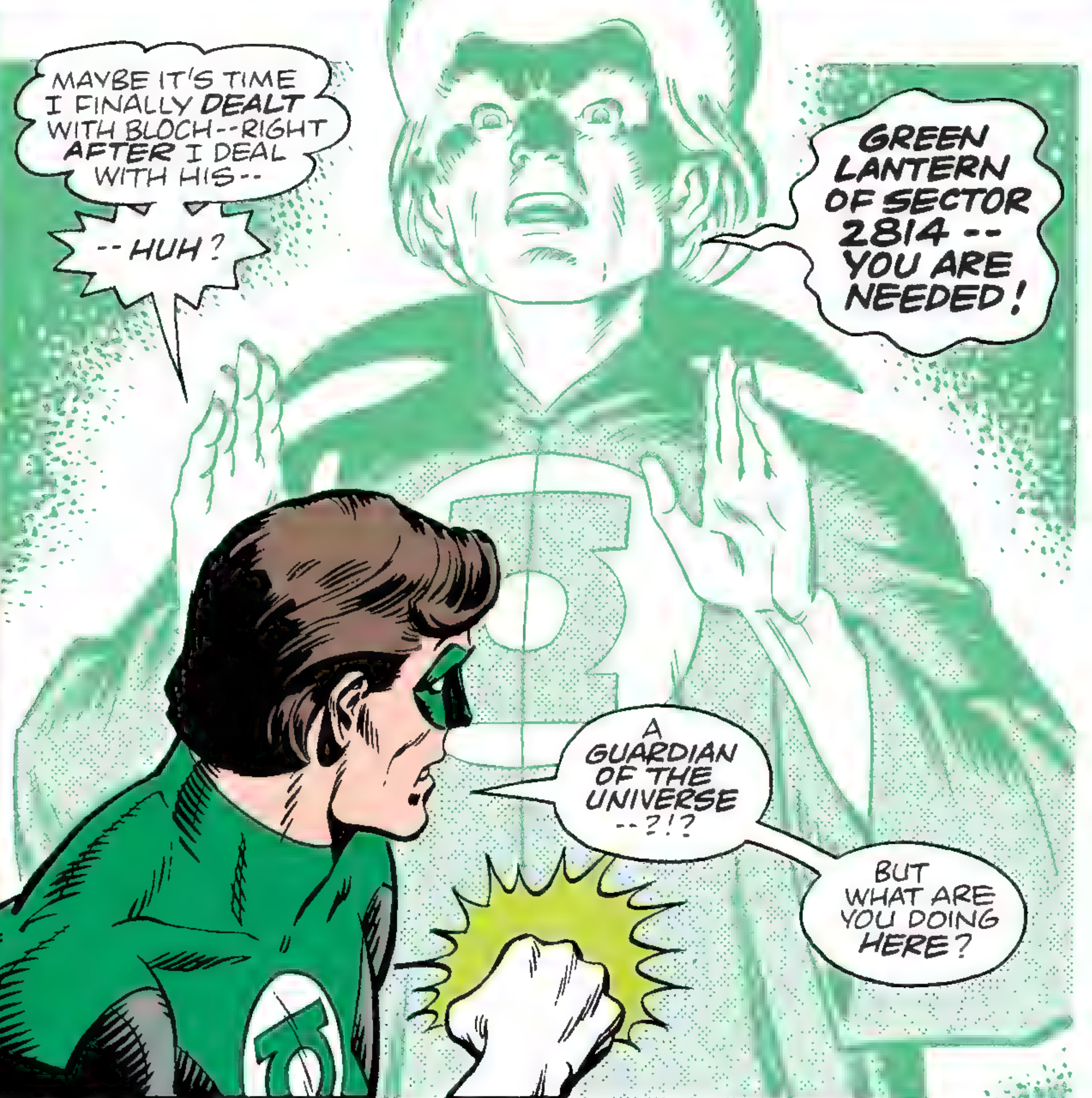
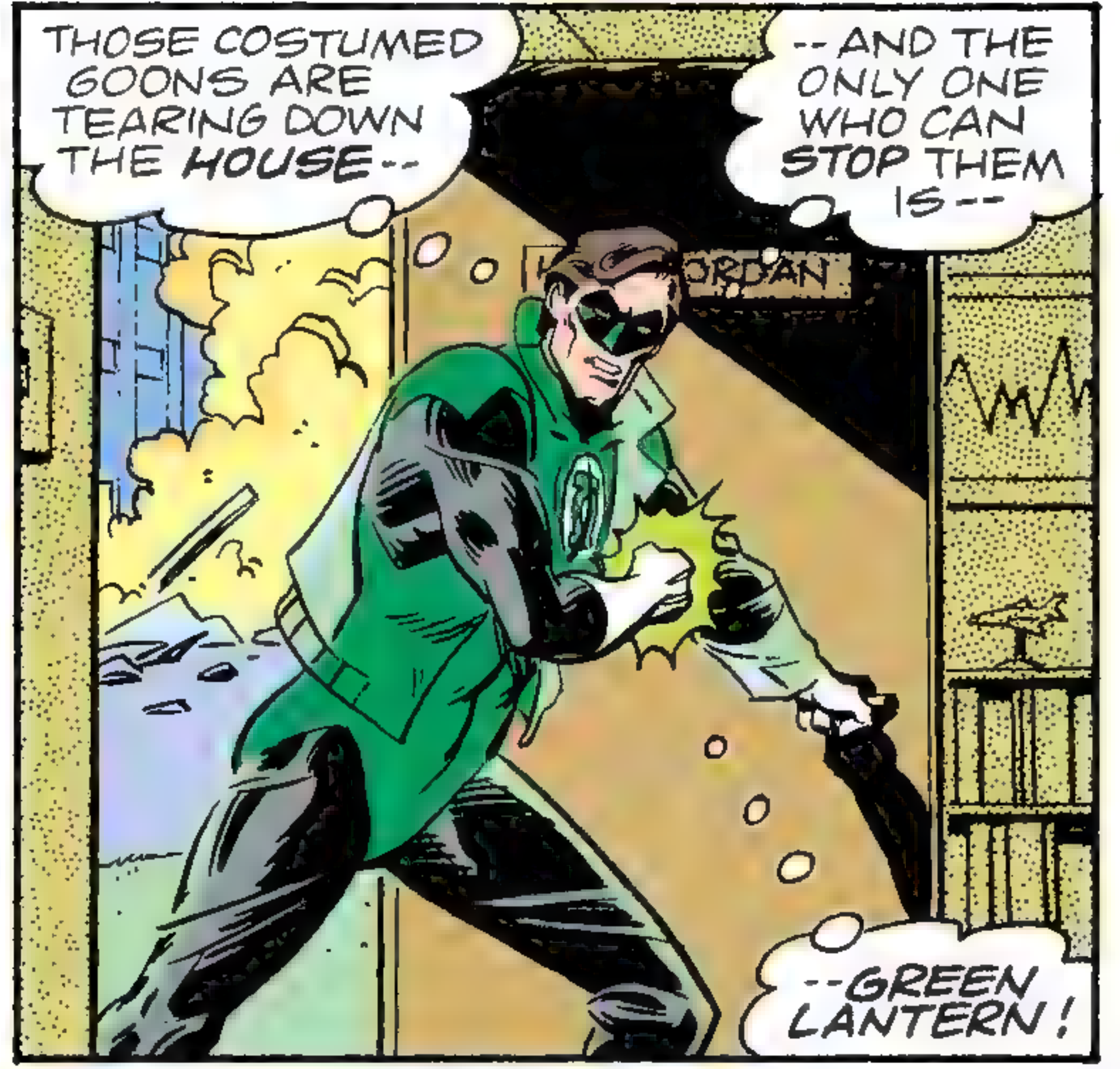
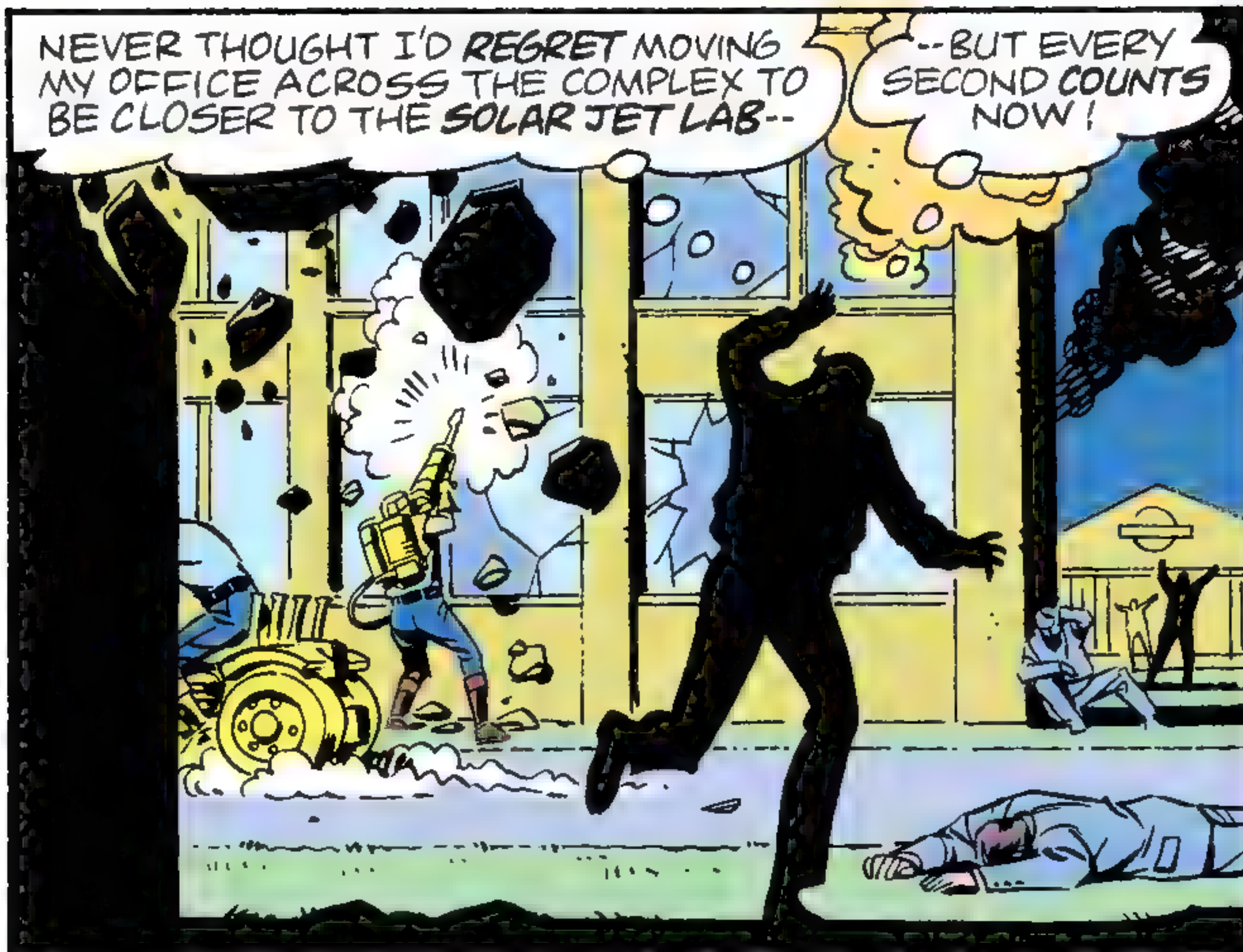




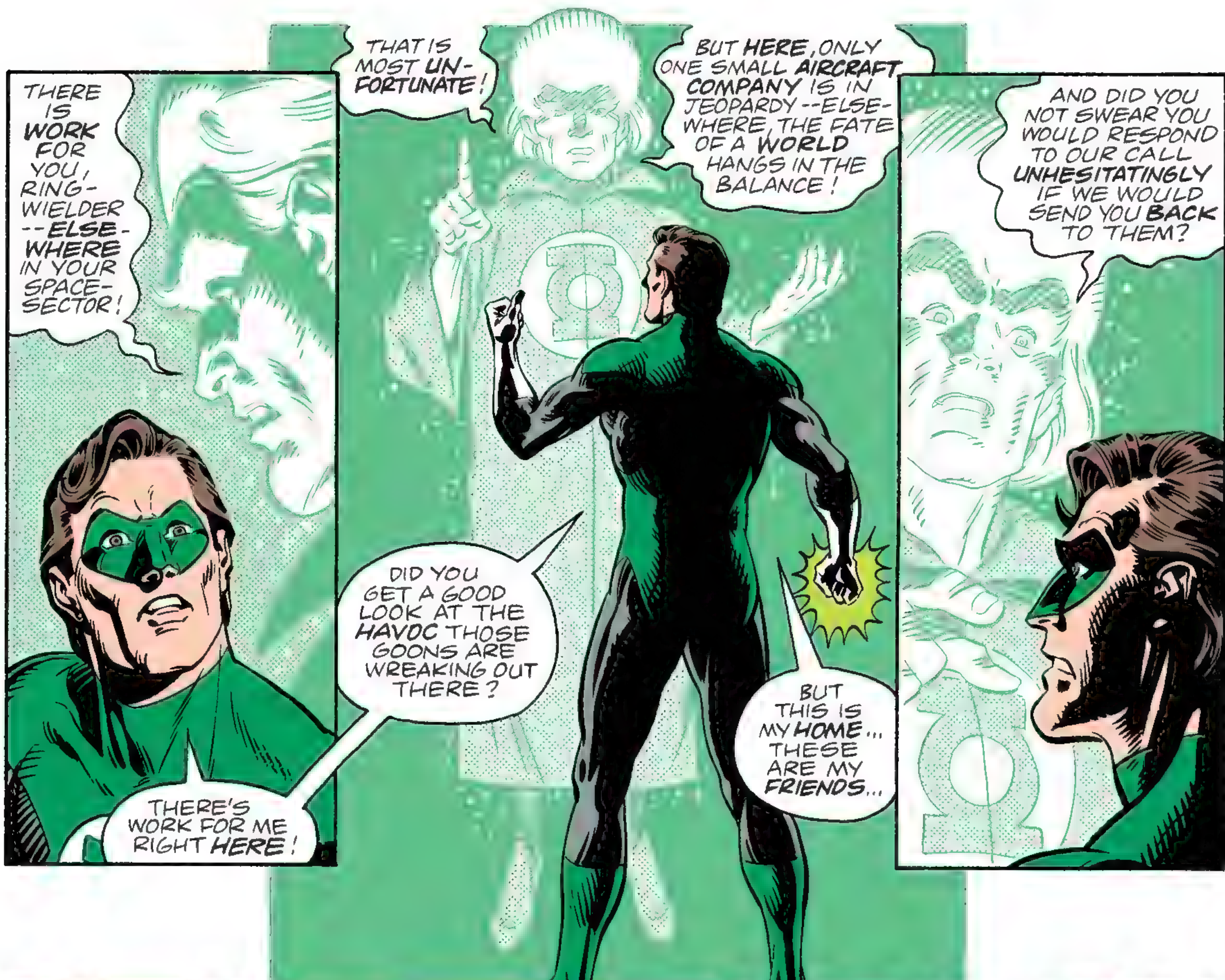












THERE IS WORK FOR YOU, RING-WIELDER -- ELSEWHERE IN YOUR SPACE-SECTOR!

THAT IS MOST UN-FORTUNATE!

BUT HERE, ONLY ONE SMALL AIRCRAFT COMPANY IS IN JEOPARDY -- ELSEWHERE, THE FATE OF A WORLD HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

AND DID YOU NOT SWEAR YOU WOULD RESPOND TO OUR CALL UNHESITATINGLY IF WE WOULD SEND YOU BACK TO THEM?

THERE'S WORK FOR ME RIGHT HERE!

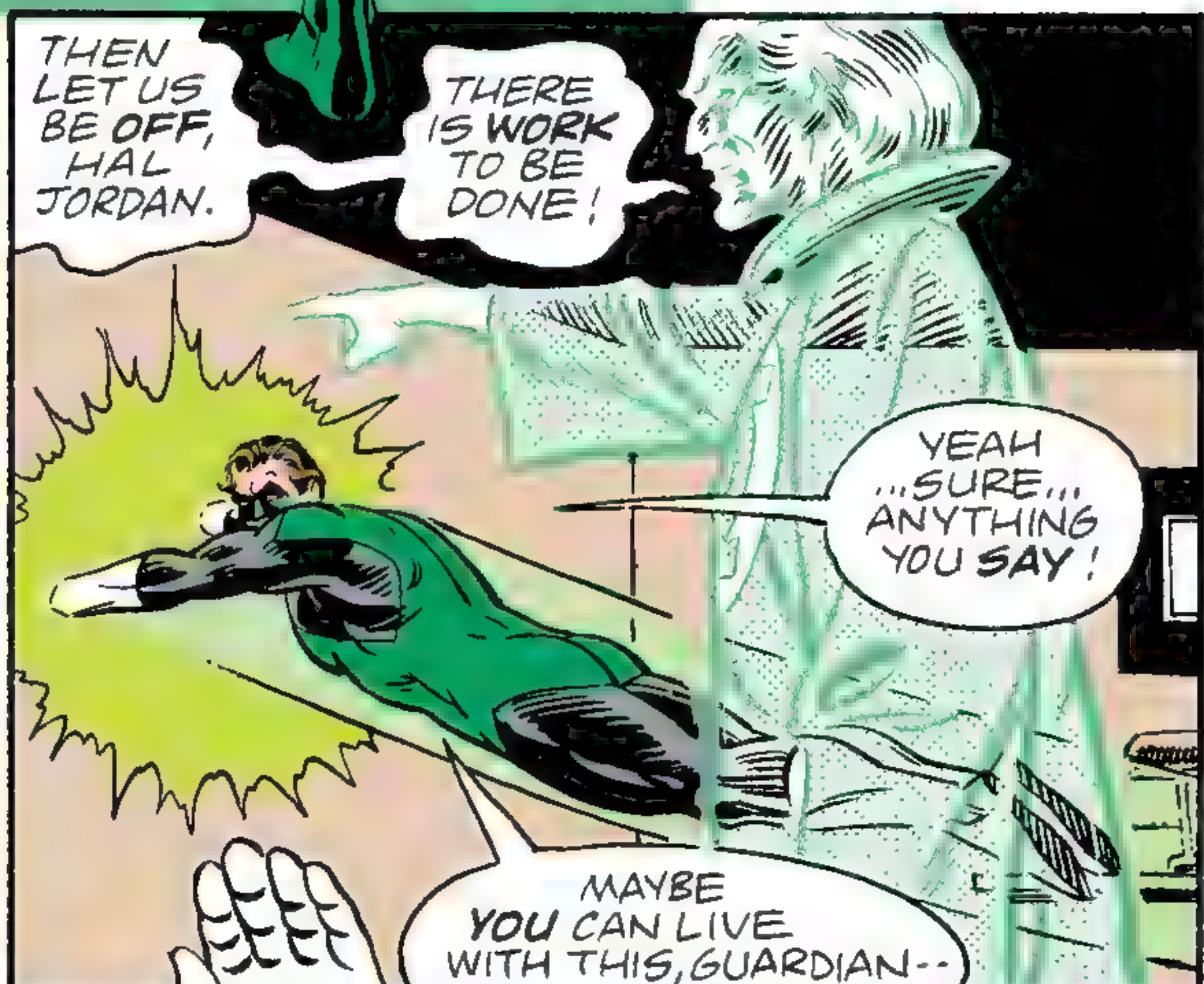
DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE HAVOC THOSE GOONS ARE WREAKING OUT THERE?

BUT THIS IS MY HOME... THESE ARE MY FRIENDS...



YES, DAMMIT...

...I DID.



THEN LET US BE OFF, HAL JORDAN.

THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE!

YEAH ...SURE... ANYTHING YOU SAY!

MAYBE YOU CAN LIVE WITH THIS, GUARDIAN--



--BUT I'M NOT SO SURE I CAN!

FORGIVE ME, CAROL... IF YOU CAN!

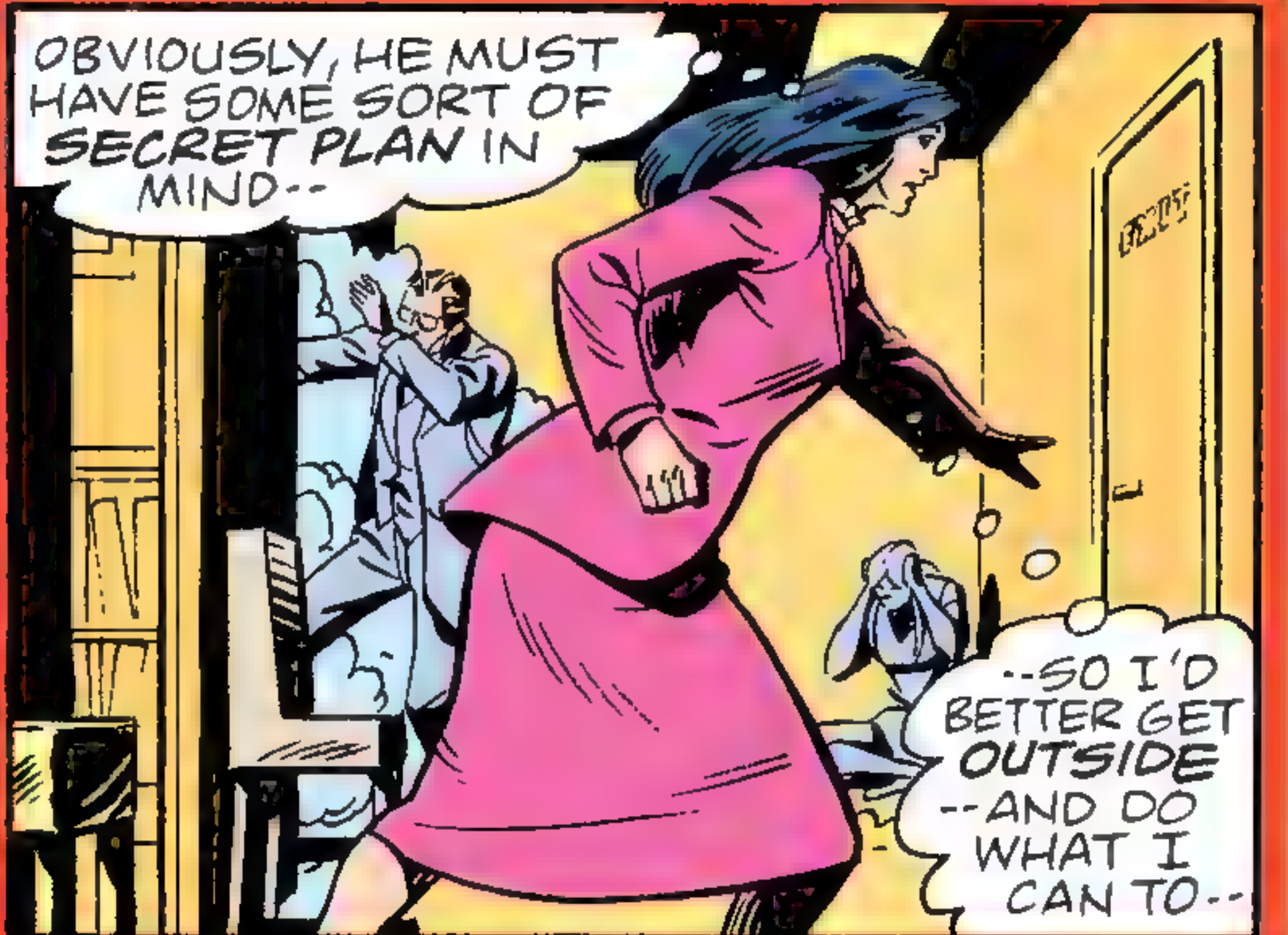
16





HAL BETTER DO SOMETHING BEFORE-- HUH?

WH-- WHERE'S HE GOING?



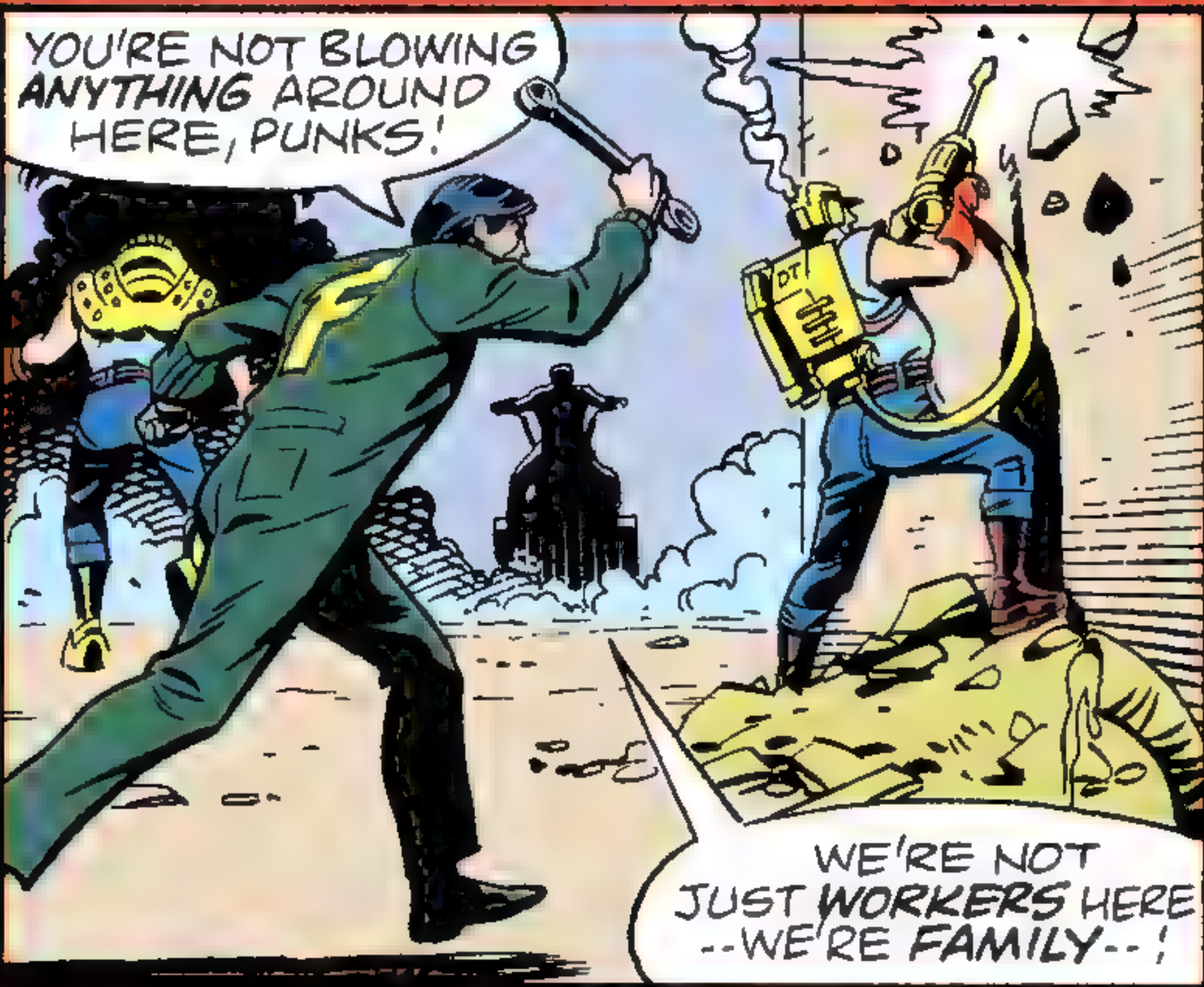
--SO I'D BETTER GET OUTSIDE --AND DO WHAT I CAN TO--



KEEP LOOKIN' FELLAS!

ONCE WE FIND THE FUEL DUMP, WE CAN BLOW THIS JOINT!

SI, CHIQUITA-- QUITE LITERALLY!

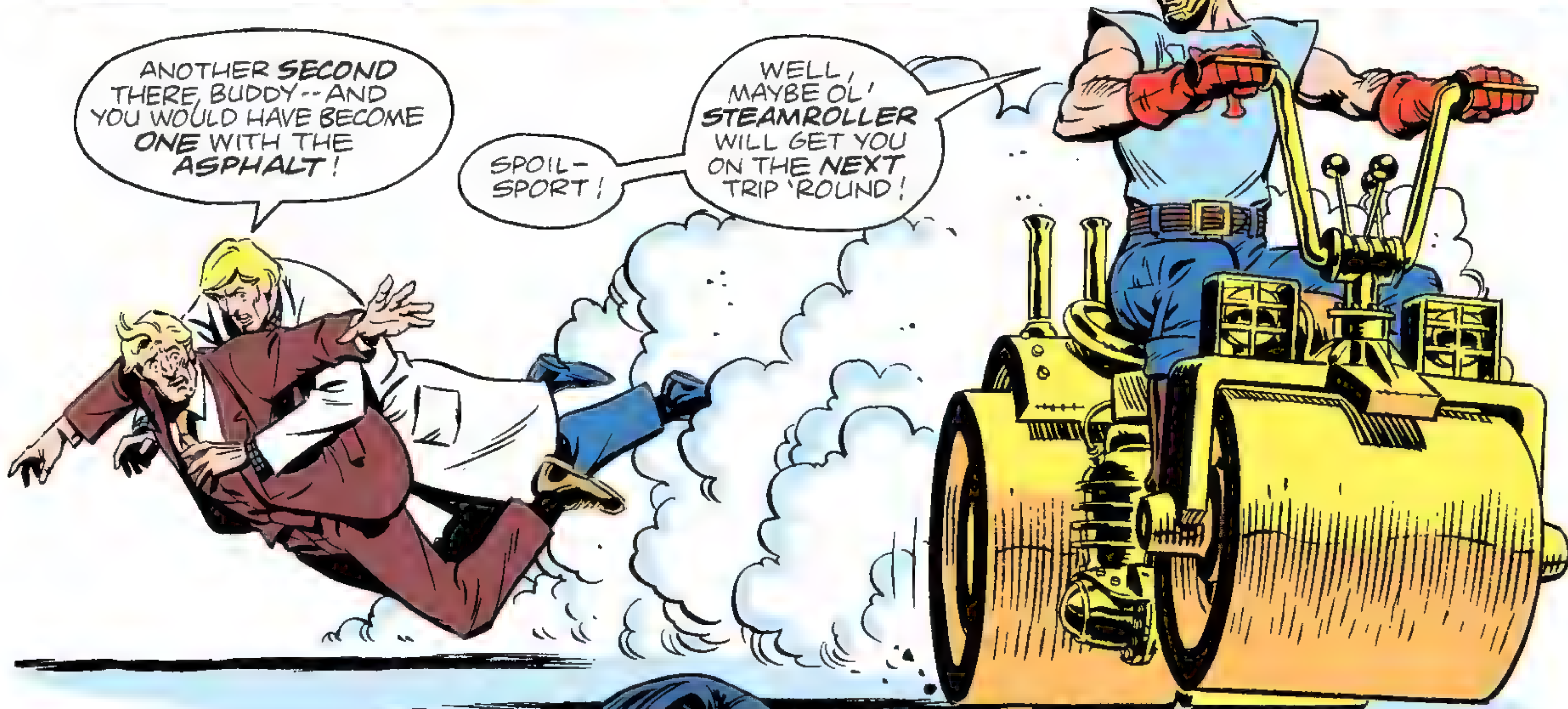


WE'RE NOT JUST WORKERS HERE --WE'RE FAMILY--!

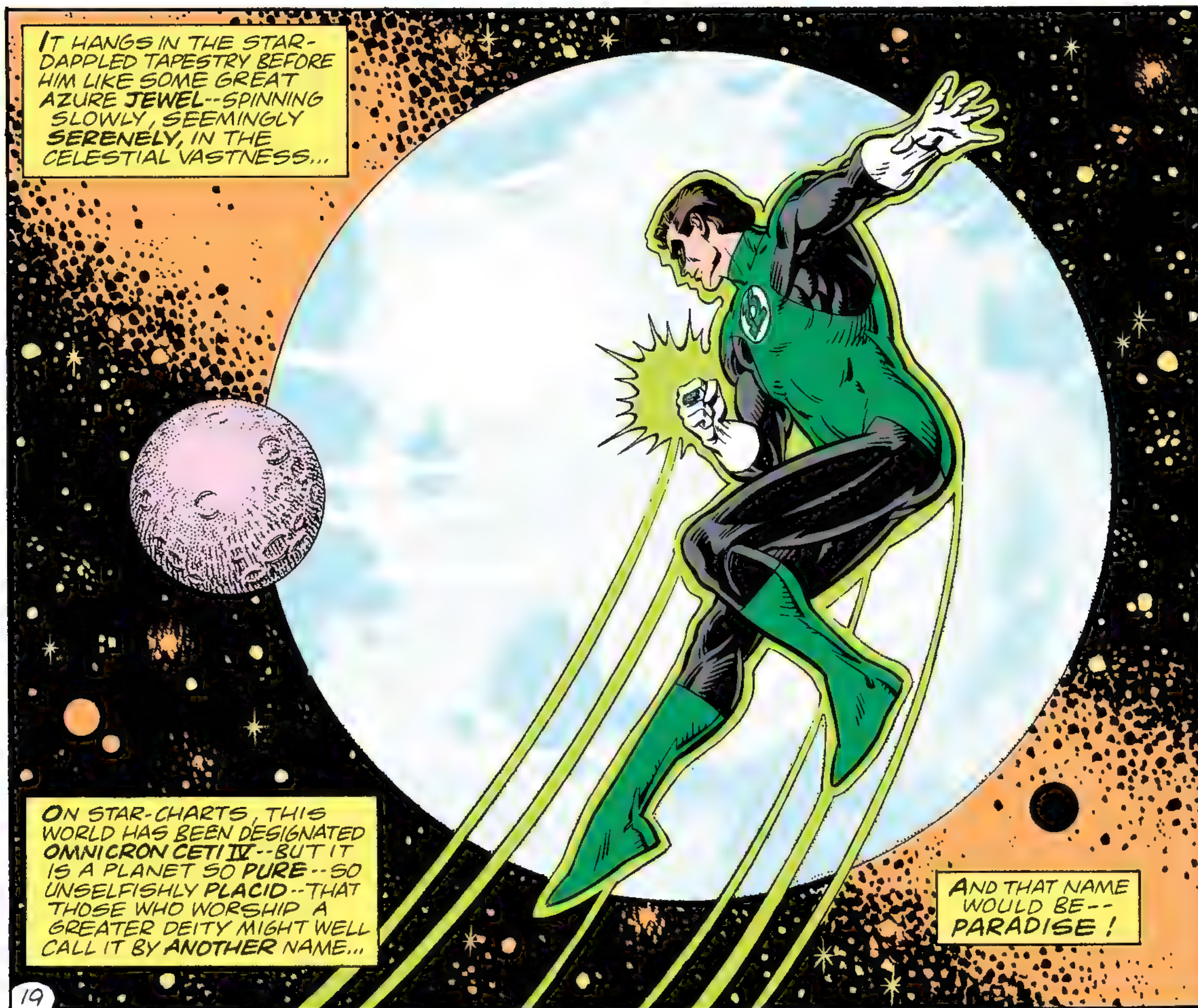
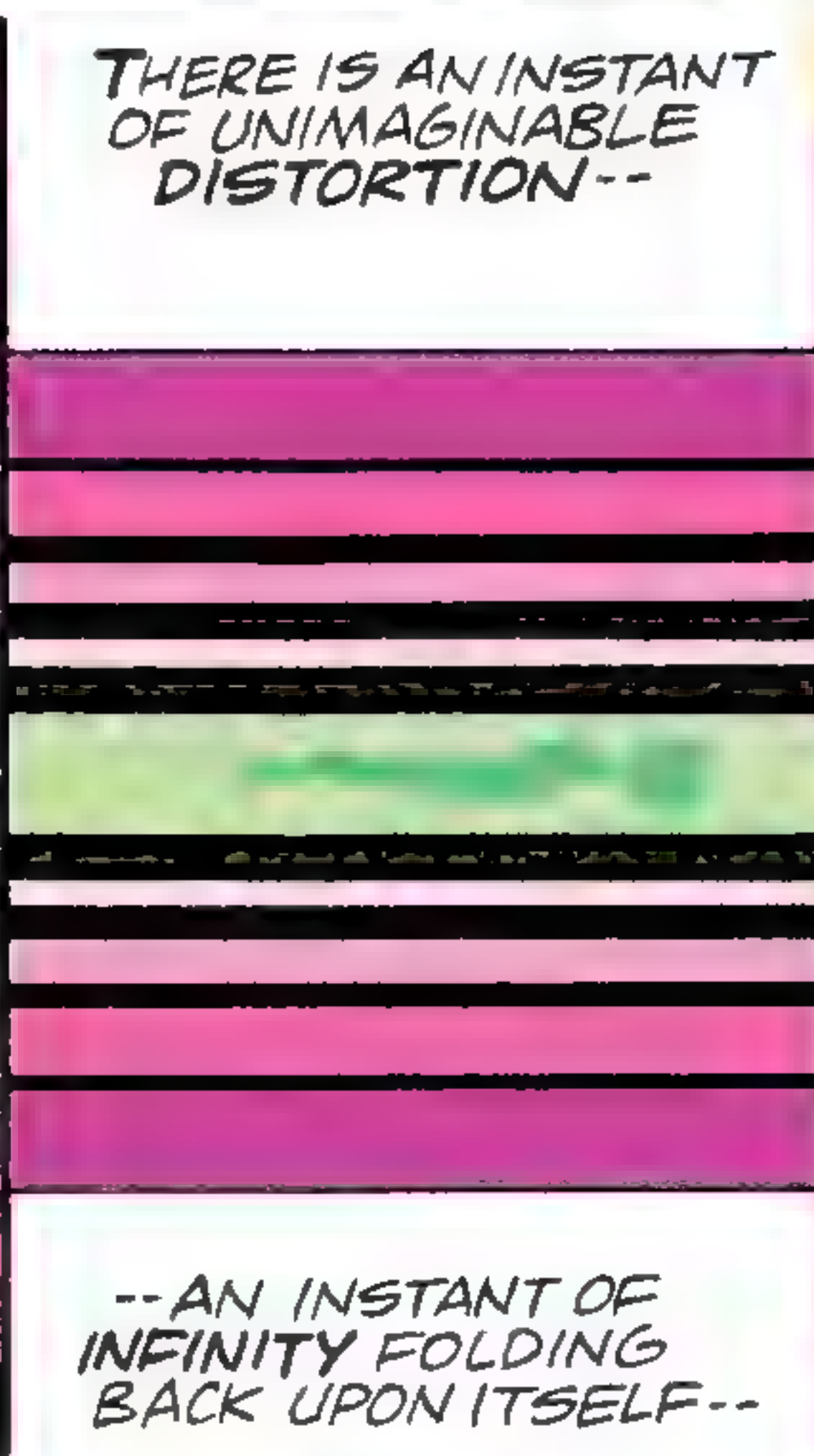


OWWW -- MY HAND--!



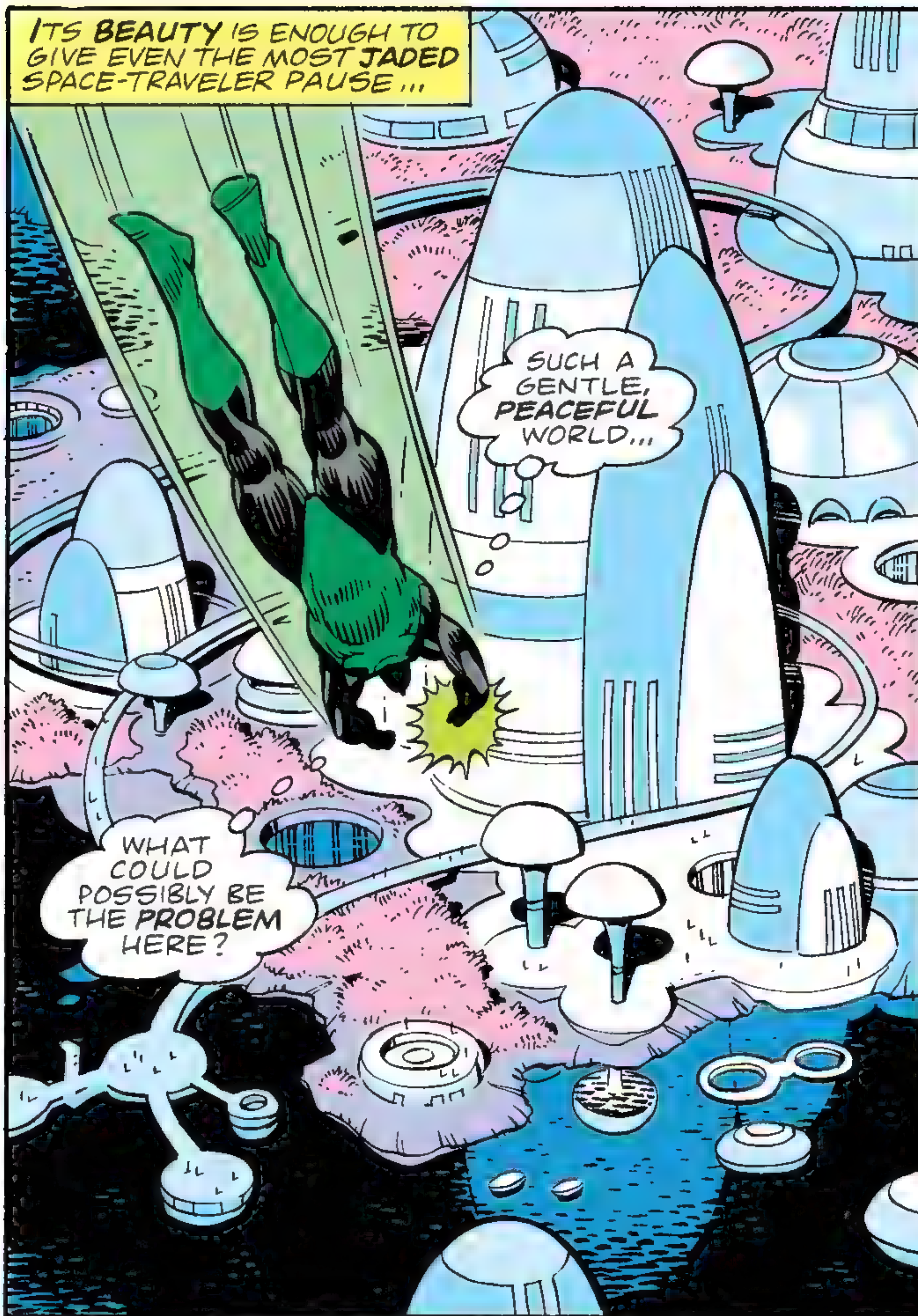








ITS BEAUTY IS ENOUGH TO  
GIVE EVEN THE MOST JADED  
SPACE-TRAVELER PAUSE ...



SUCH A  
GENTLE,  
PEACEFUL  
WORLD...

WHAT  
COULD  
POSSIBLY BE  
THE PROBLEM  
HERE?

THE ANSWER COMES SWIFTLY  
-- AND SAVAGELY!



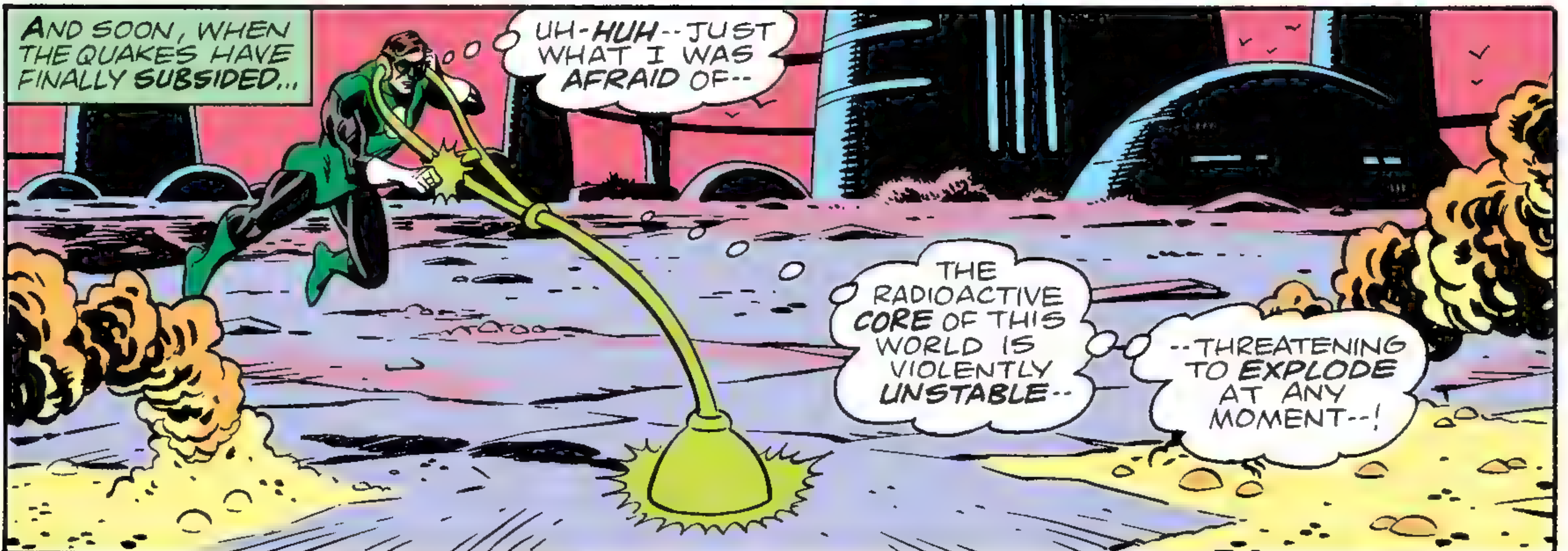
GREAT  
GUARDIANS!

THE ENTIRE  
PLANET--WRACKED BY  
DEVASTATING QUAKES--!



I'M GETTING  
A BAD FEELING  
ABOUT THIS!

AND SOON, WHEN  
THE QUAKES HAVE  
FINALLY SUBSIDED...

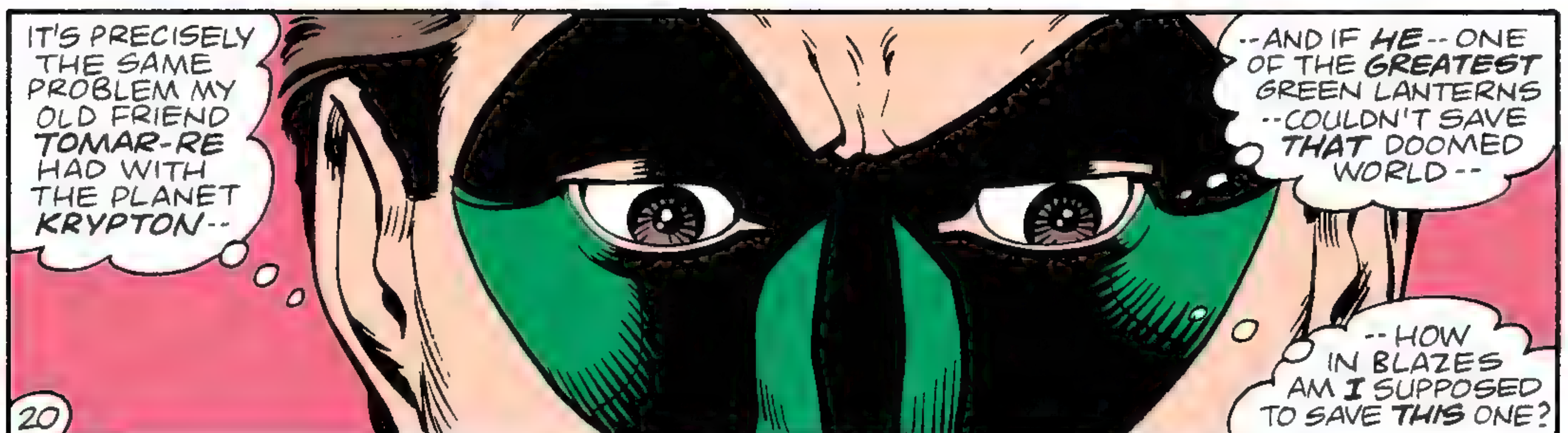


UH-HUH--JUST  
WHAT I WAS  
AFRAID OF--

THE  
RADIOACTIVE  
CORE OF THIS  
WORLD IS  
VIOLENTLY  
UNSTABLE--

--THREATENING  
TO EXPLODE  
AT ANY  
MOMENT--!

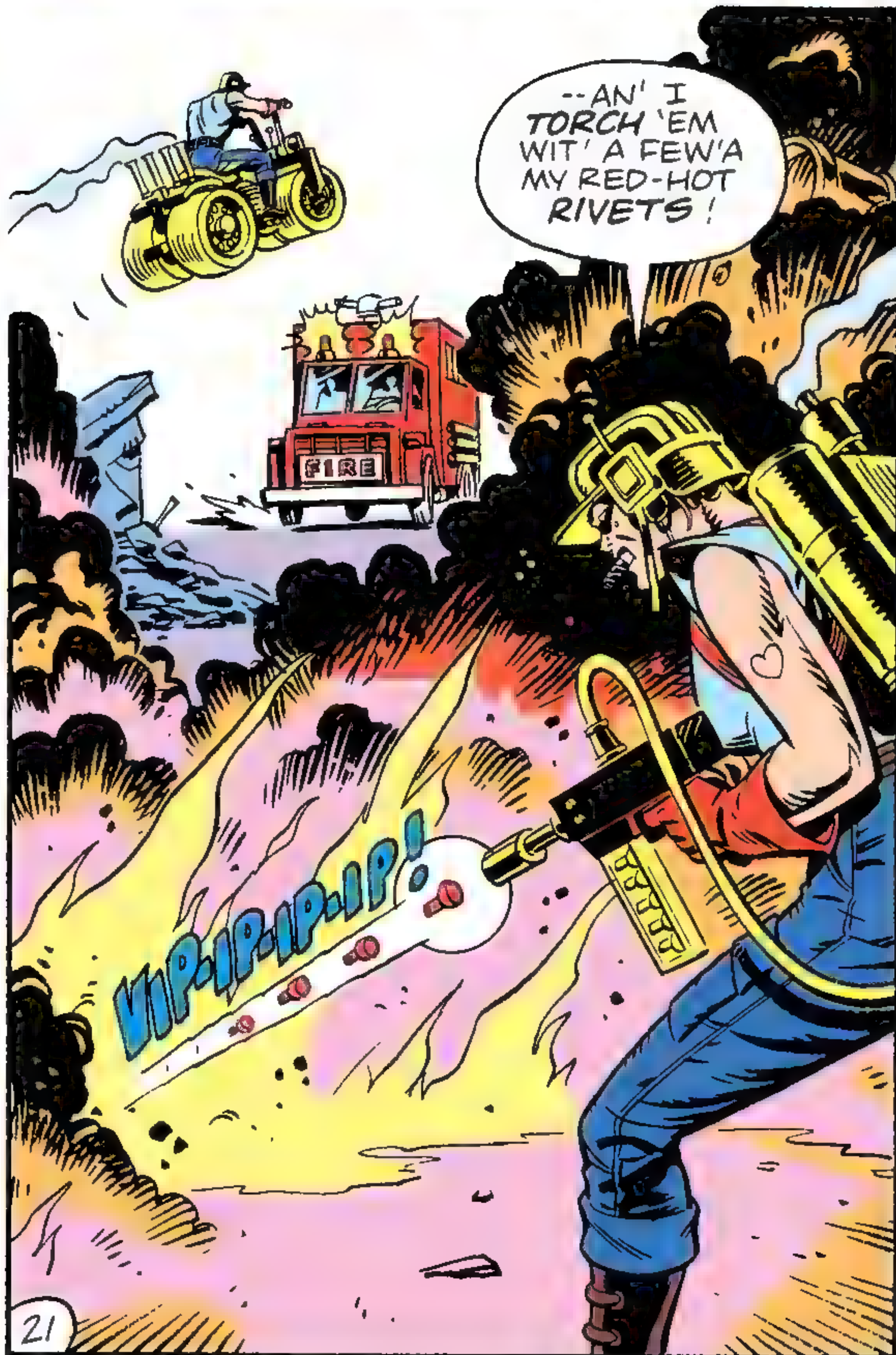
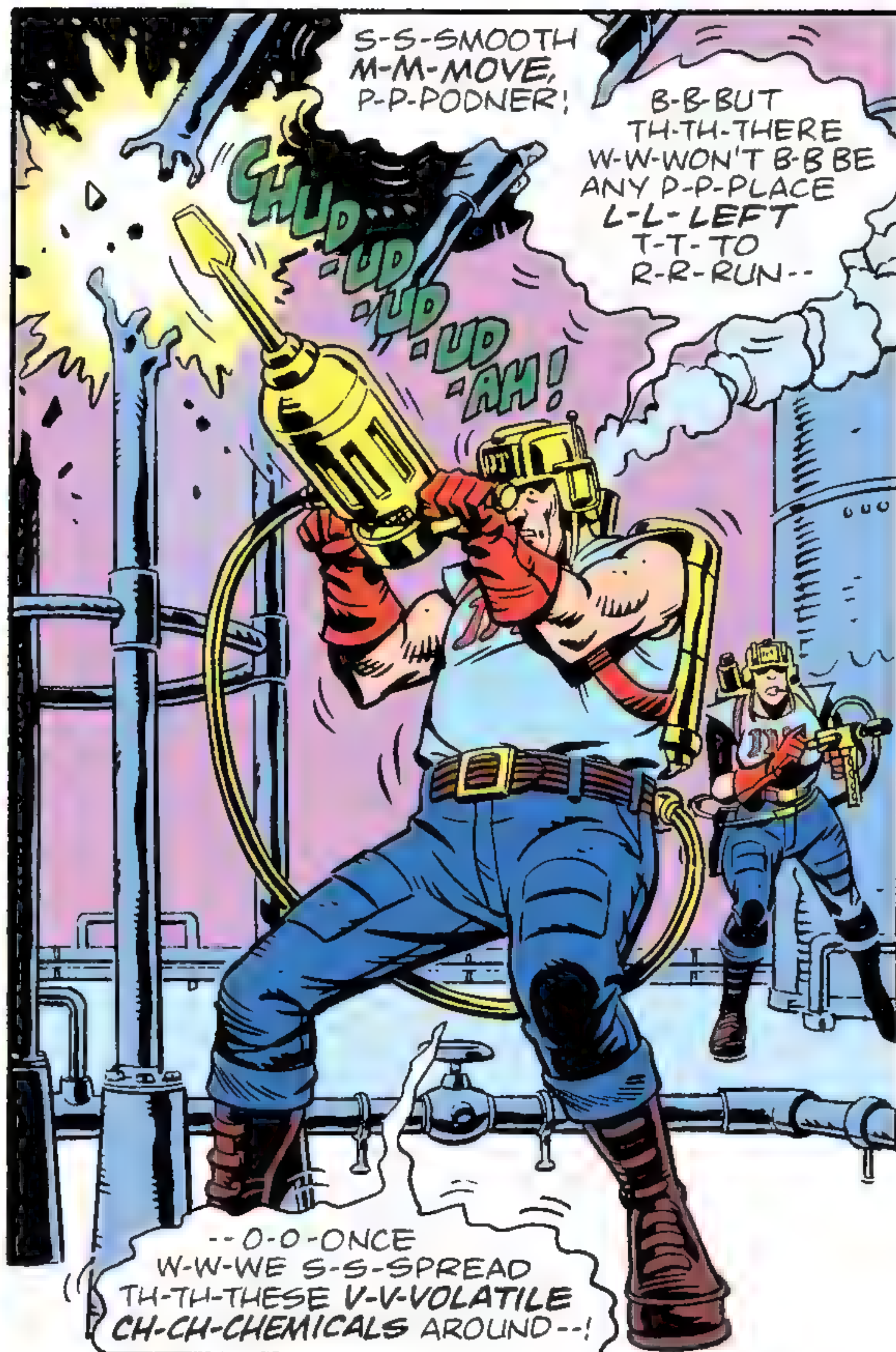
IT'S PRECISELY  
THE SAME  
PROBLEM MY  
OLD FRIEND  
TOMAR-RE  
HAD WITH  
THE PLANET  
KRYPTON--



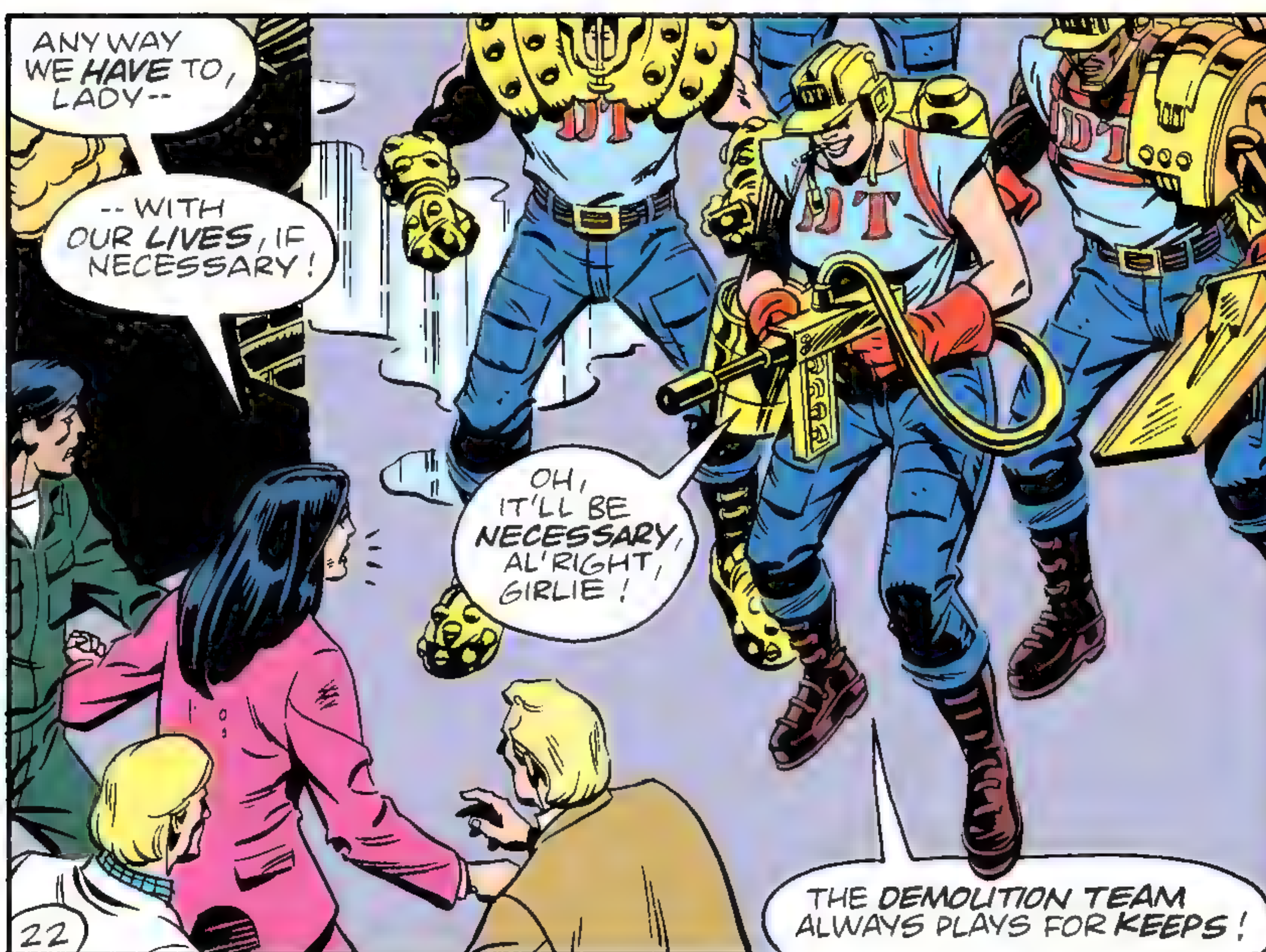
--AND IF HE-- ONE  
OF THE GREATEST  
GREEN LANTERNS  
--COULDN'T SAVE  
THAT DOOMED  
WORLD--

--HOW  
IN BLAZES  
AM I SUPPOSED  
TO SAVE THIS ONE?













IF A NAME IS REALLY THAT IMPORTANT TO YOU, MISS FERRIS--

AND THIS SO-CALLED DEMOLITION TEAM IS MY PREY!!

-- YOU MAY CALL ME--**THE PREDATOR!**

OH...MY...GOD...

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**NEXT ISSUE**

GREEN LANTERN STRUGGLES TO SAVE OMNICRON CETI IV-- WHILE THE PREDATOR TAKES ON THE D.T.S -- SINGLE-HANDEDLY! JOIN US FOR...

**"LET US PREY!"**





75¢  
179  
AUG 84  
APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# GREEN LANTERN

TO BATTLE THE  
DEMOLITION TEAM,  
HERE COMES--

## THE PREDATOR!

BUT IS HE DC'S  
NEWEST SUPER-STAR--  
OR THE MOST  
DANGEROUS  
MENACE OF ALL?



BY LEN WEIN  
AND  
DAVE GIBBONS



AN HOUR AGO, THE FERRIS AIRCRAFT COMPANY WAS HOLDING ITS OWN AGAINST A SHAKY ECONOMY AND LOOKING HOPEFULLY TOWARD THE FUTURE...

NOW IT IS A BATTLE-GROUND--CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO AWESOME OPPONENTS...

BACK OFF, BUSTER--THE DEMOLITION TEAM ALWAYS PLAYS FOR KEEPS!

SO DOES THE PREDATOR, SISTER--

--BUT TO ME, THIS ISN'T A GAME!

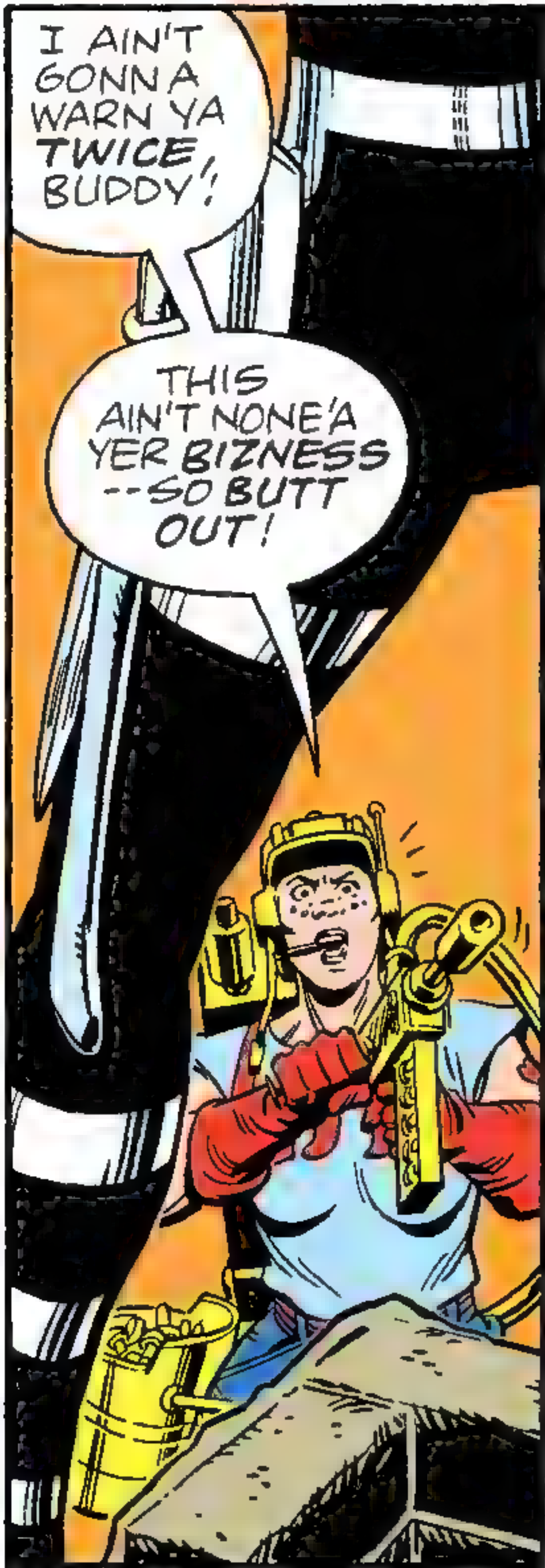
SO THE ONLY QUESTION REMAINING IS: WITH HIS FRIENDS AND HOME IN MORTAL JEOPARDY, WHERE IS...

**GREEN LANTERN**

# LET US PREY!

LEN WEIN = WRITER/EDITOR \* DAVE GIBBONS = ARTIST/LETTERER \* ANTHONY TOLLIN = colorist.





I AIN'T GONNA WARN YA TWICE, BUDDY!

THIS AIN'T NONE'A YER BIZNESS --SO BUTT OUT!



UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, SISTER--

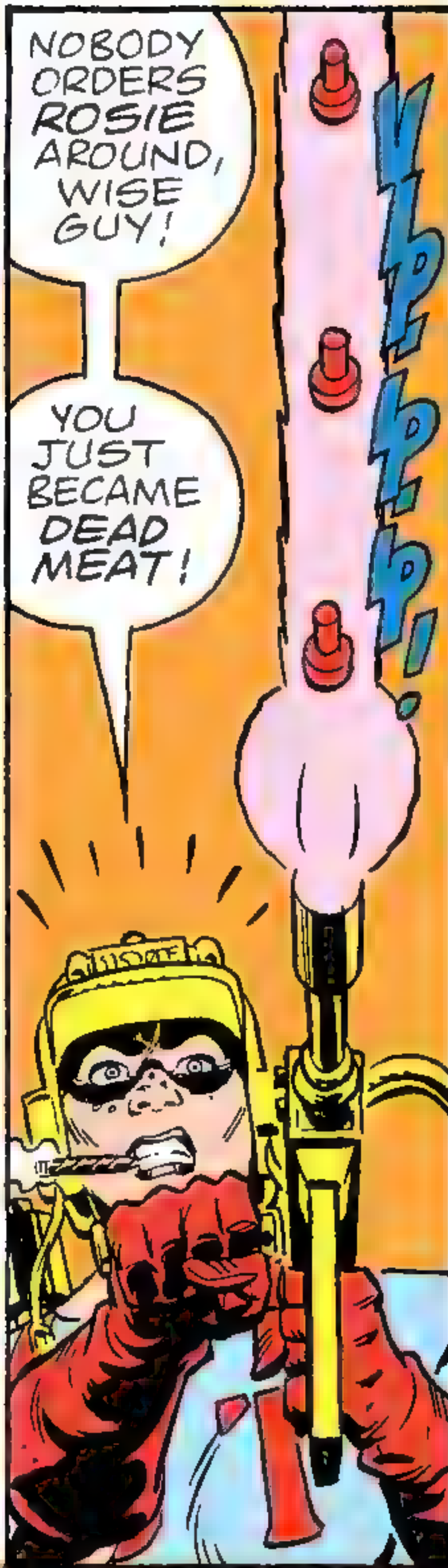
--I'VE MADE IT MY BUSINESS!

AS OF NOW, FERRIS AIRCRAFT IS UNDER MY PERSONAL PROTECTION!



SO I SUGGEST YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS LEAVE THIS COMPLEX--

--WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO WALK!

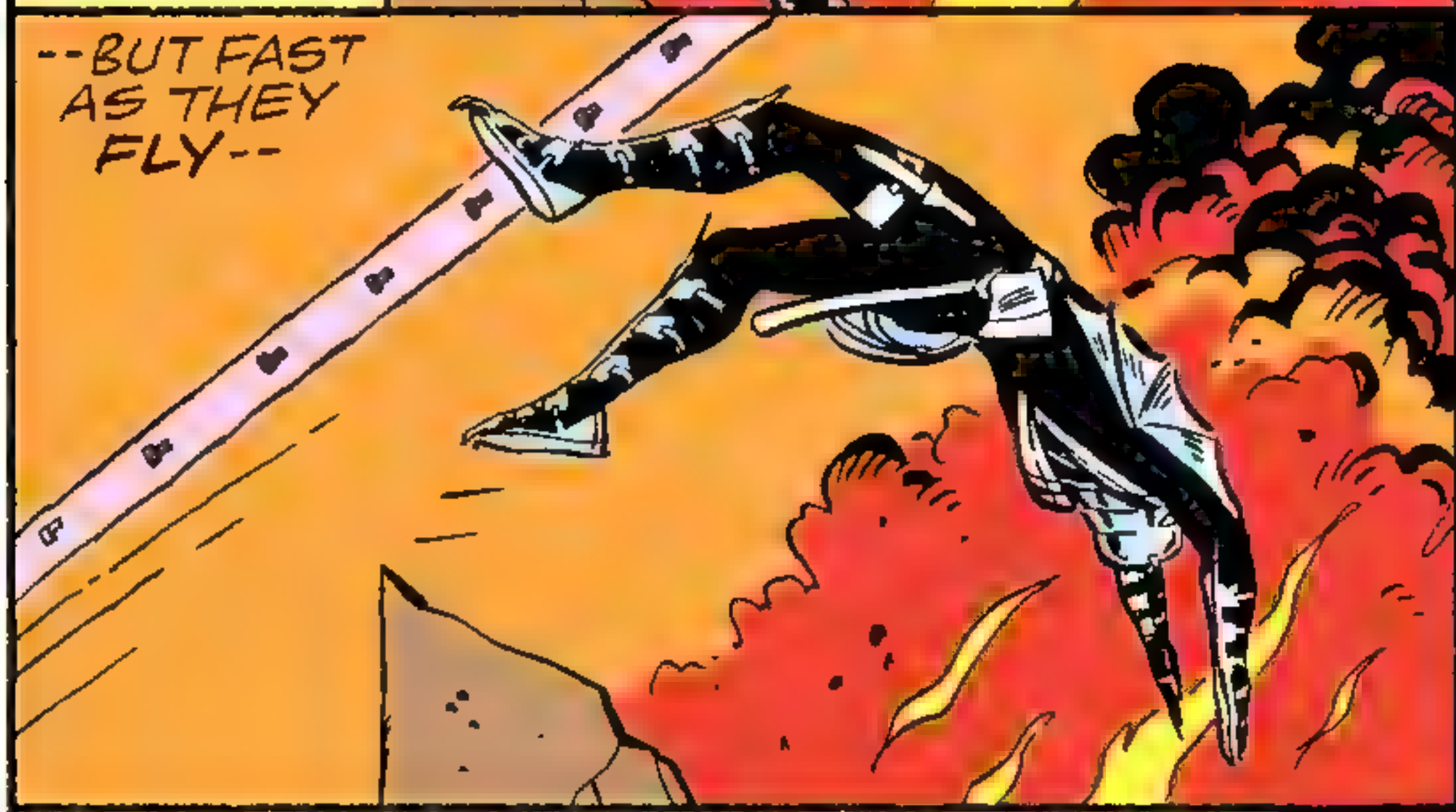


NOBODY ORDERS ROSIE AROUND, WISE GUY!

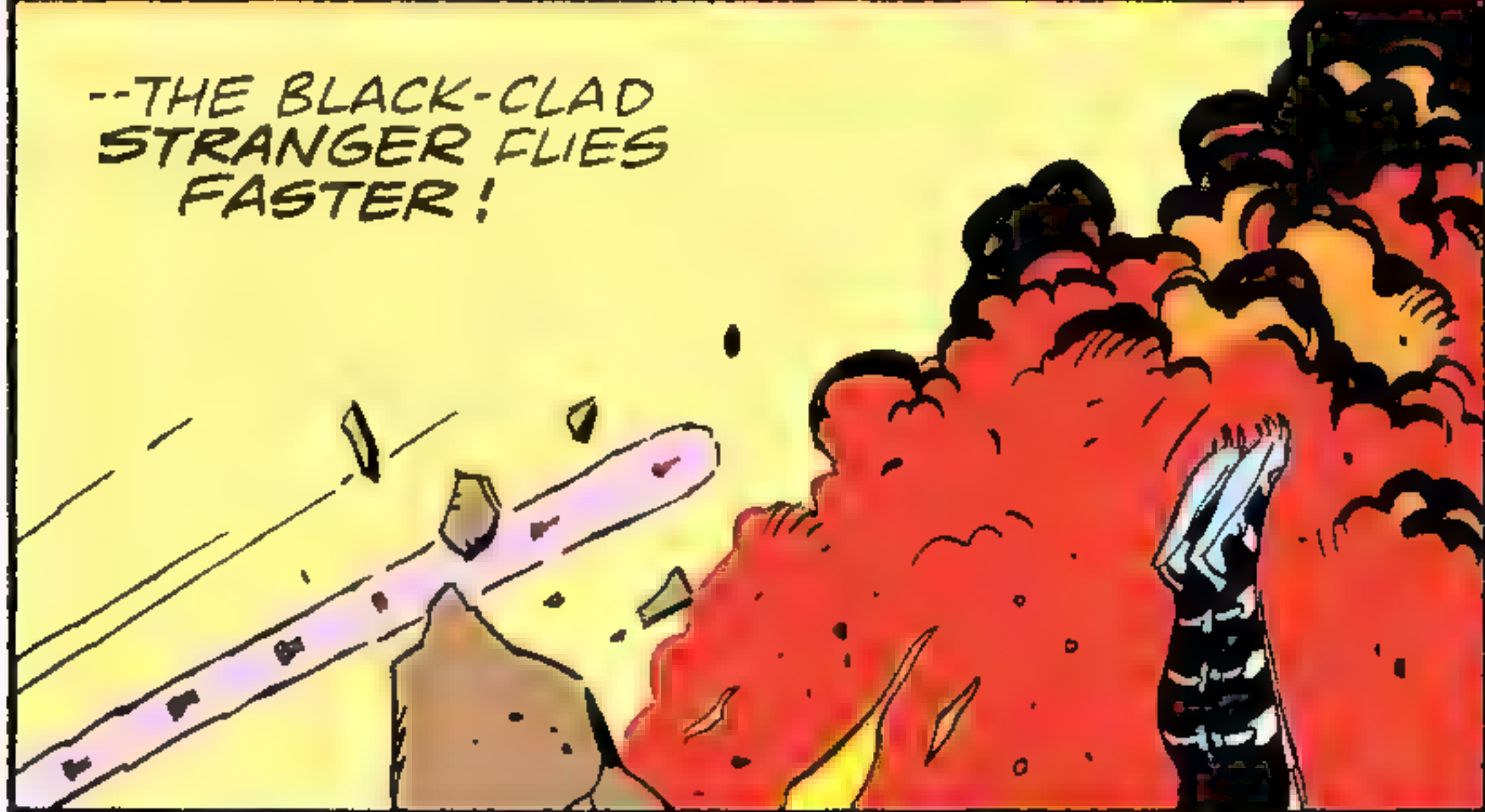
YOU JUST BECAME DEAD MEAT!



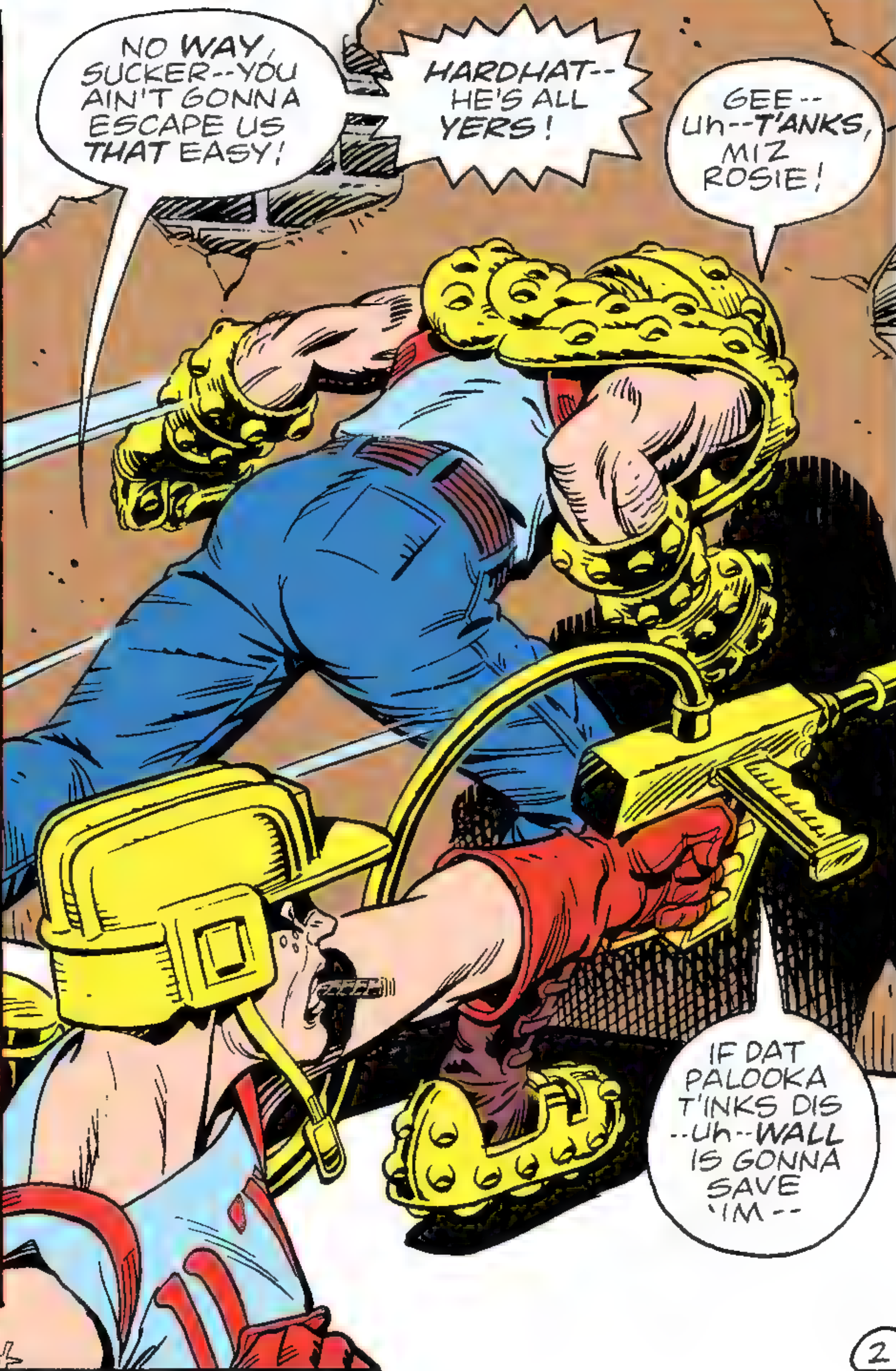
RED-HOT RIVETS SLASH THE AIR LIKE BULLETS--



--BUT FAST AS THEY FLY--



--THE BLACK-CLAD STRANGER FLIES FASTER!



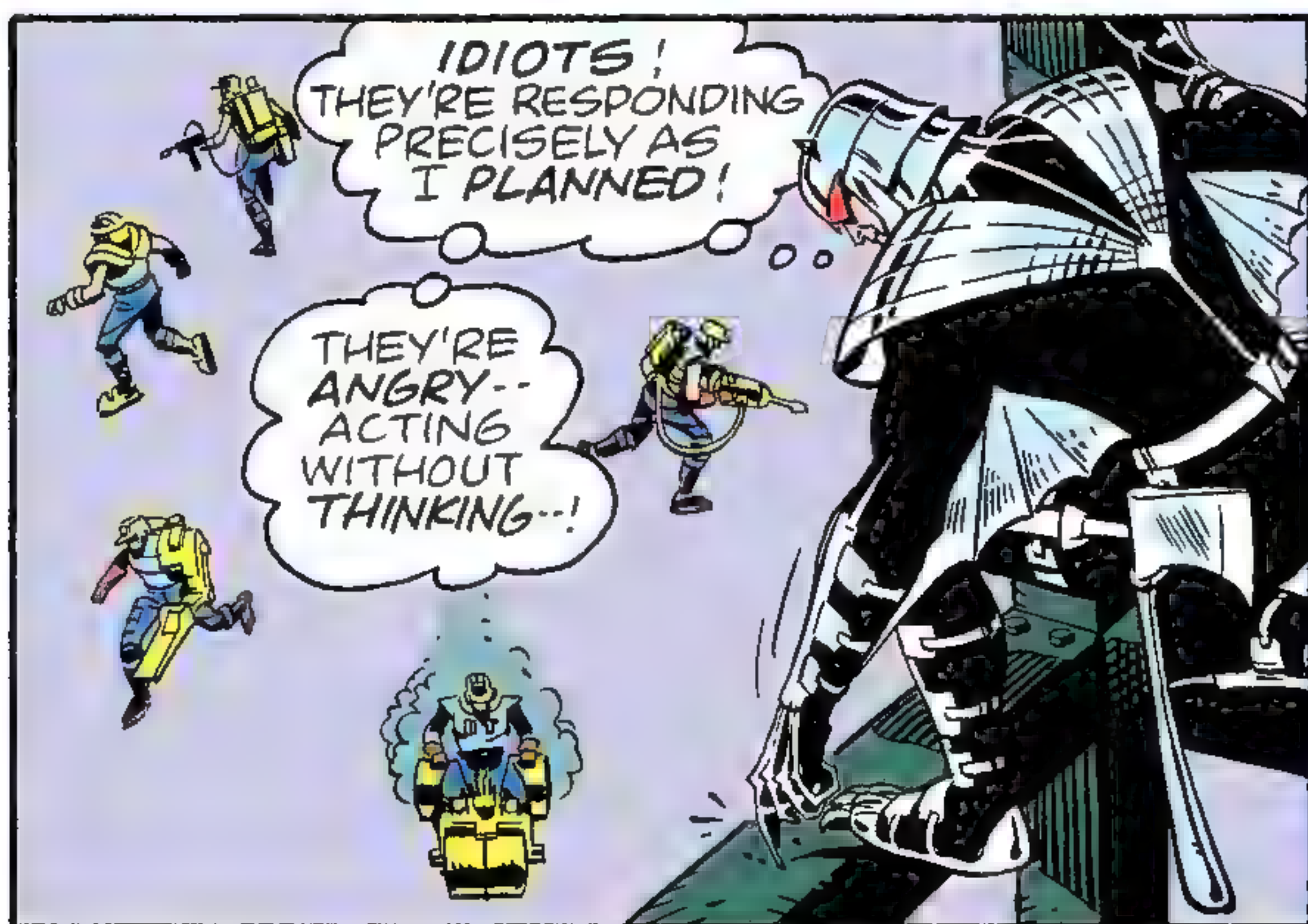
NO WAY, SUCKER--YOU AIN'T GONNA ESCAPE US THAT EASY!

HARDHAT--HE'S ALL YERS!

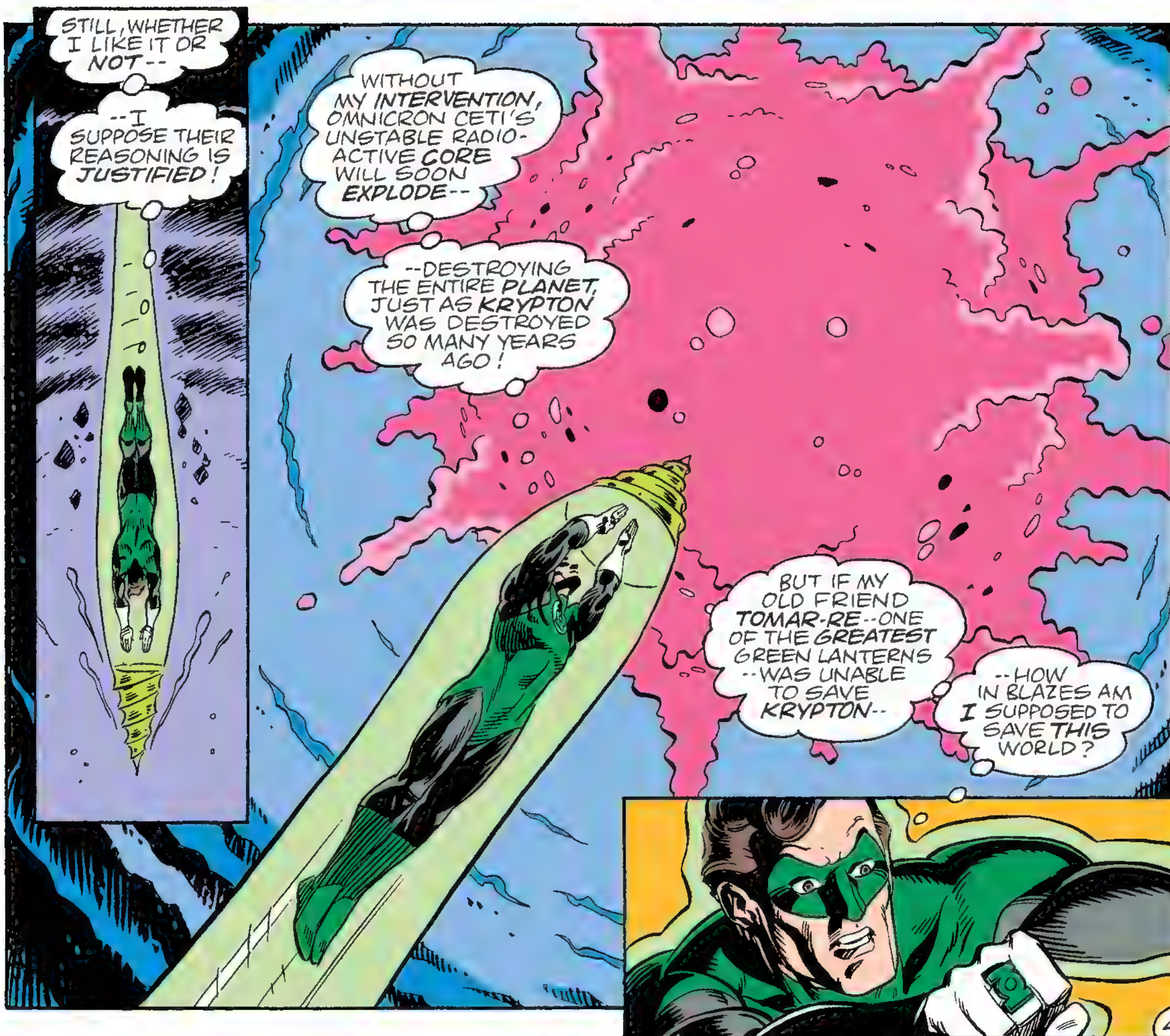
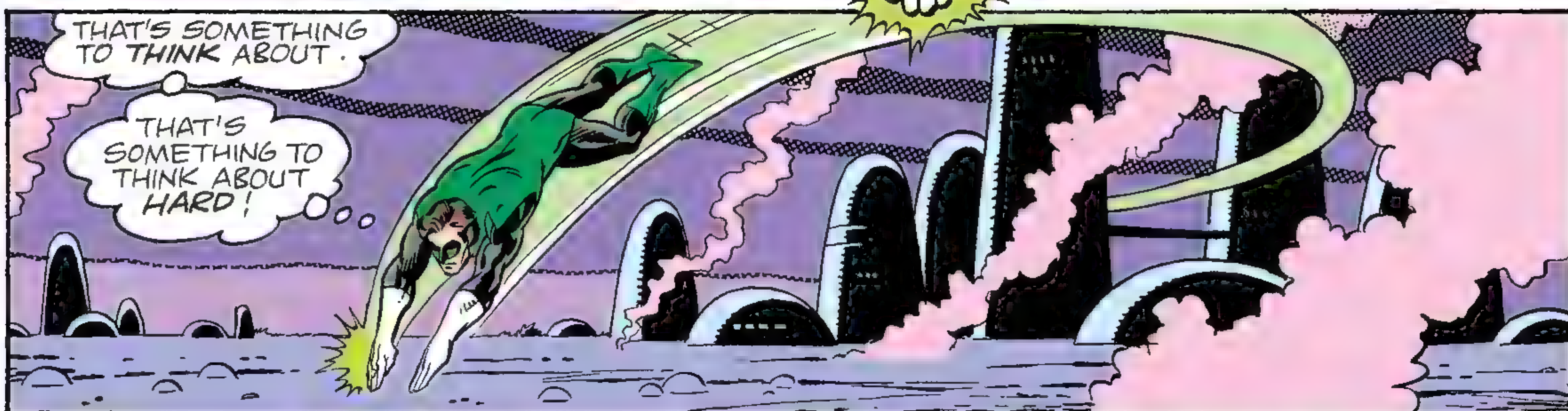
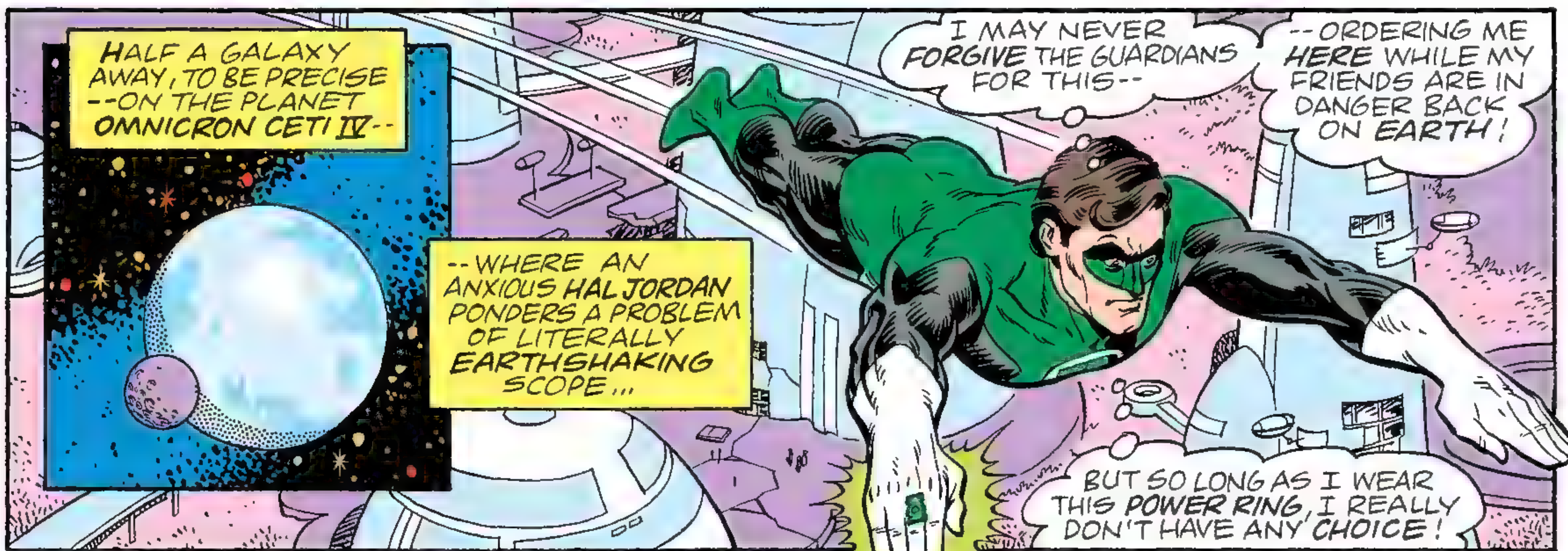
GEE--UH--TANKS, MIZ ROSIE!

IF DAT PALOOKA T'INKS DIS --UH--WALL IS GONNA SAVE 'IM--









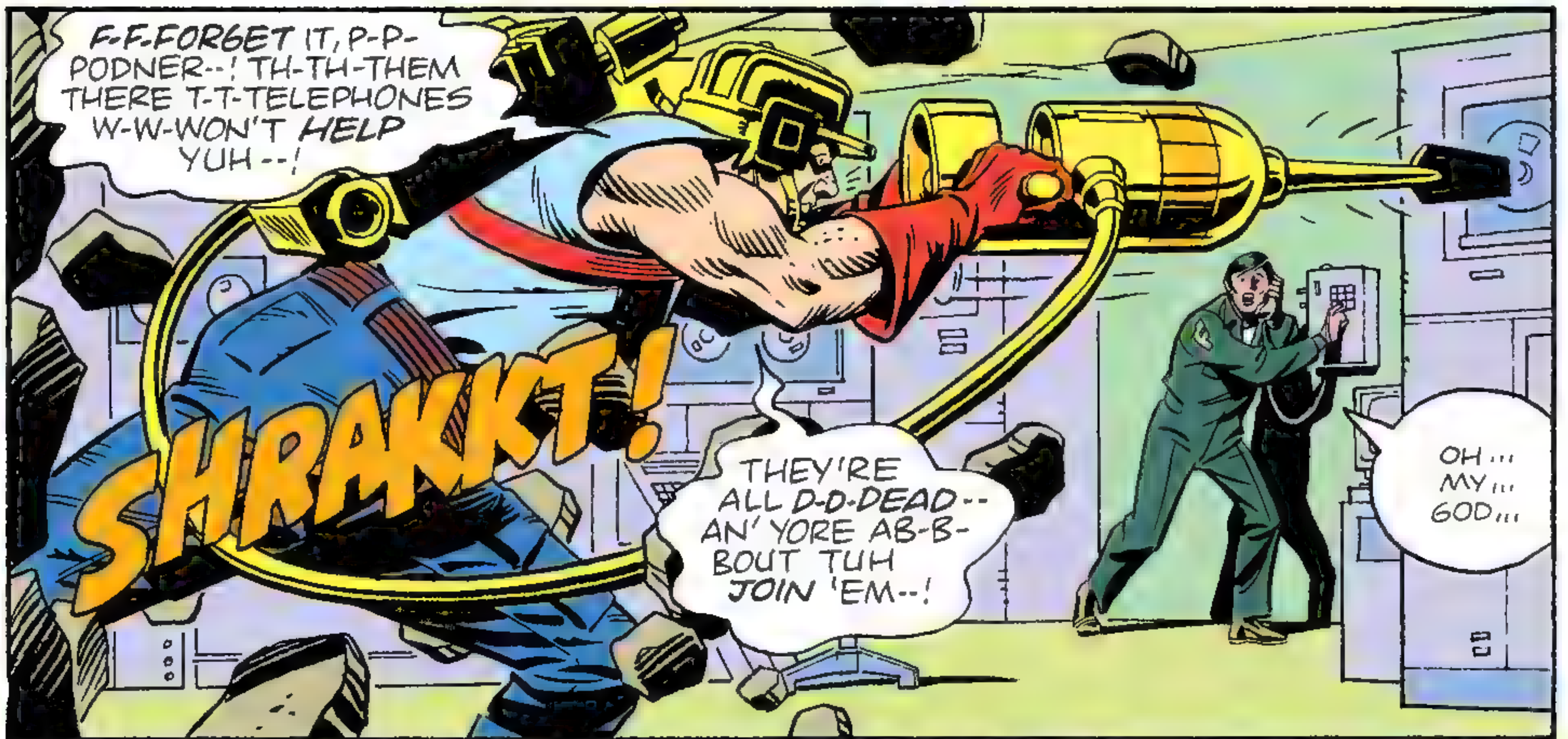




WHILE, BACK ON EARTH, IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE SMOKING RUIN THAT HAD BEEN FERRIS AIRCRAFT...

C'MON... C'MON ALREADY...

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY ANSWER...?



F-F-FORGET IT, P-P-PODNER--! TH-TH-THEM THERE T-T-TELEPHONES W-W-WON'T HELP YUH--!

**SHRAKKT!**

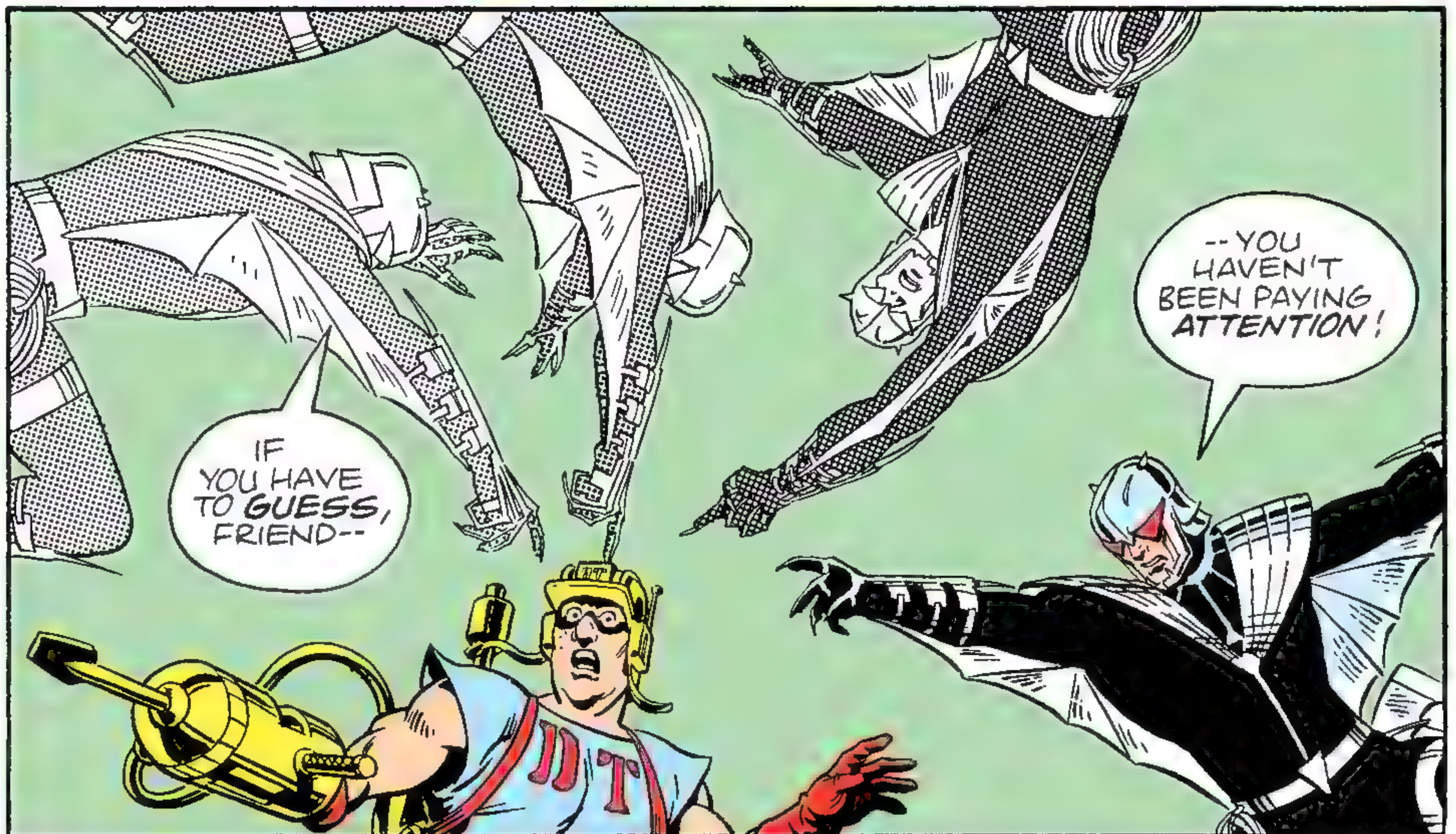
THEY'RE ALL D-D-DEAD-- AN' YORE AB-B-BOUT TUH JOIN 'EM--!

OH... MY... GOD...



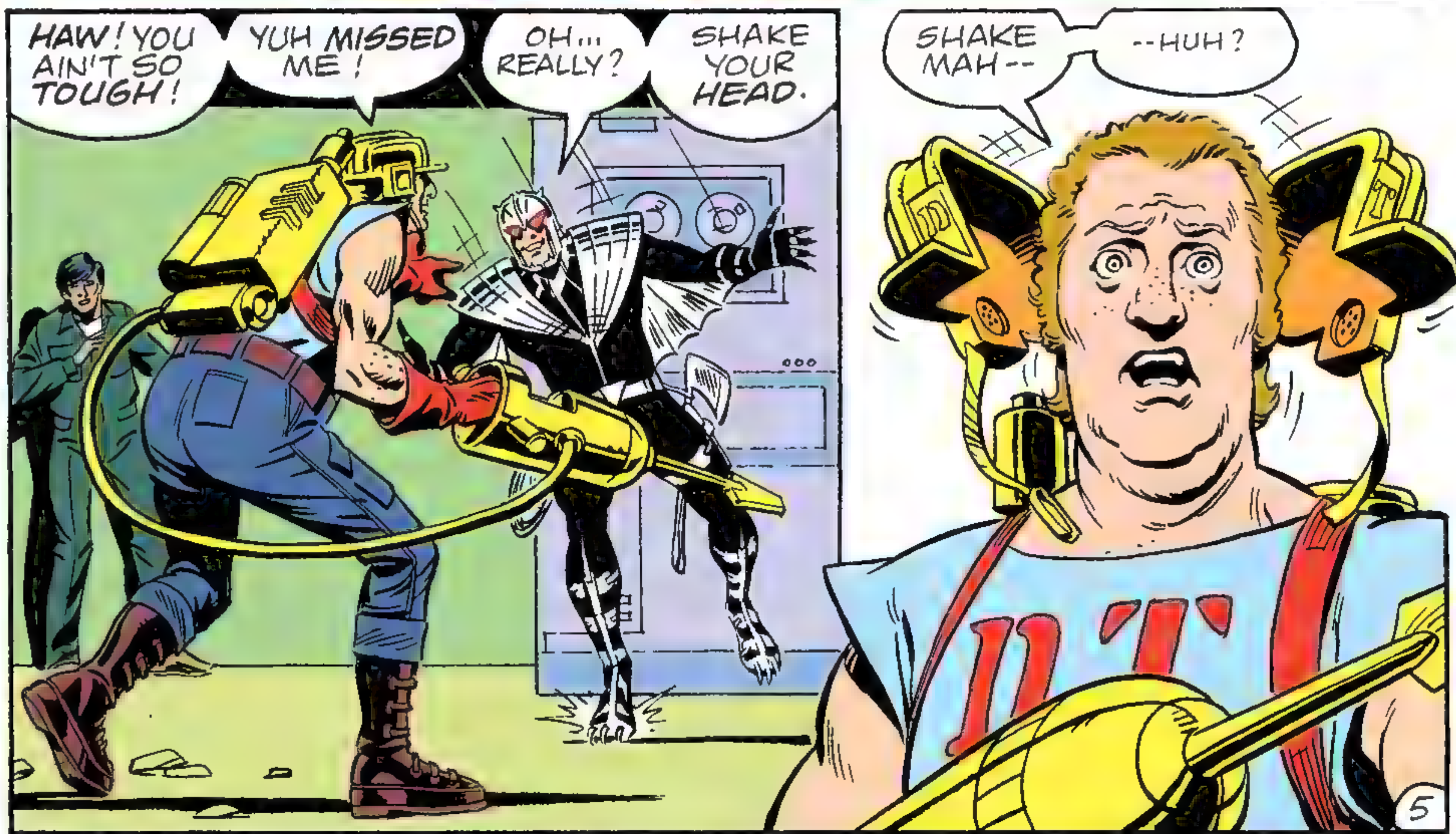
I WOULDN'T TOUCH HIM IF I WERE YOU, JACKHAMMER!

WHO--?!?



IF YOU HAVE TO GUESS, FRIEND--

-- YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ATTENTION!



HAW! YOU AIN'T SO TOUGH!

YUH MISSED ME!

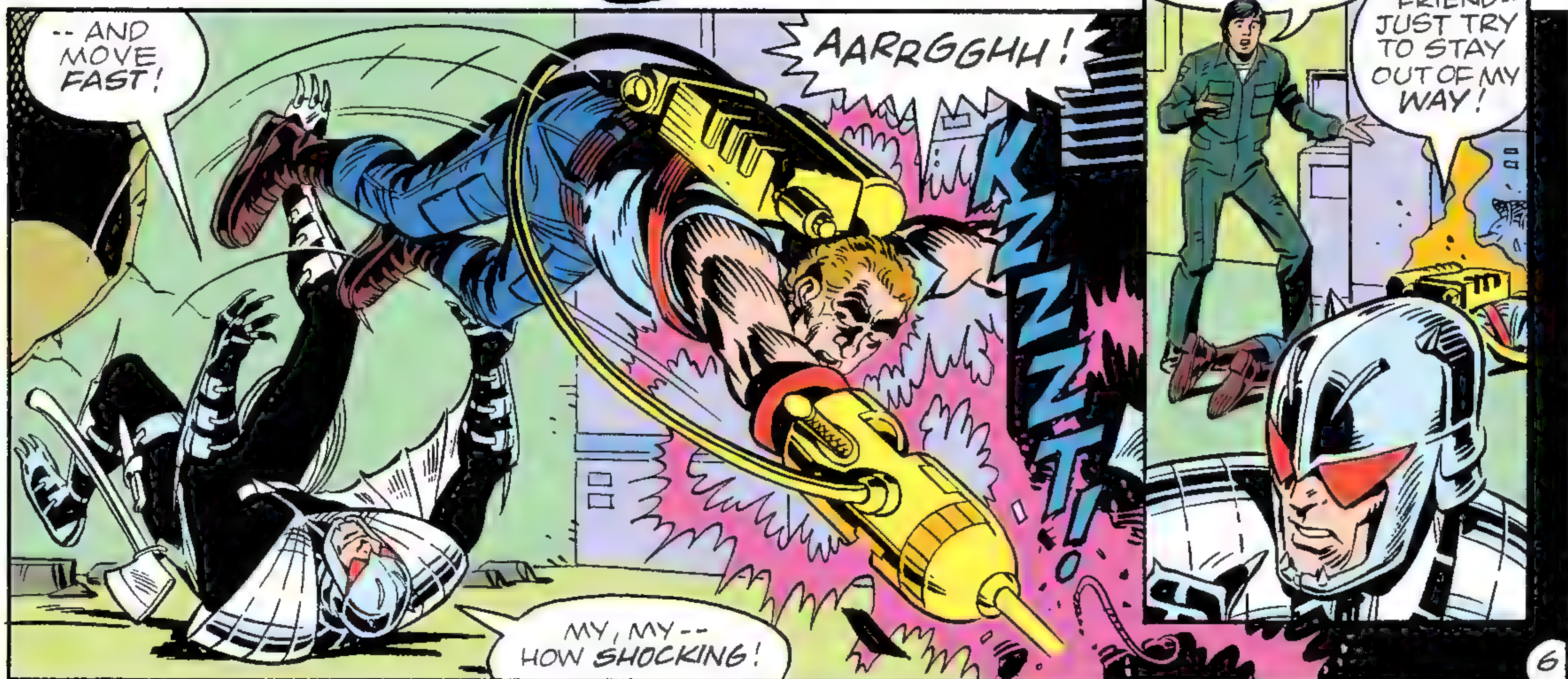
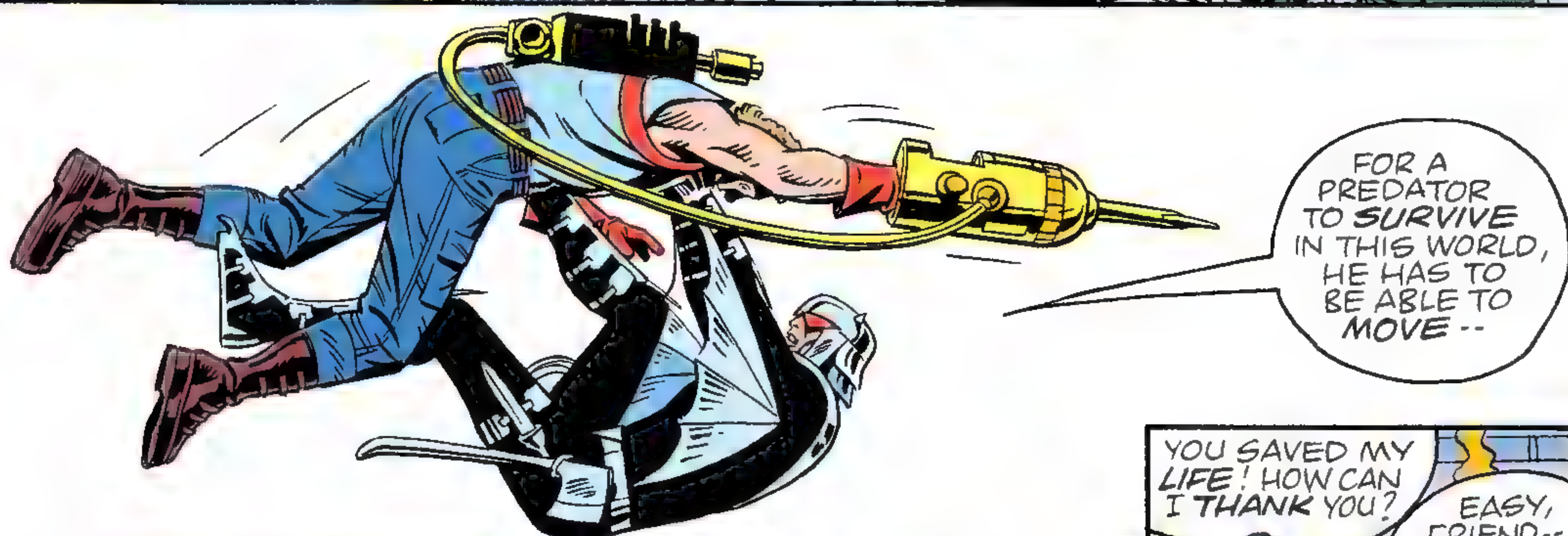
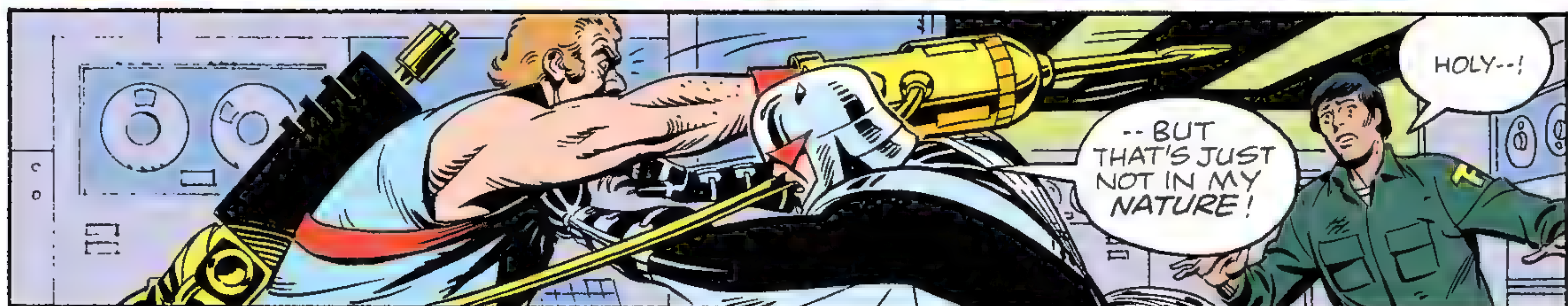
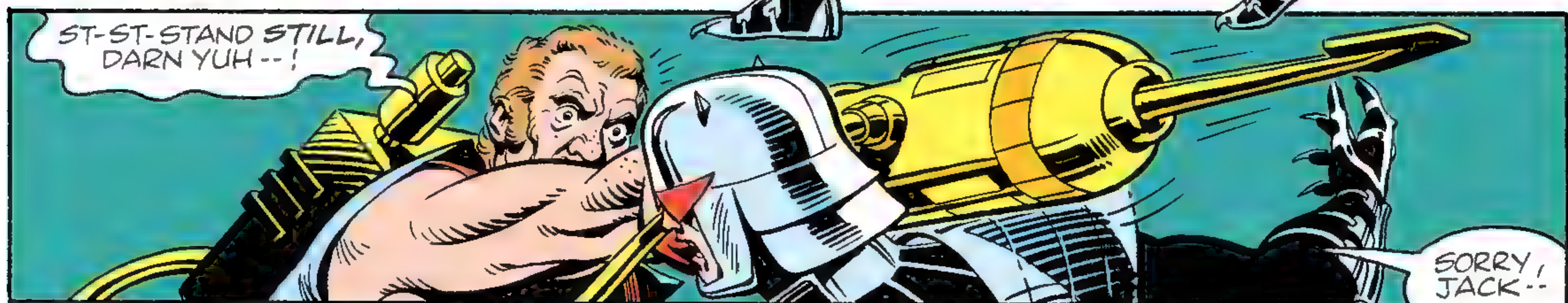
OH... REALLY?

SHAKE YOUR HEAD.

SHAKE MAH--

--HUH?







SPINNING PLACIDLY AT THE VERY CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE LIKE SOME GLEAMING, GOLDEN JEWEL IS THE LEGENDARY PLANET KNOWN AS OA...

HERE, UPON A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS PLAIN, RISES THE AWESOME CITADEL THAT IS HEAD-QUARTERS TO THE COSMOS-SPANNING GREEN LANTERN CORPS--

--AND HOME TO ITS CREATORS, THE IMMORTAL GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE...

THE CRISIS ON OMNICON CETI IV GROWS WORSE BY THE MOMENT, BRETHREN.

INDEED--

--AND THE RING-WIELDER OF SPACE-SECTOR 2814 HAS YET TO EFFECT A SOLUTION.

HE MERELY SITS THERE, THINKING-- AS IF EVERY INSTANT WERE NOT CRITICAL.

PERHAPS IT WAS AN ERROR TO SEND HIM THERE AGAINST HIS WILL WHILE--

"--WAIT! IT APPEARS HE HAS REACHED A DECISION OF SOME SORT."

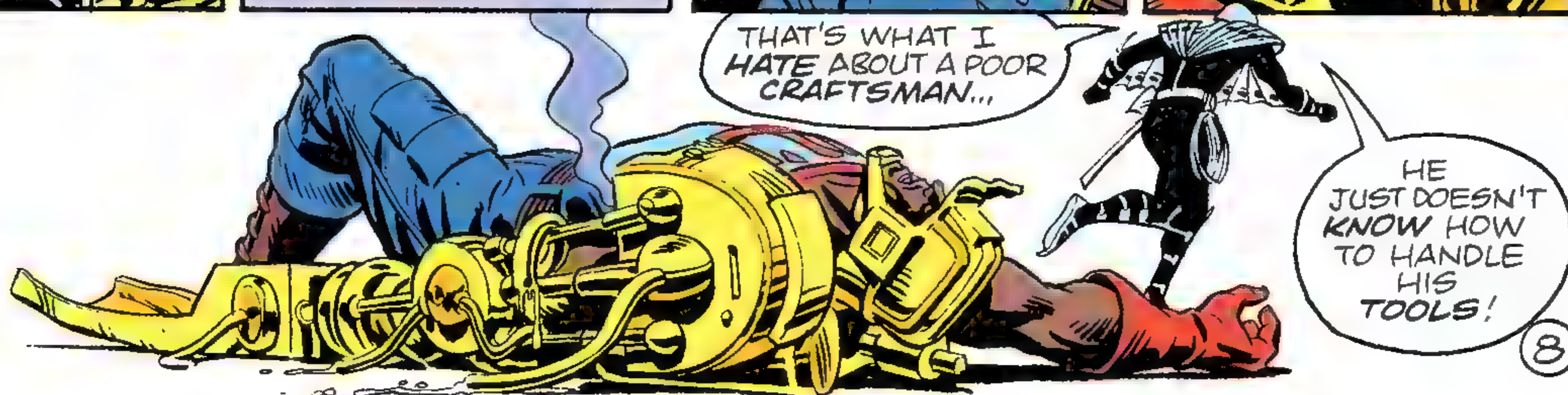
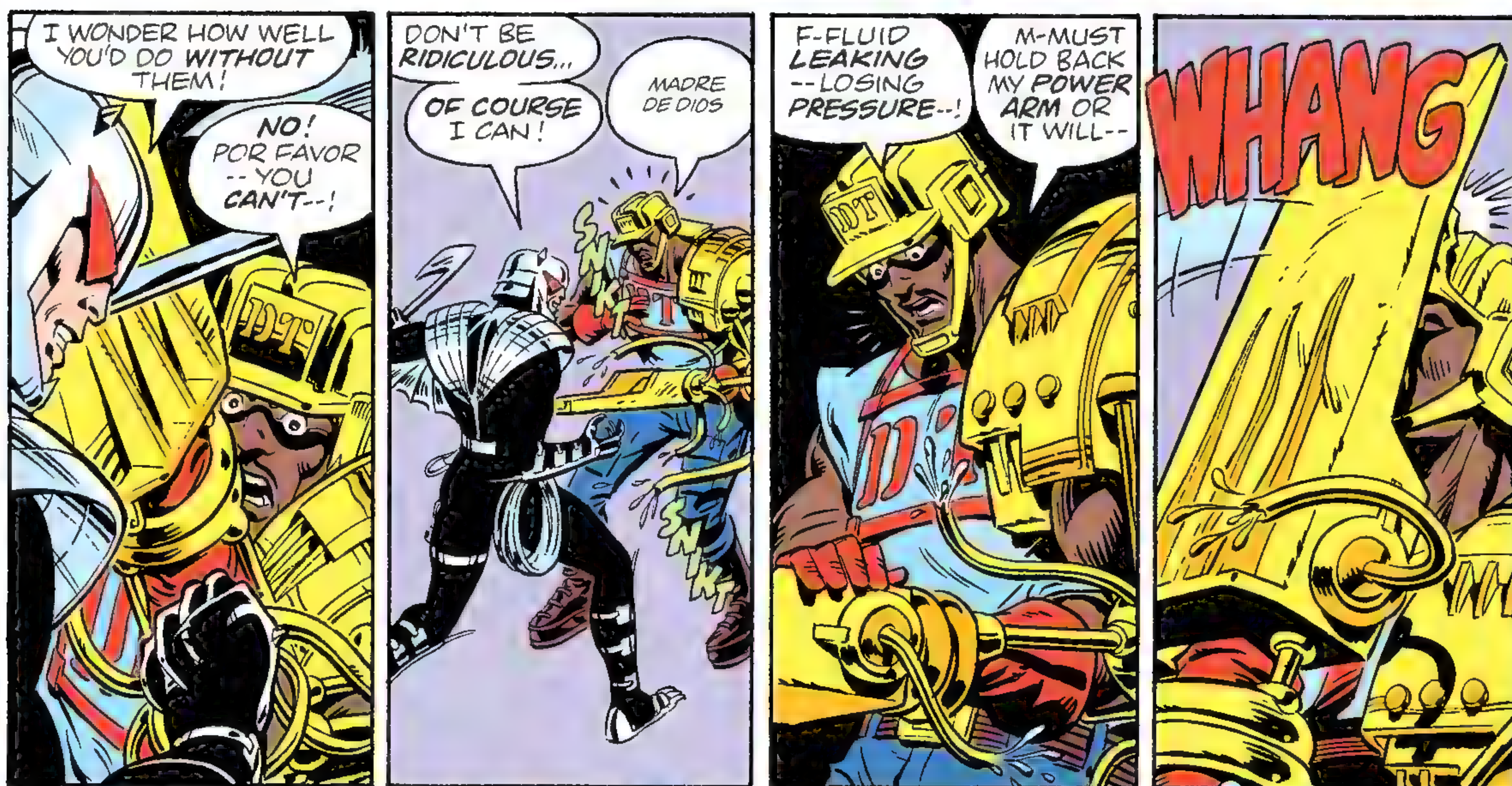
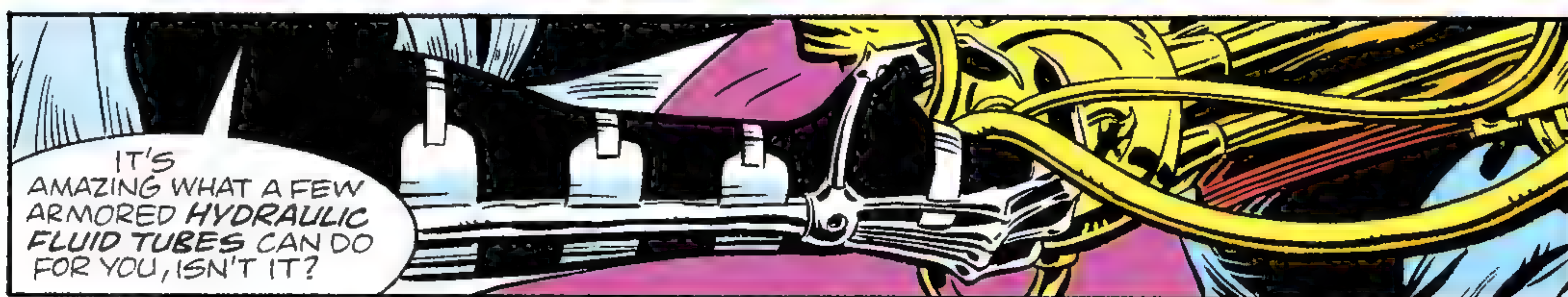
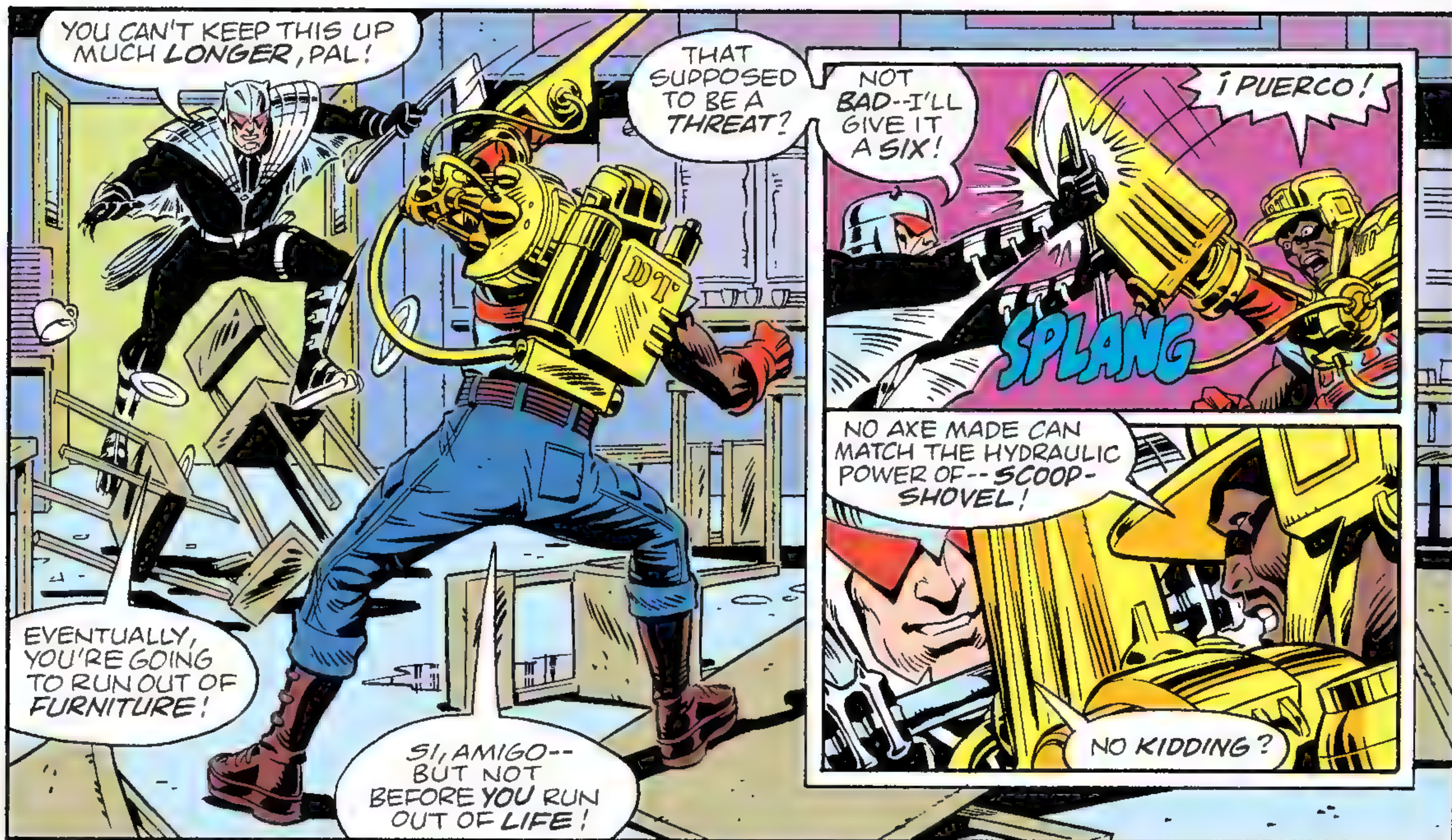
"AYE--BUT WHAT?"

"BY OA, HE'S FLYING SPACE-WARD--LEAVING OMNICON CETI IV BEHIND HIM!"

"HAS HE ABANDONED HIS MISSION IN FAVOR OF HIS FRIENDS?"

"HAS HAL JORDAN ACTUALLY BETRAYED HIS SACRED OATH?"







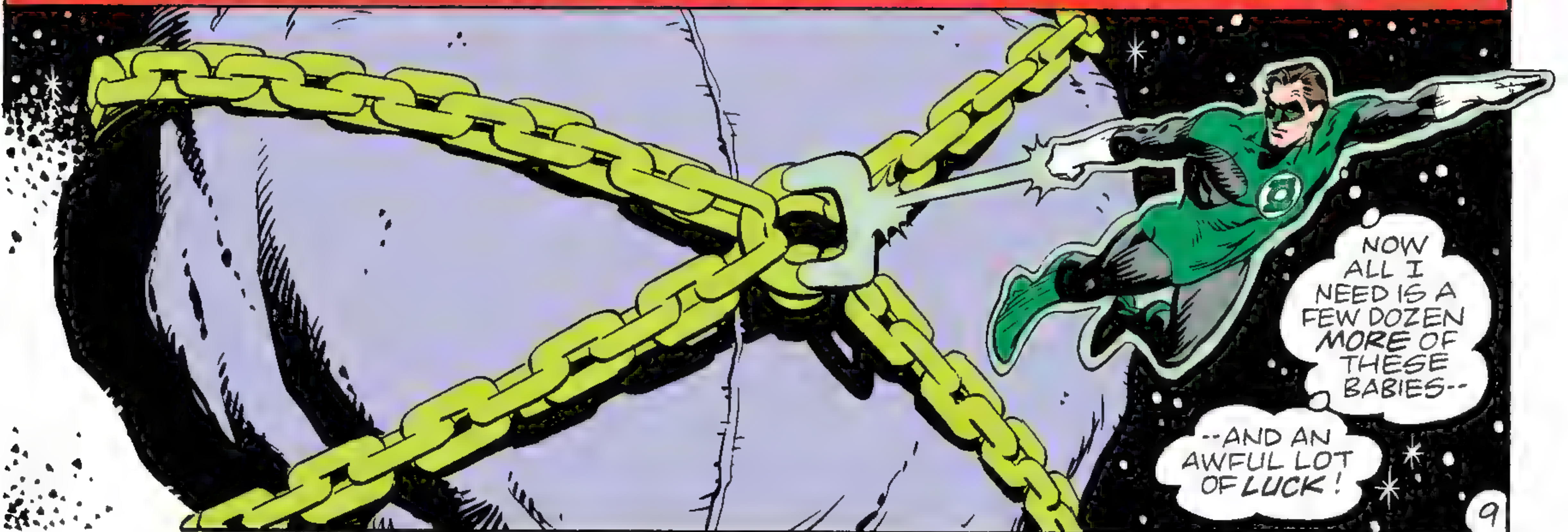
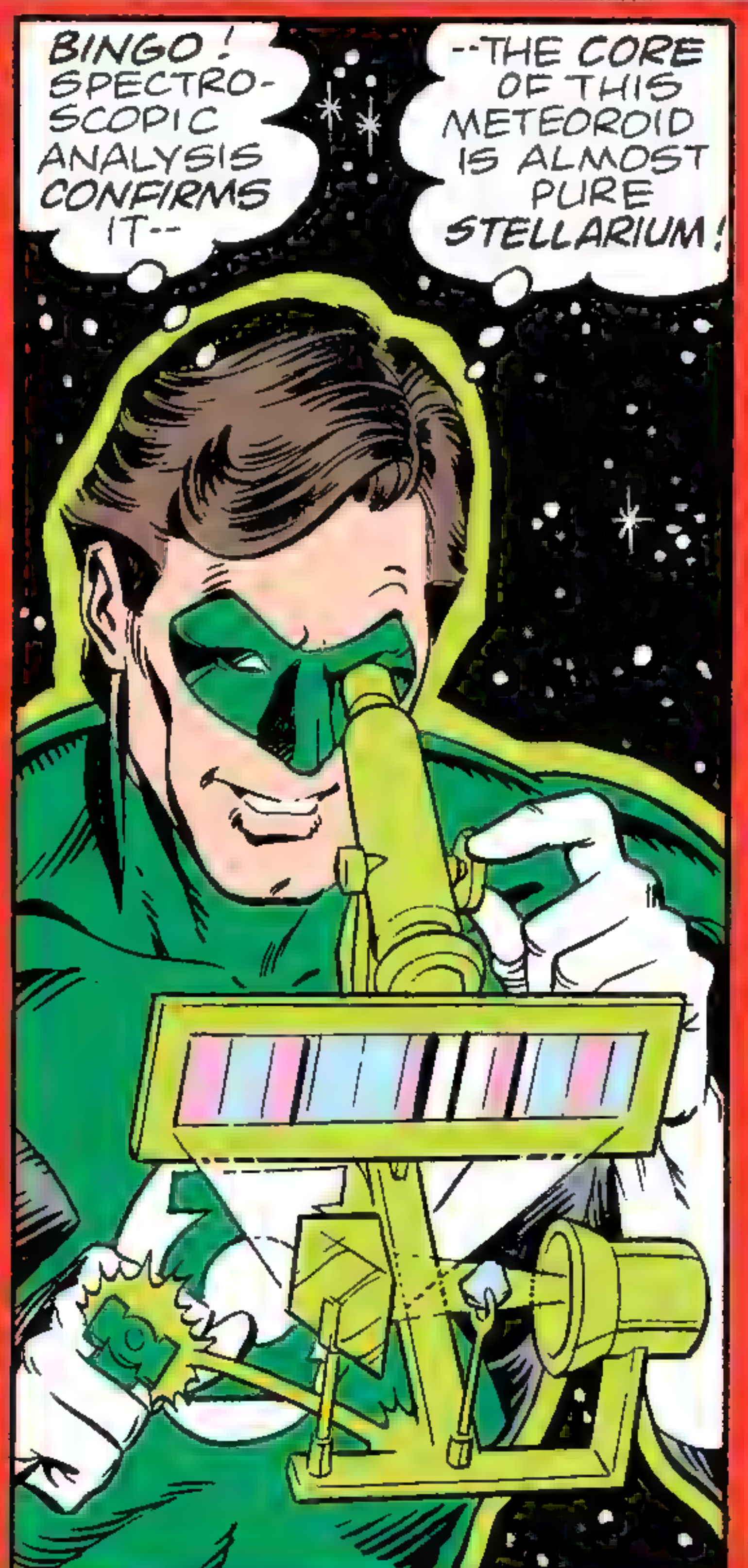
WHILE, IN THE  
INFINITE VOID  
BEYOND OMNICON  
CETI IV ...

...UH-  
HUH...

...ABOUT  
THE RIGHT  
COLOR...

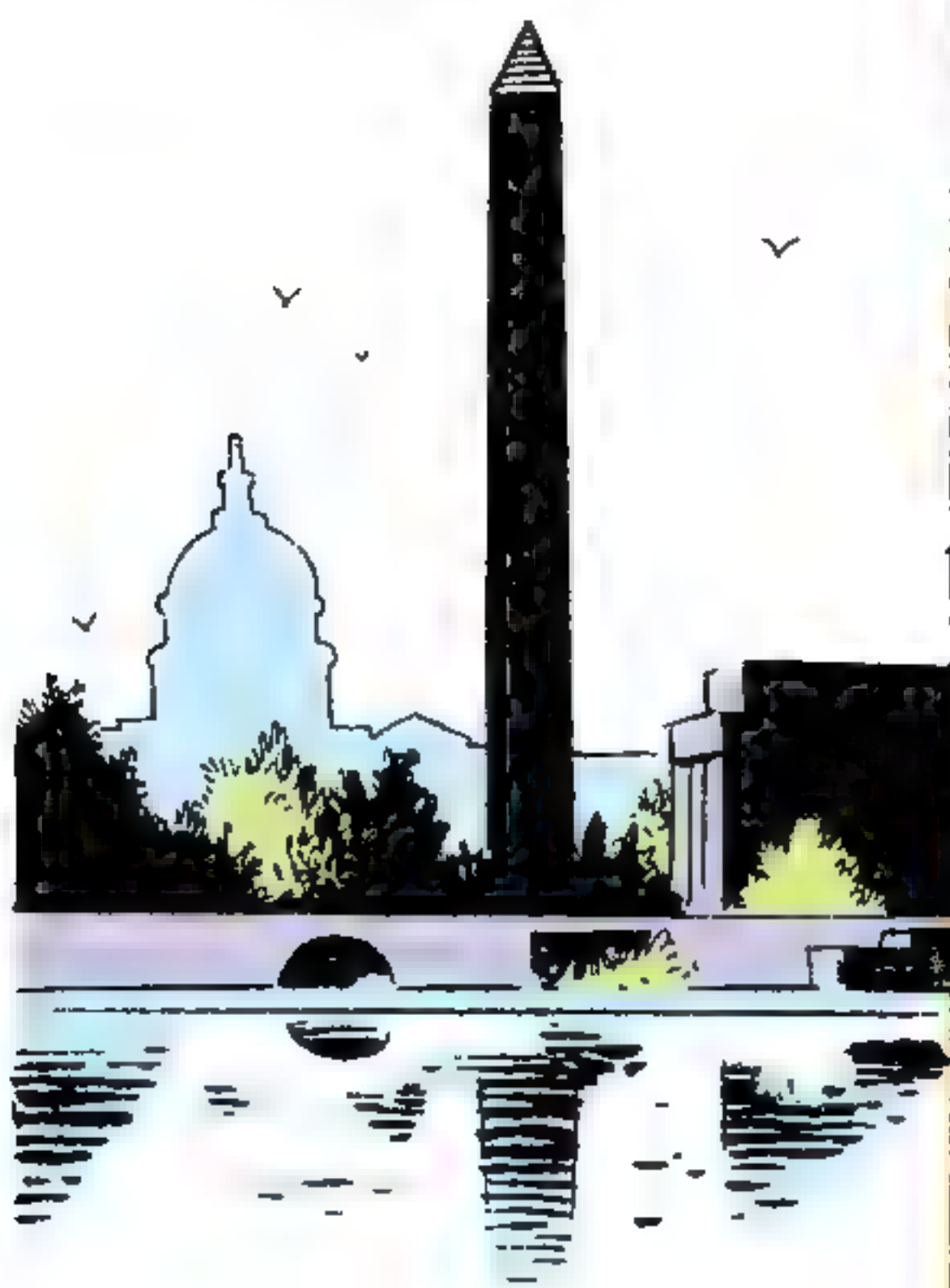
...ABOUT  
THE RIGHT  
SIZE...

LOOKS  
LIKE I  
FINALLY  
HIT THE  
JACKPOT!





AND, IN THE WASHINGTON, D.C., OFFICES OF CONGRESSMAN JASON BLOCH...



WHY, DAMMIT?!?

WHY DID EVERYTHING HAVE TO GO WRONG NOW--

--WHEN ALL MY PLANS WERE FINALLY ABOUT TO COME TOGETHER!



GREEN LANTERN WAS IN A COMA ... OUT OF MY WAY...

...SO I HIRED THE DEMOLITION TEAM TO FINISH OFF FERRIS AIRCRAFT...

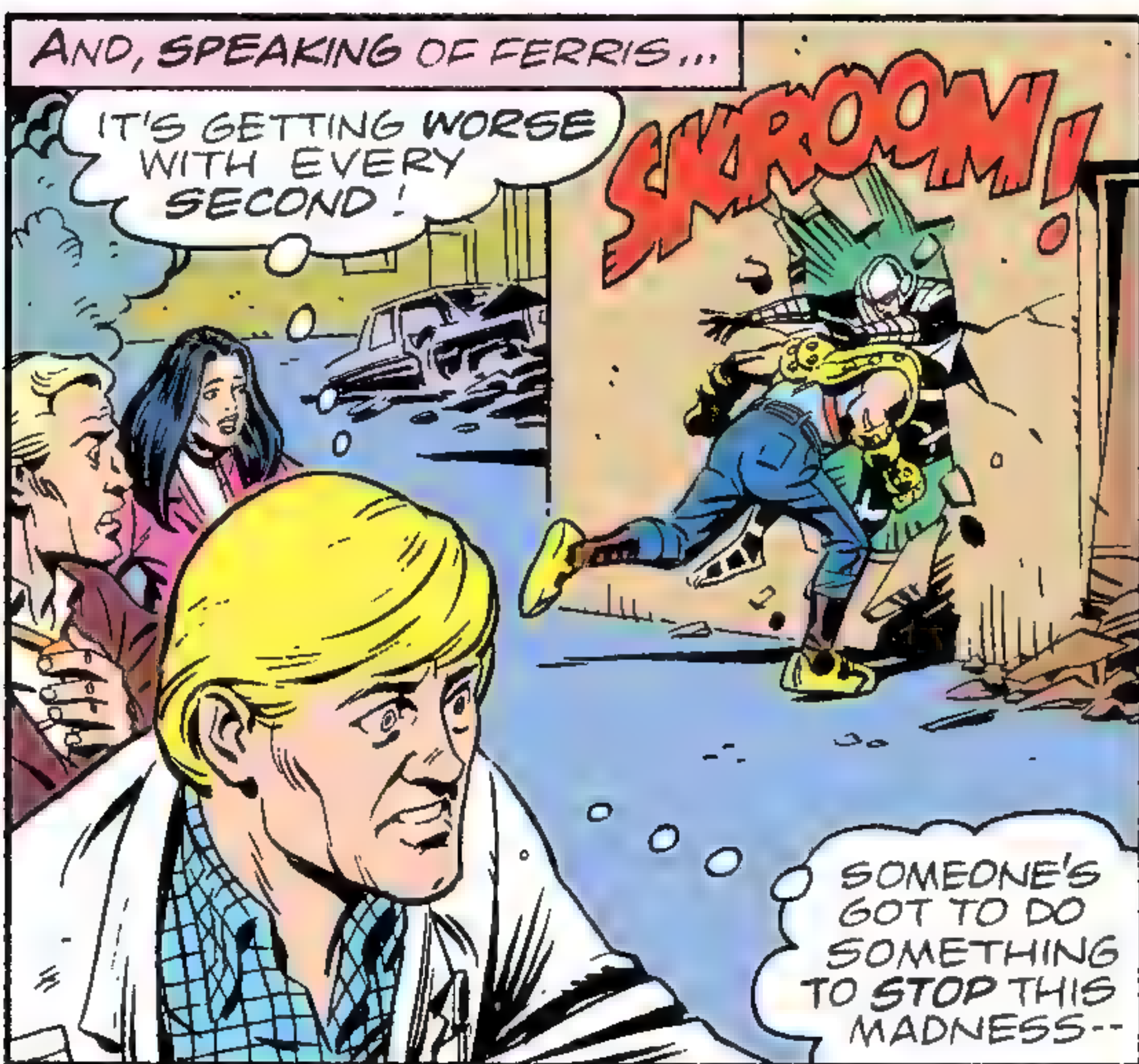
... BUT THE LOUSY LANTERN RECOVERED...



...AND IF HE NAILS ROSIE AND HER BOYS, THEY CAN LEAD HIM STRAIGHT BACK TO ME!

SO DRINK UP, JASON BOY-- DRINK AND BE MERRY!

FOR TOMORROW, YOU MAY VERY WELL DIE!



AND, SPEAKING OF FERRIS...

IT'S GETTING WORSE WITH EVERY SECOND!

**SKROOM!**

SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP THIS MADNESS--

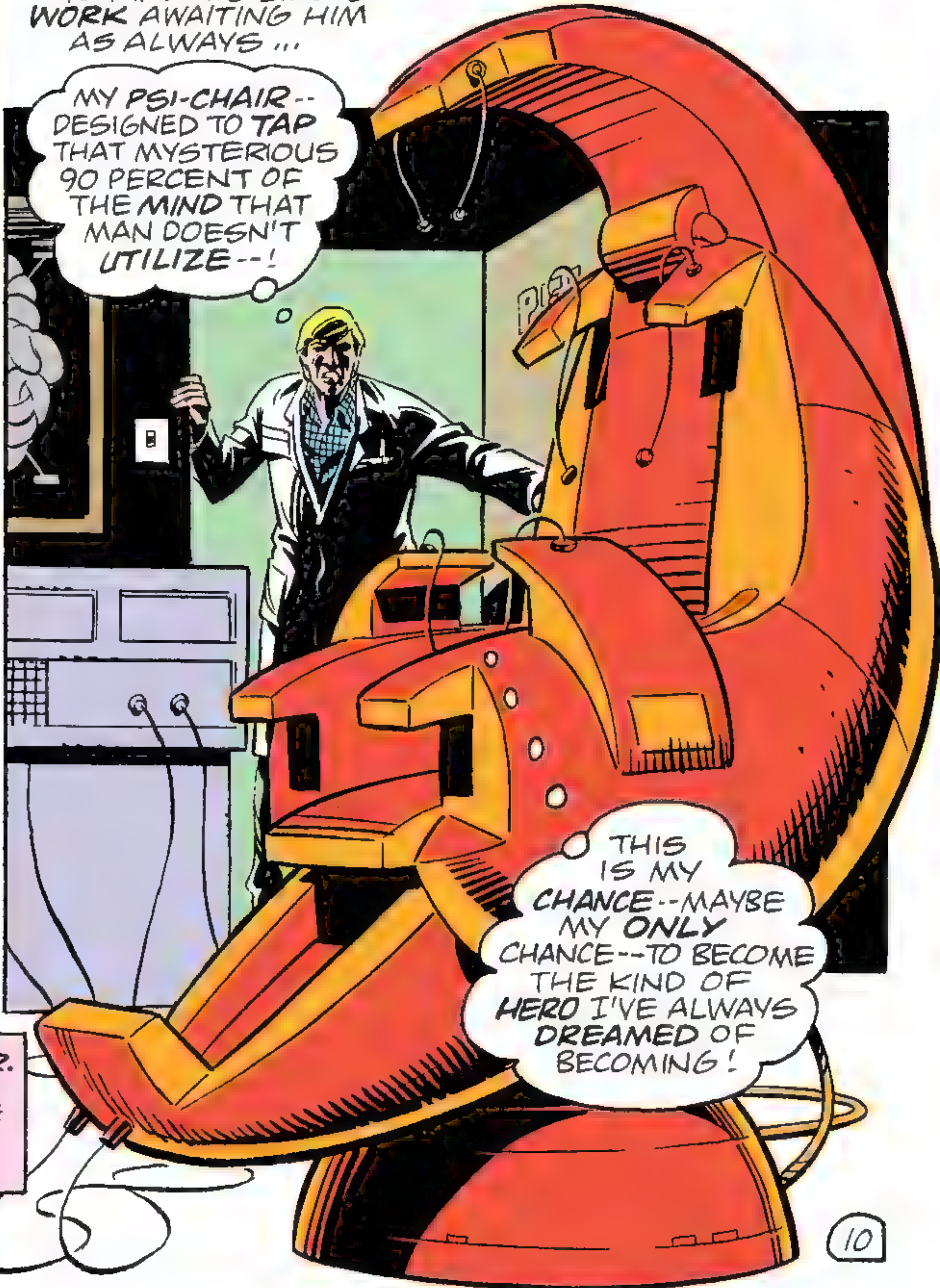


...AND I MAY BE THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO CAN!

DESPERATELY, DR. CLAY KENDALL RACES INTO THE PSI-LAB HE CALLS HOME--

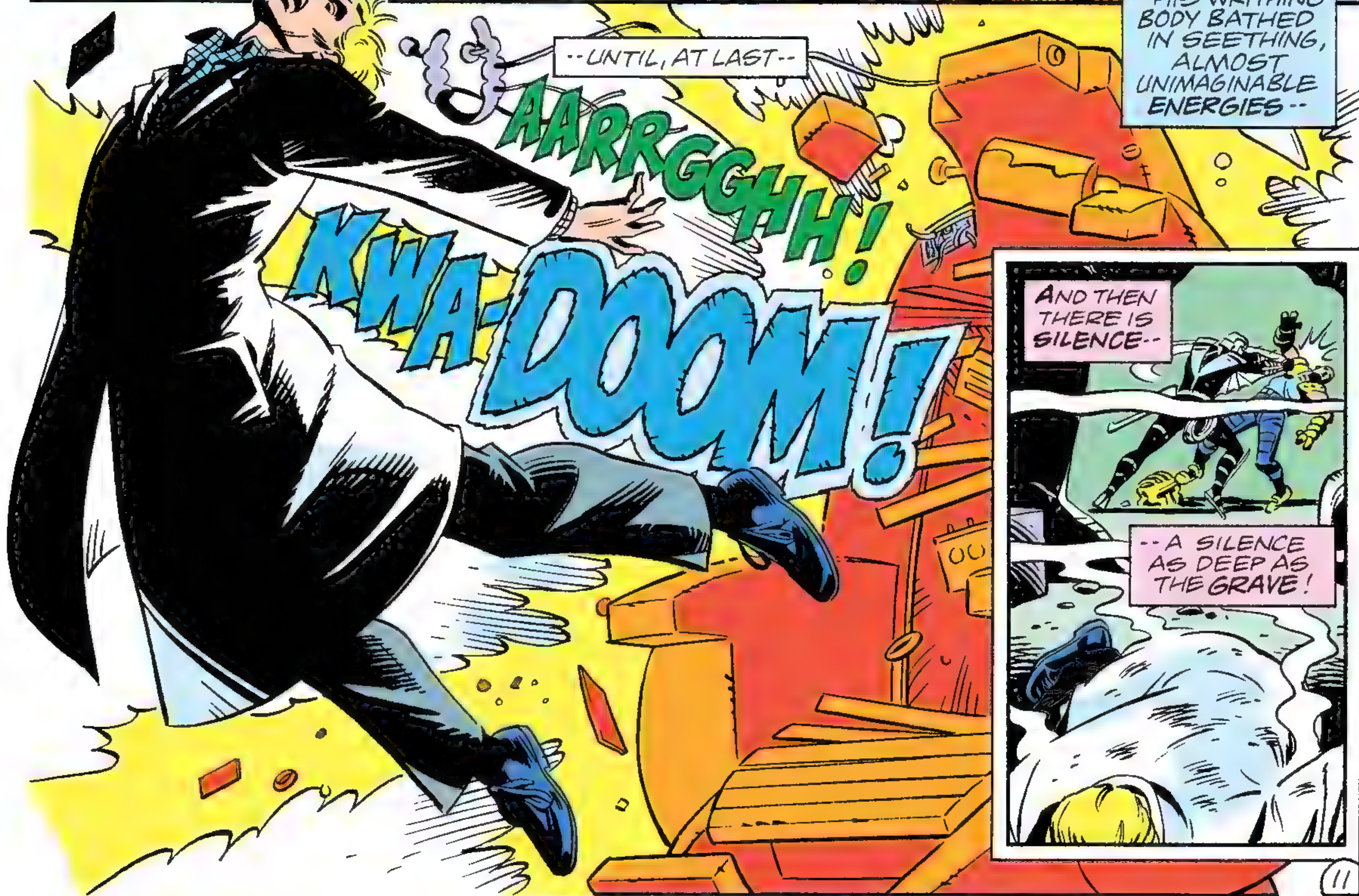
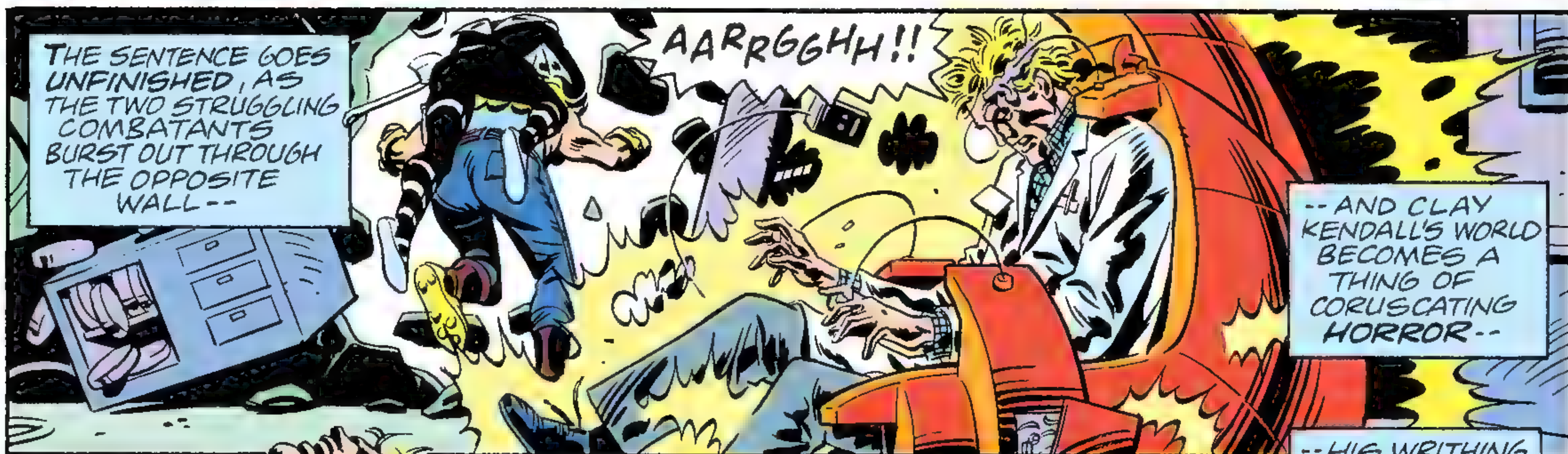
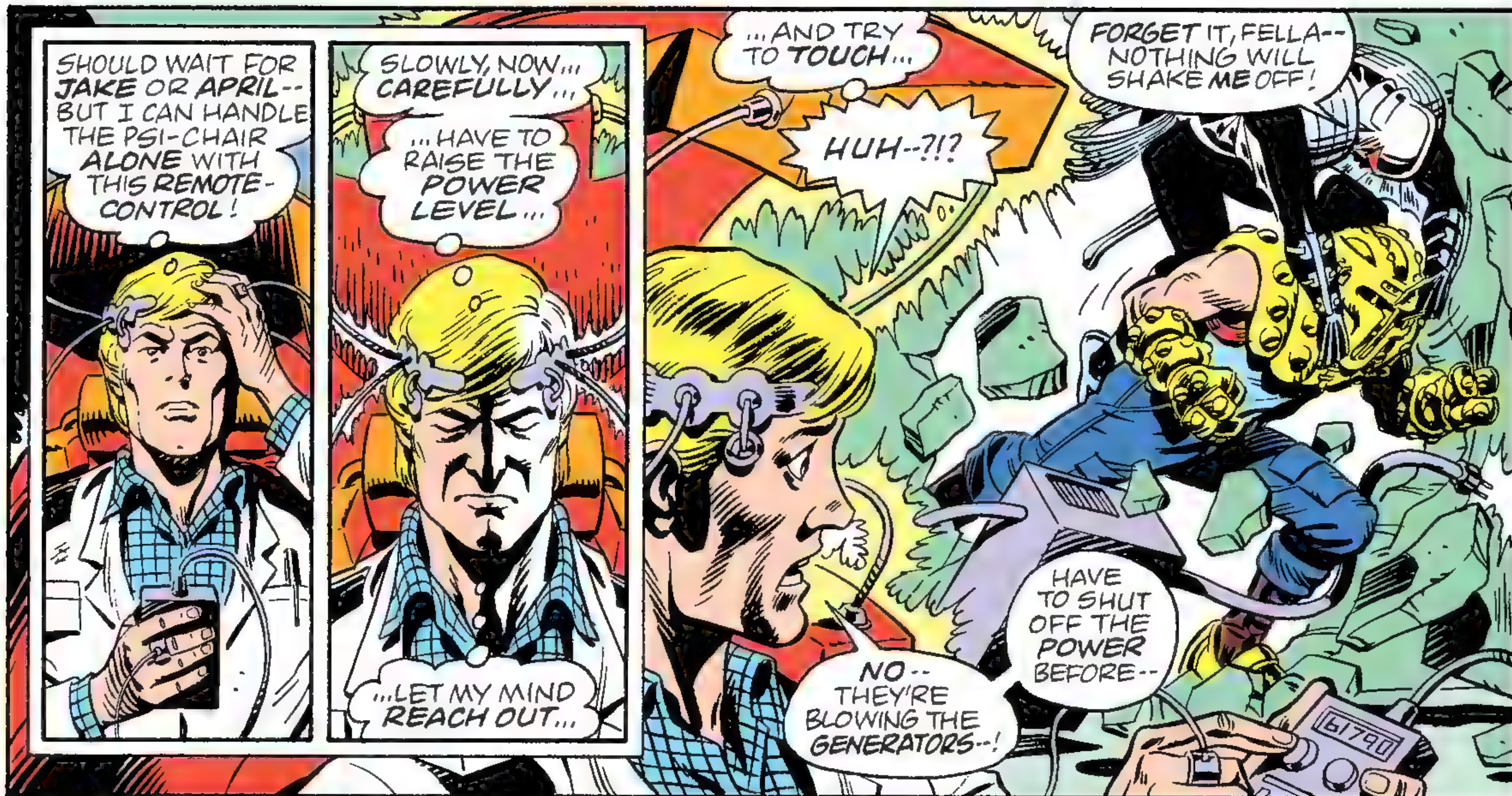
--TO FIND HIS LIFE'S WORK AWAITING HIM AS ALWAYS ...

MY PSI-CHAIR-- DESIGNED TO TAP THAT MYSTERIOUS 90 PERCENT OF THE MIND THAT MAN DOESN'T UTILIZE--!

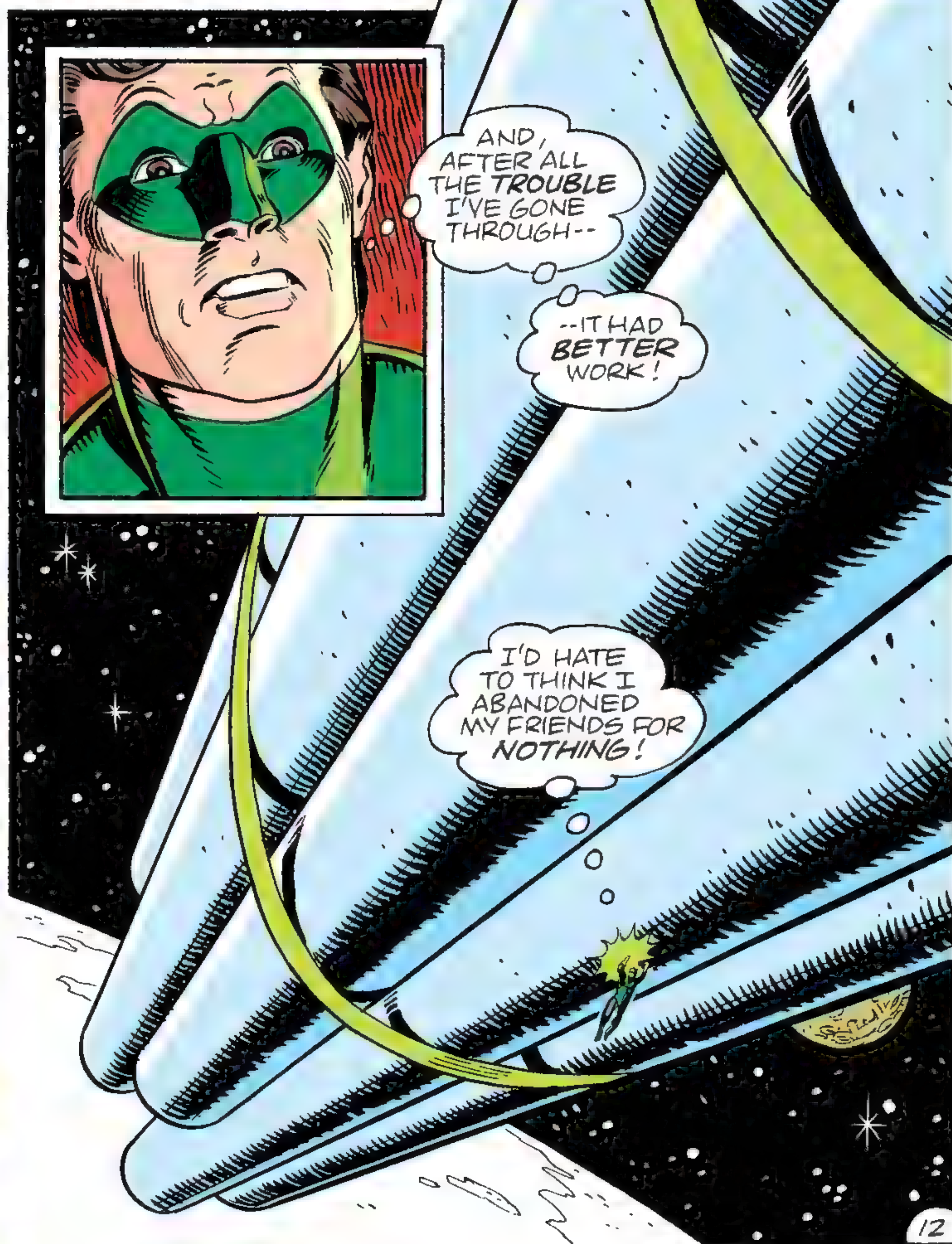
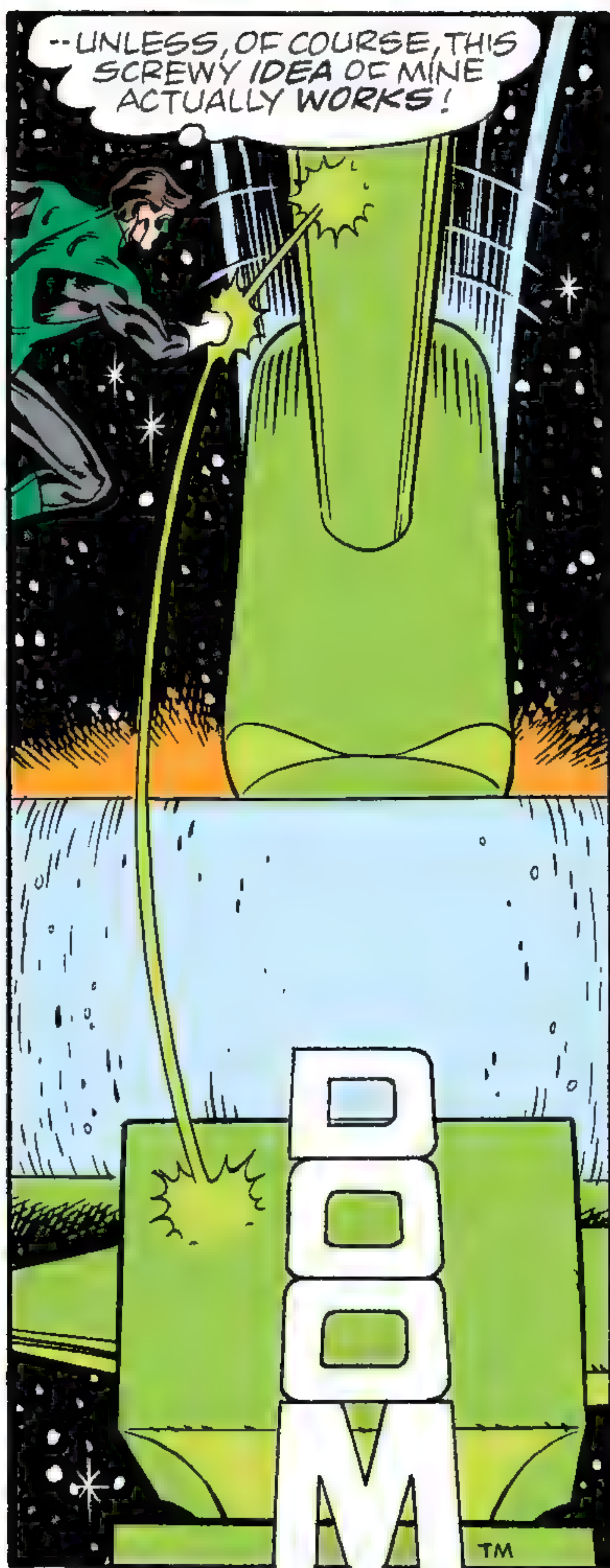
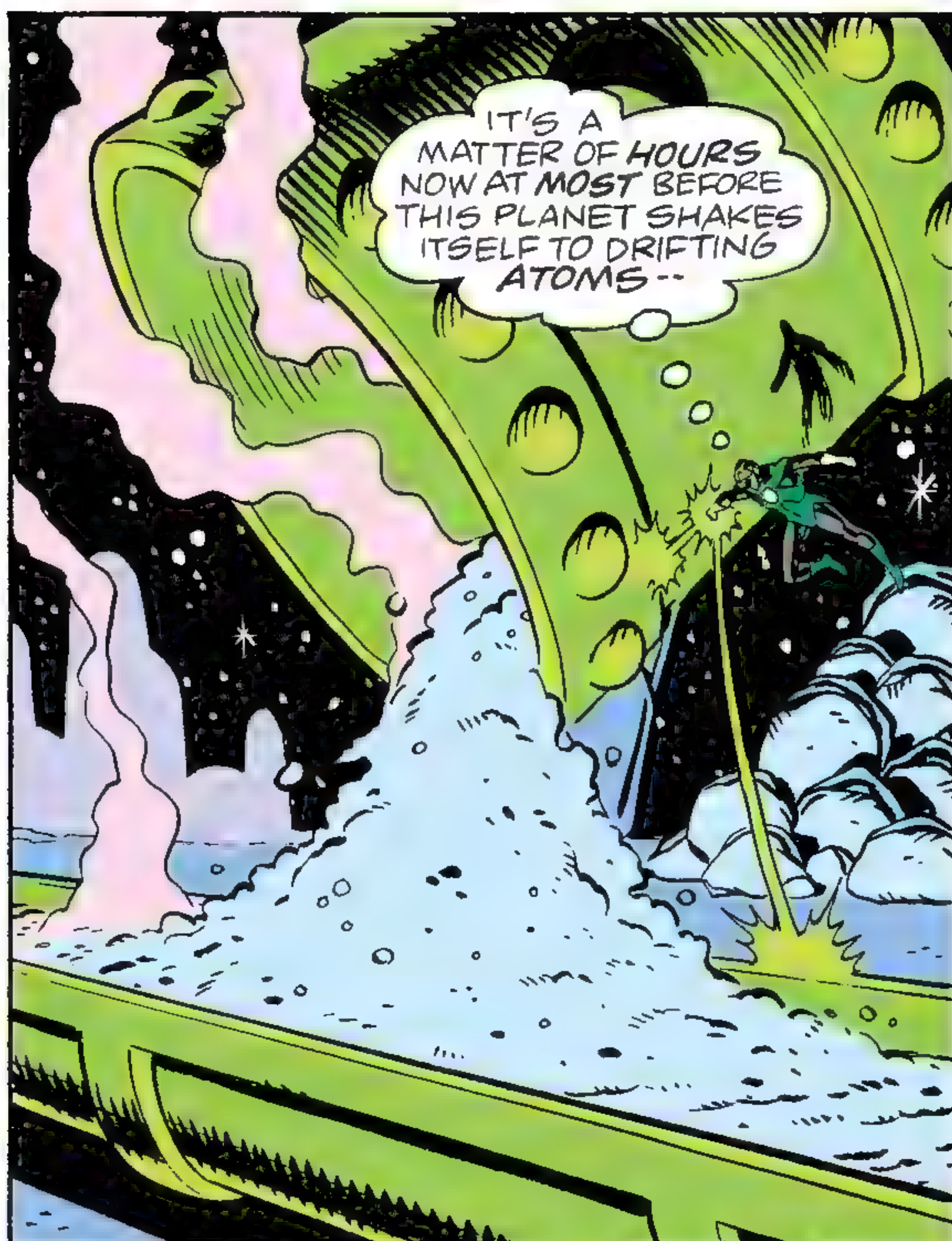
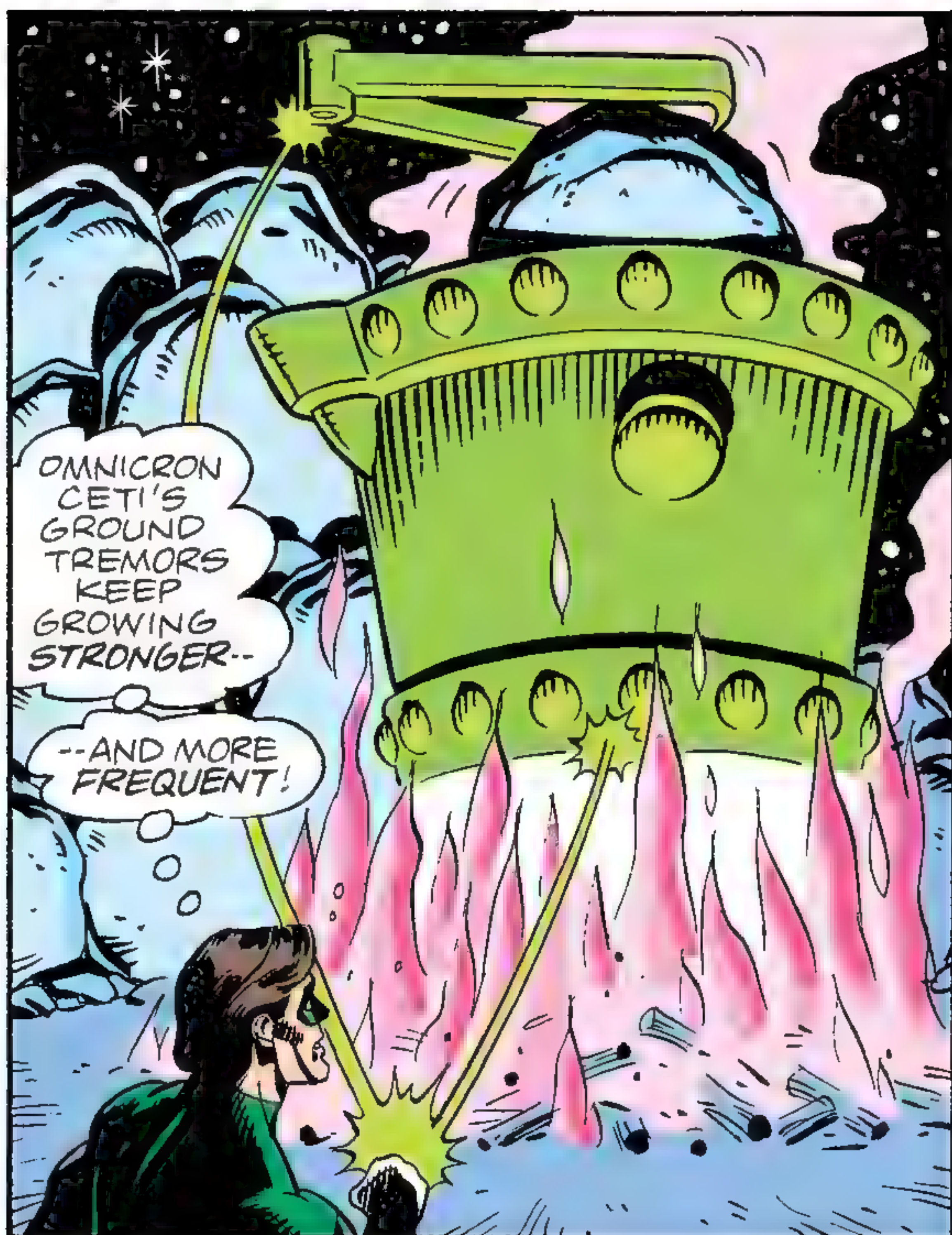


THIS IS MY CHANCE--MAYBE MY ONLY CHANCE--TO BECOME THE KIND OF HERO I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF BECOMING!

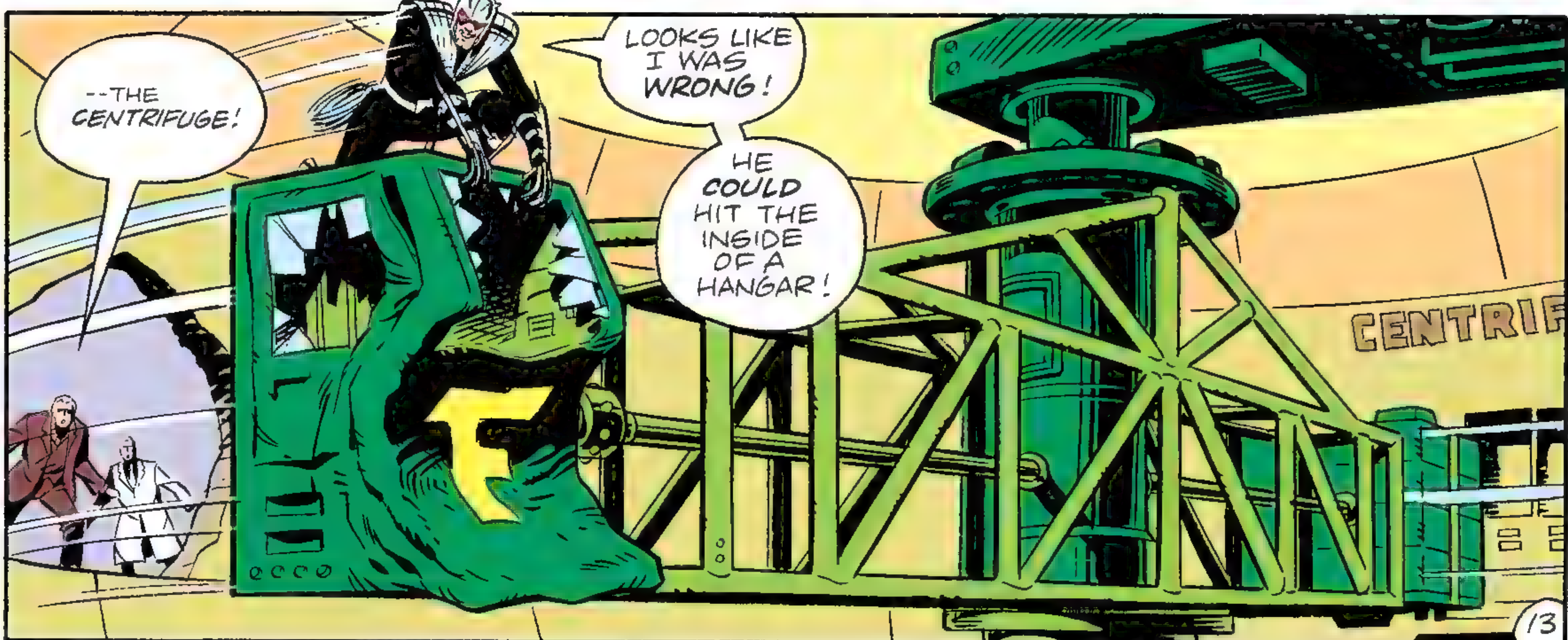
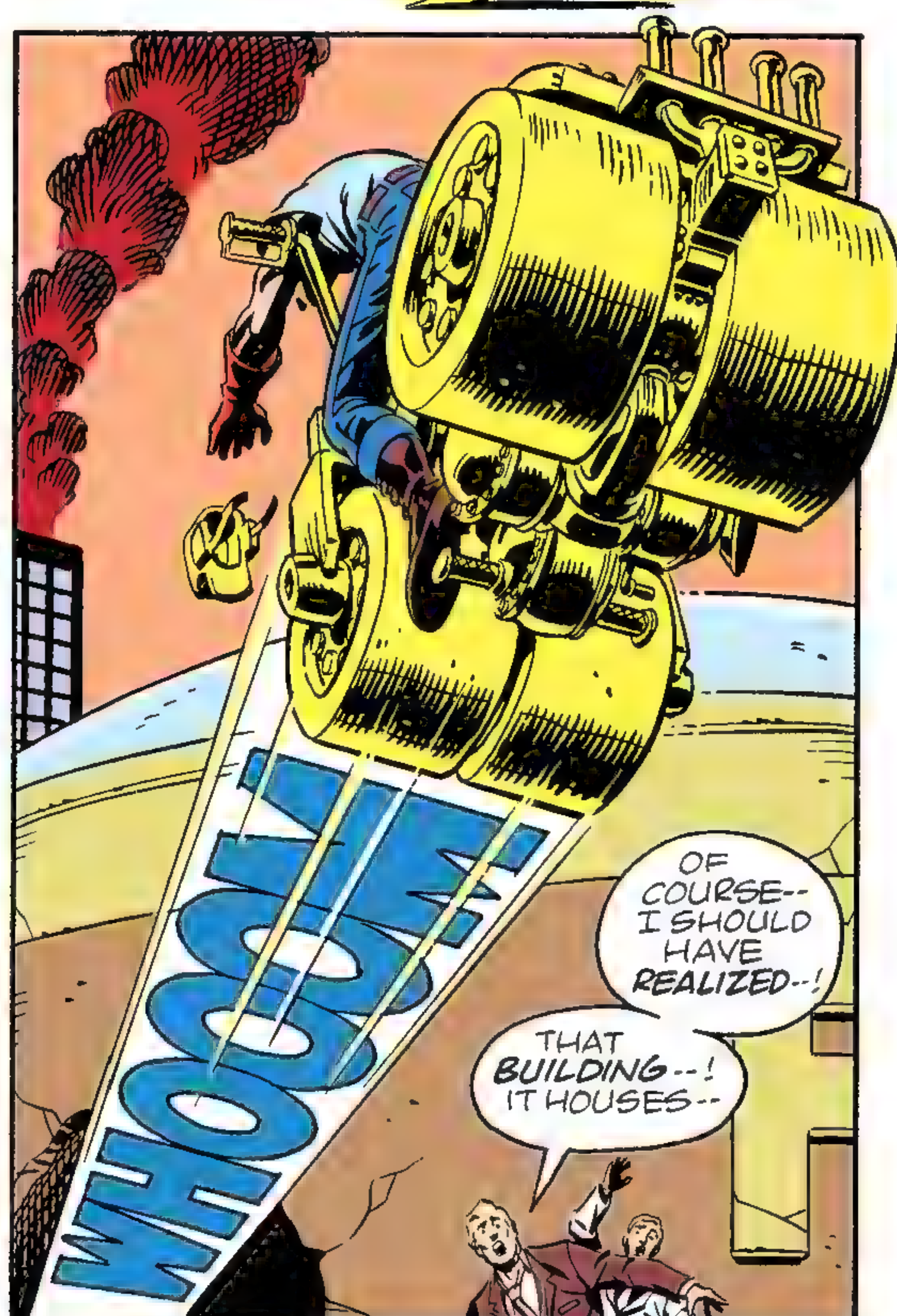
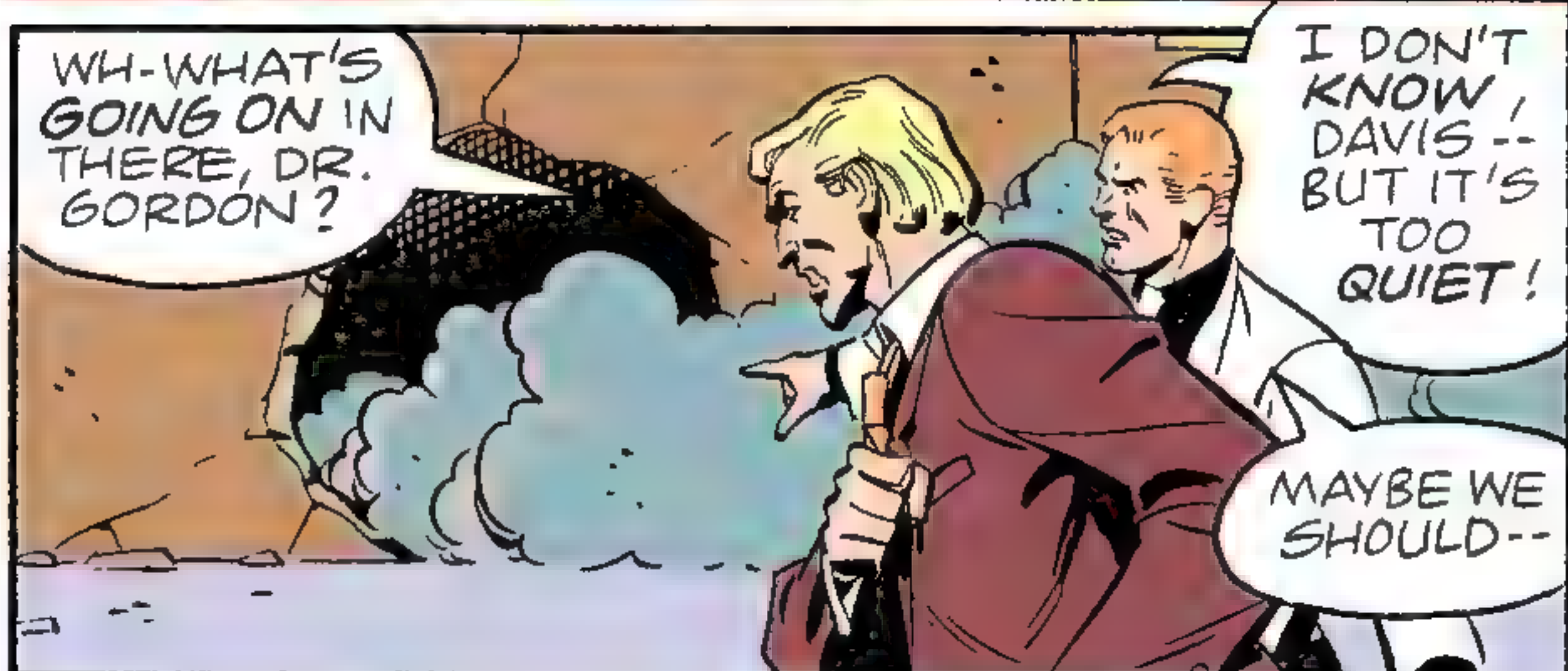
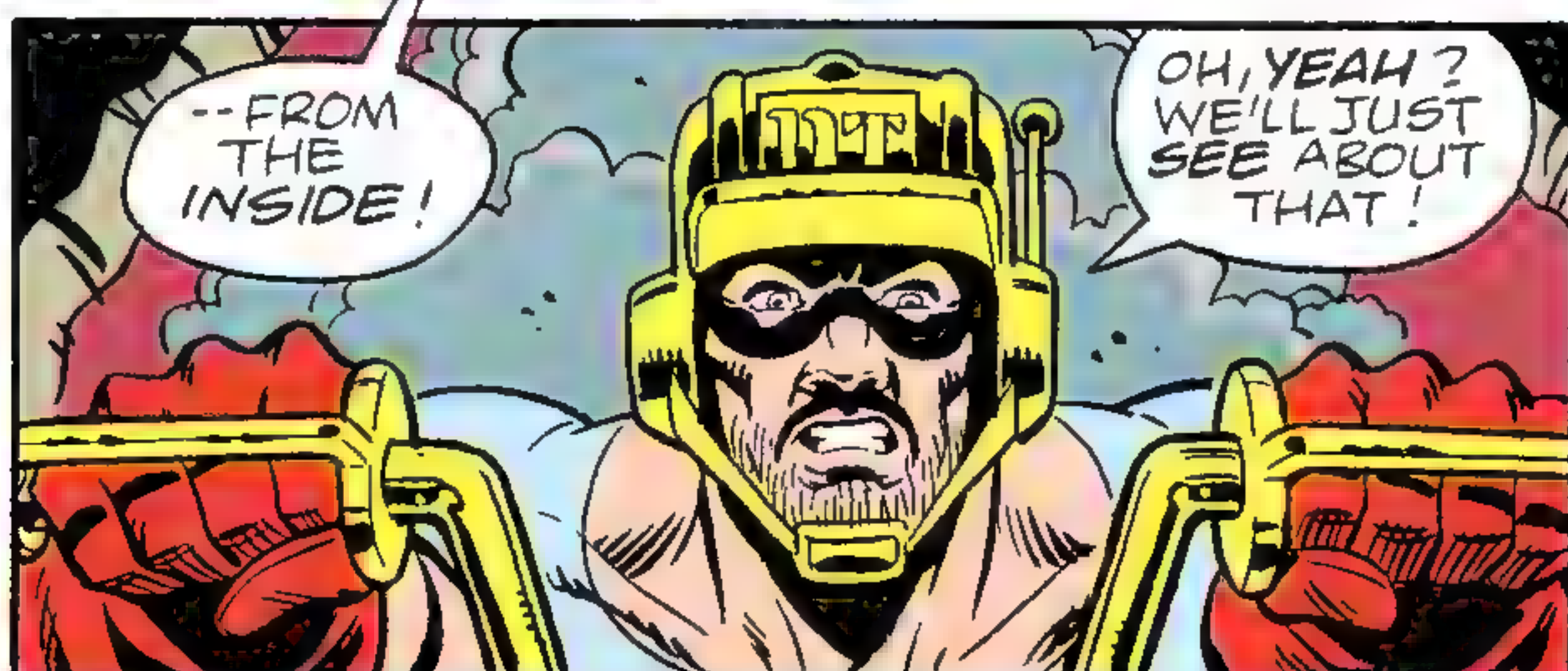
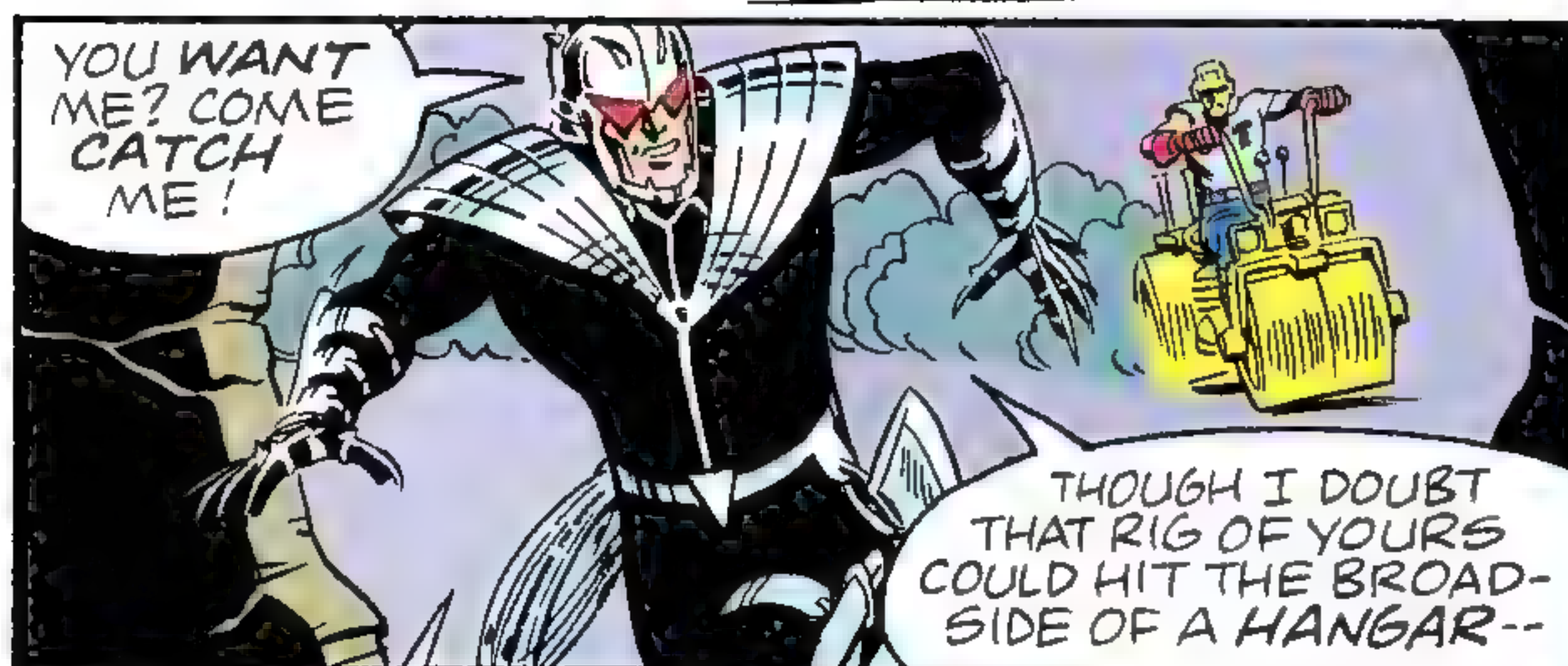
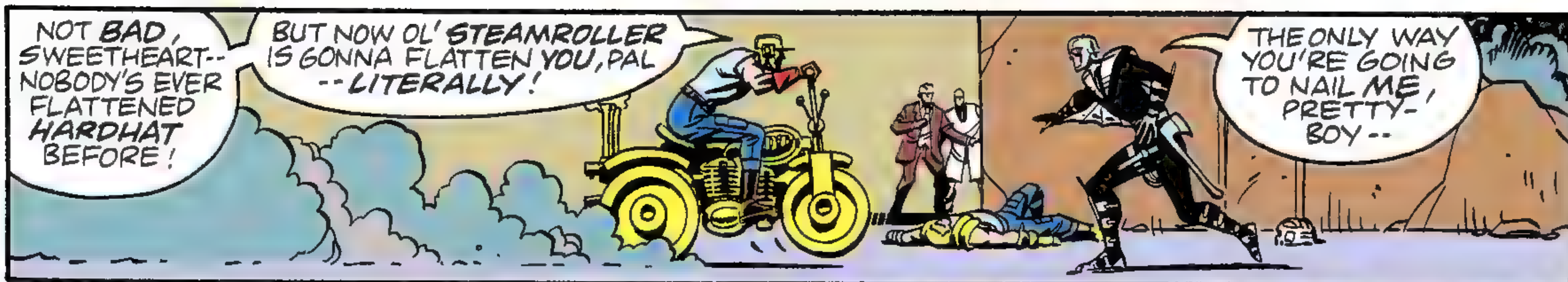












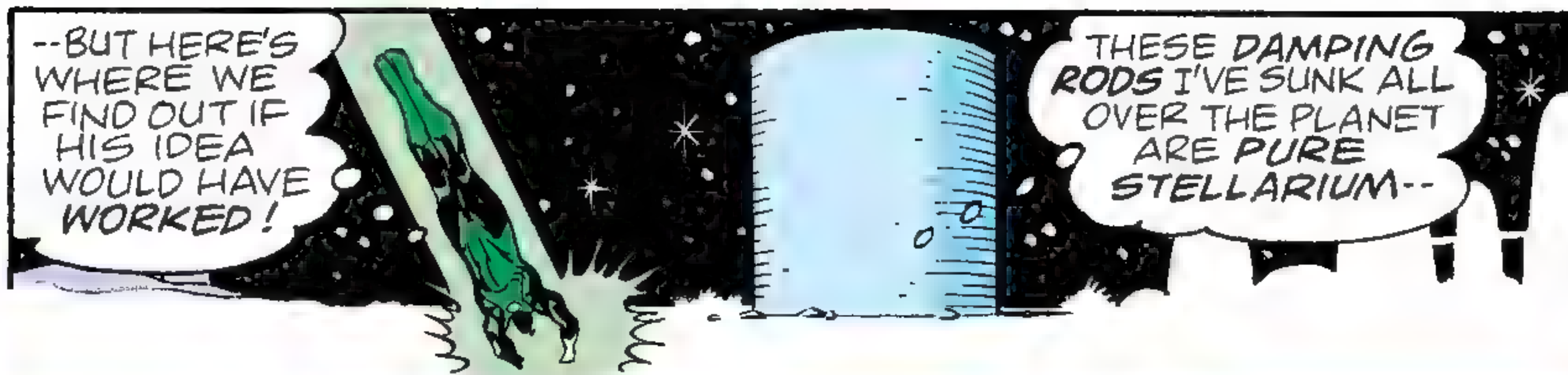




WHEN KRYPTON EXPLODED, TOMAR-RE WAS BUSY MINING **STELLARIUM**--

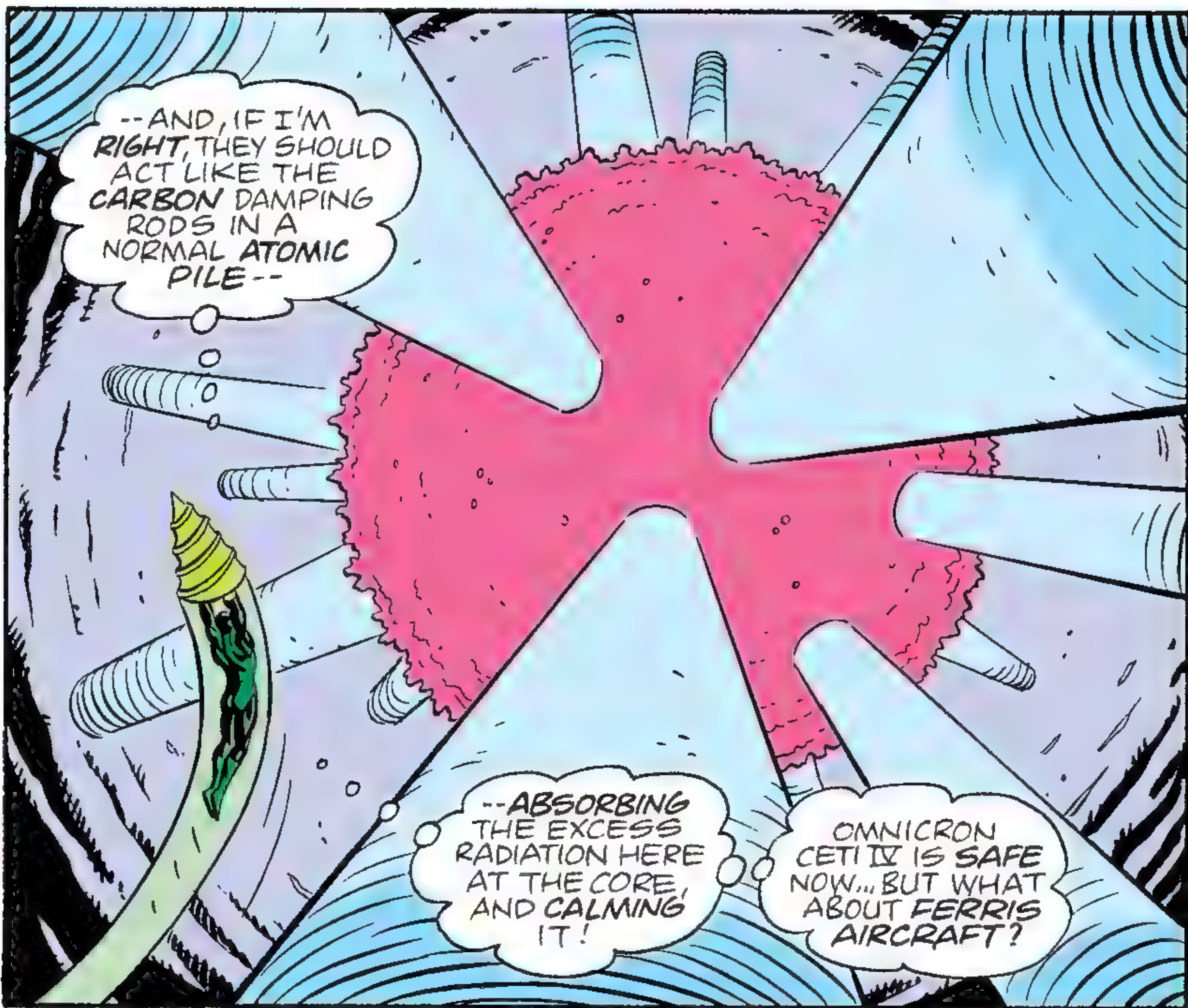
--THE RARE ALIEN ELEMENT WHICH COULD CONTROL THE CHURNING RADIATION AT THE PLANET'S CORE!

UNFORTUNATELY, TOMAR-RE COULDN'T COMPLETE HIS MISSION IN TIME--



--BUT HERE'S WHERE WE FIND OUT IF HIS IDEA WOULD HAVE WORKED!

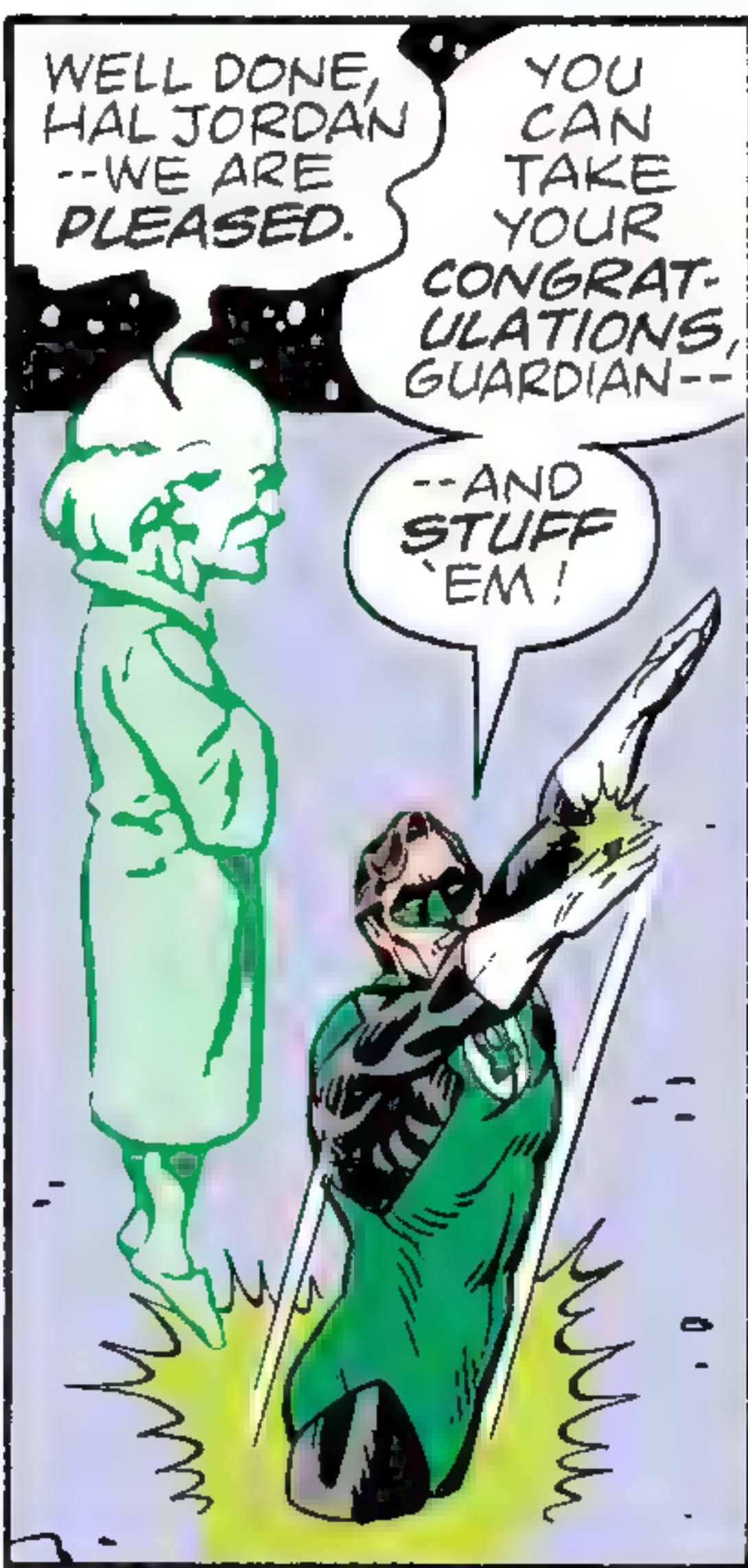
THESE DAMPING RODS I'VE SUNK ALL OVER THE PLANET ARE PURE **STELLARIUM**--



--AND, IF I'M RIGHT, THEY SHOULD ACT LIKE THE CARBON DAMPING RODS IN A NORMAL ATOMIC PILE--

--ABSORBING THE EXCESS RADIATION HERE AT THE CORE, AND CALMING IT!

OMNICRON CETI IV IS SAFE NOW... BUT WHAT ABOUT FERRIS AIRCRAFT?



WELL DONE, HAL JORDAN --WE ARE PLEASED.

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CONGRATULATIONS, GUARDIAN--

--AND STUFF 'EM!



I DID AS YOU ORDERED BECAUSE I SWORE I WOULD--

--BUT IF MY HOME AND FRIENDS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BECAUSE OF THIS--



--I SWEAR YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT!

AND FOR AN IMMORTAL, THAT CAN BE A LONG, LONG TIME!



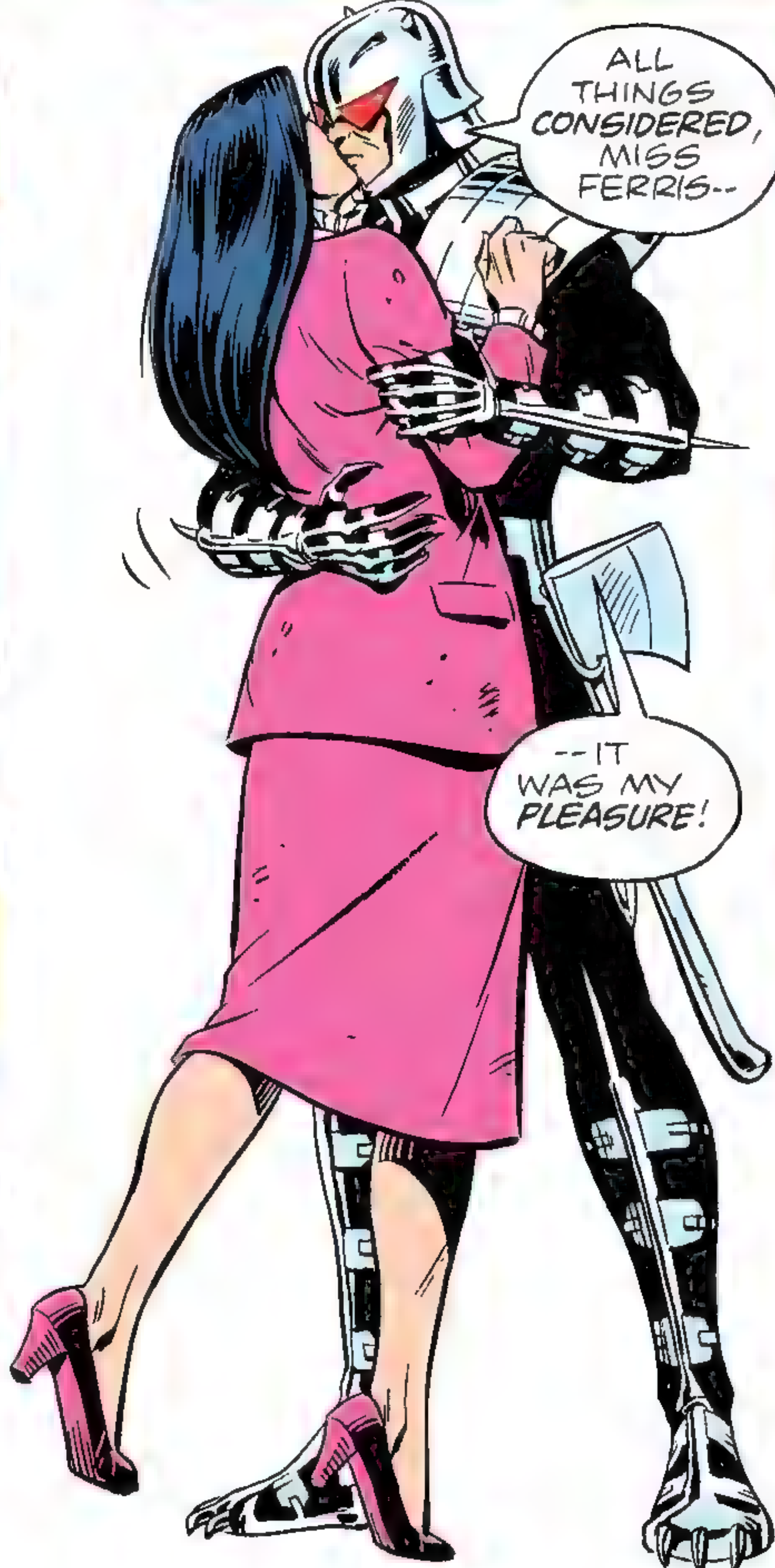
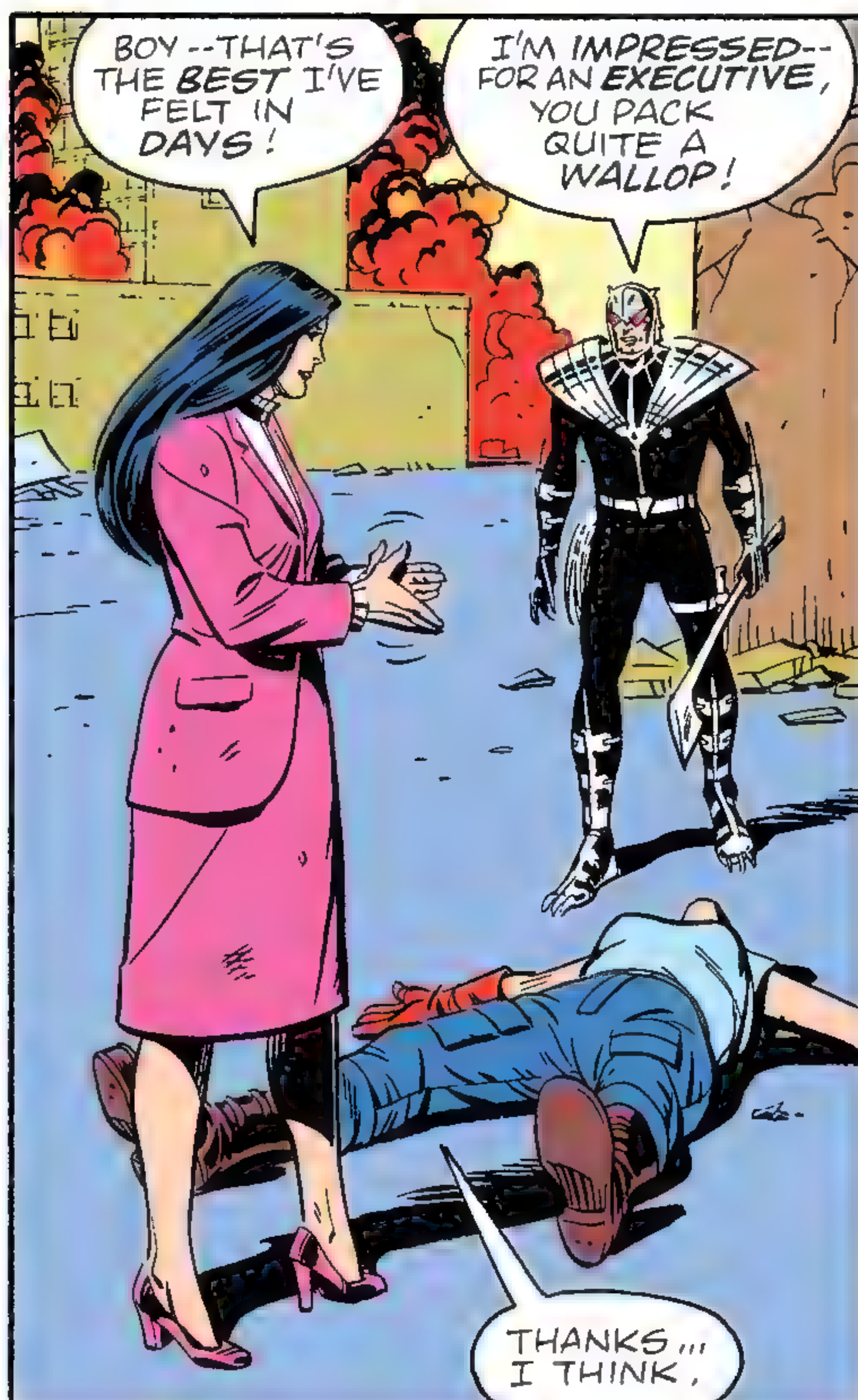
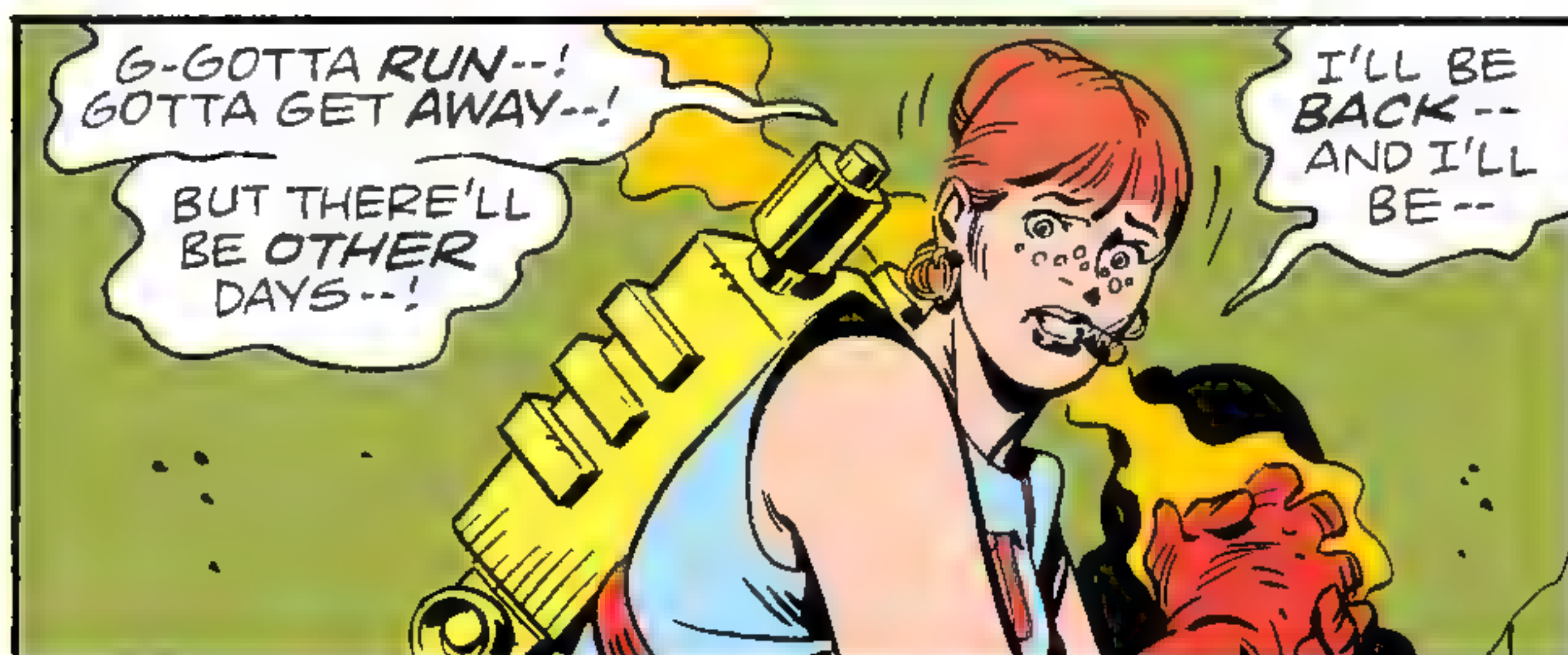
YOU LEAVE US MUCH TO PONDER, HAL JORDAN...

...NONE OF IT PLEASANT.











WHILE, CLOSING  
IN FAST ON  
EARTH...

SPACE-WARP MADE MY STOMACH HEAVE AGAIN  
--BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW--!

GOT TO REALLY POUR  
ON THE SPEED--

--GET BACK  
TO FERRIS  
AS QUICKLY AS  
I CAN--!

MAYBE I CAN  
STILL DO SOME  
GOOD THERE--!

MAYBE I  
CAN EVEN  
--EH?

THAT SMOKE  
--IT'S COMING  
FROM FERRIS--!

OH...  
MY...DEAR  
...GOD...

**Noooooo!!**

**NEXT  
ISSUE:**

**"AFTERMATH!"**

OR... "JUST  
WHEN YOU THOUGHT  
THINGS COULDN'T  
GET WORSE..." JOIN  
US, WON'T YOU?







THE RAGING FIRES WHICH THREATENED TO CONSUME THE DEVASTATED REMAINS OF FERRIS AIRCRAFT ARE ALMOST OUT NOW, EXTINGUISHED BY THREE COMPANIES OF FIREFIGHTERS, AND THE POWERS OF THE...

# GREEN LANTERN



BUT THE FIRES WHICH SEETHE IN THE EMERALD GLADIATOR'S HEART-- FIRES OF RAGE AND FRUSTRATION-- THESE MAY NEVER BE QUENCHED...

# AFTERMATH!

LEN WEIN  
WRITER / EDITOR

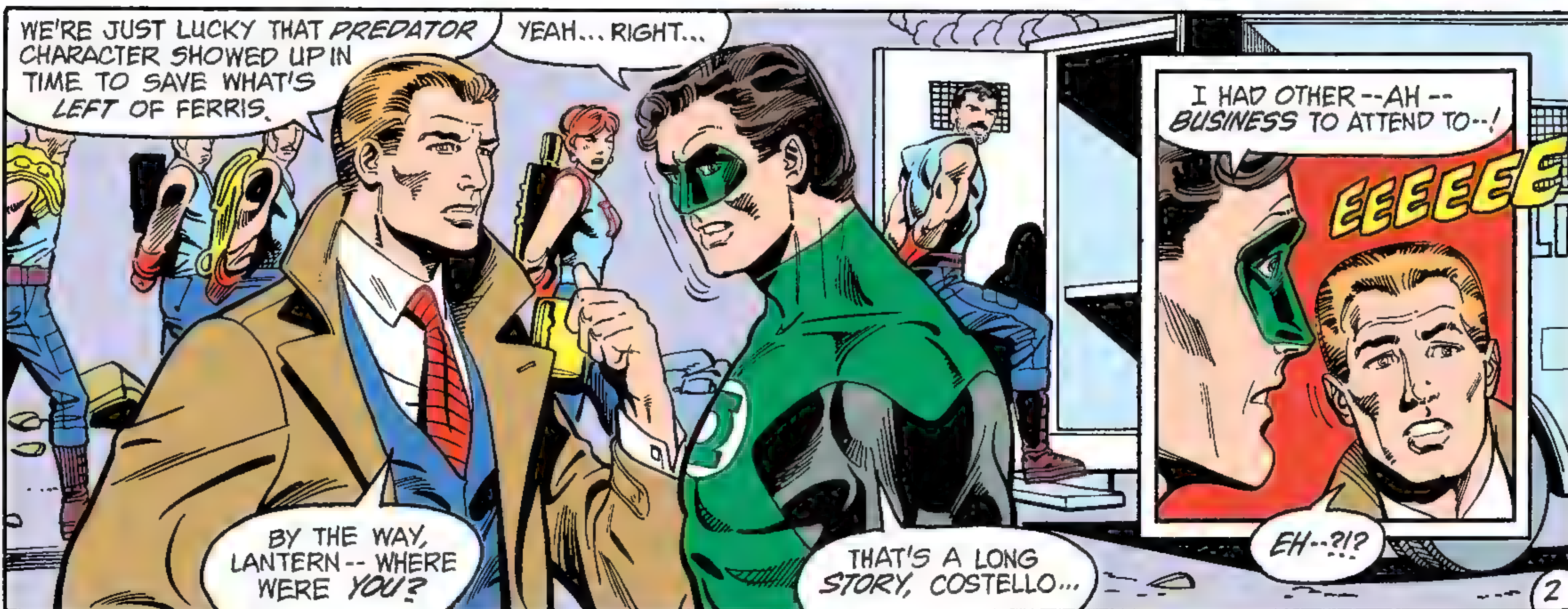
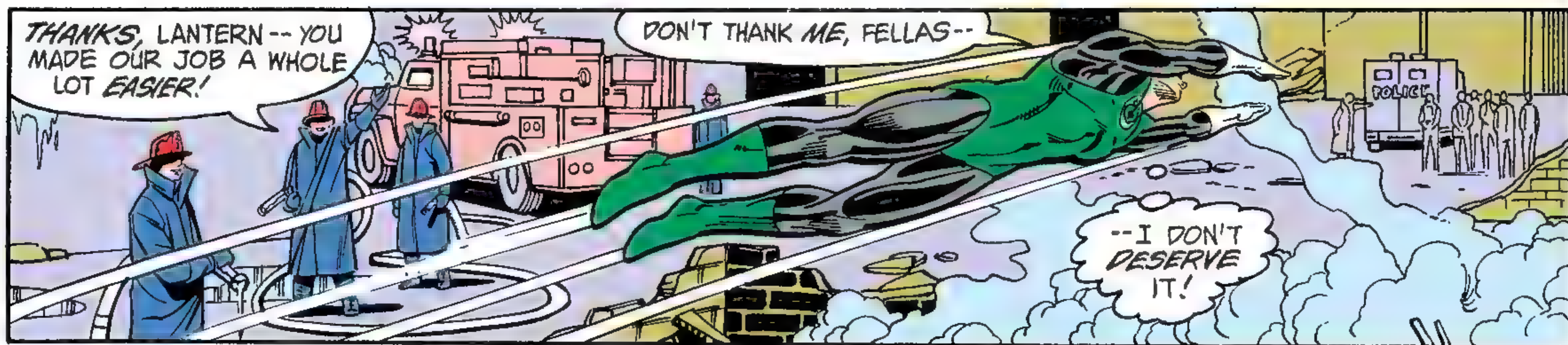
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PENCILLER

MIKE DECARLO  
GUEST INKER

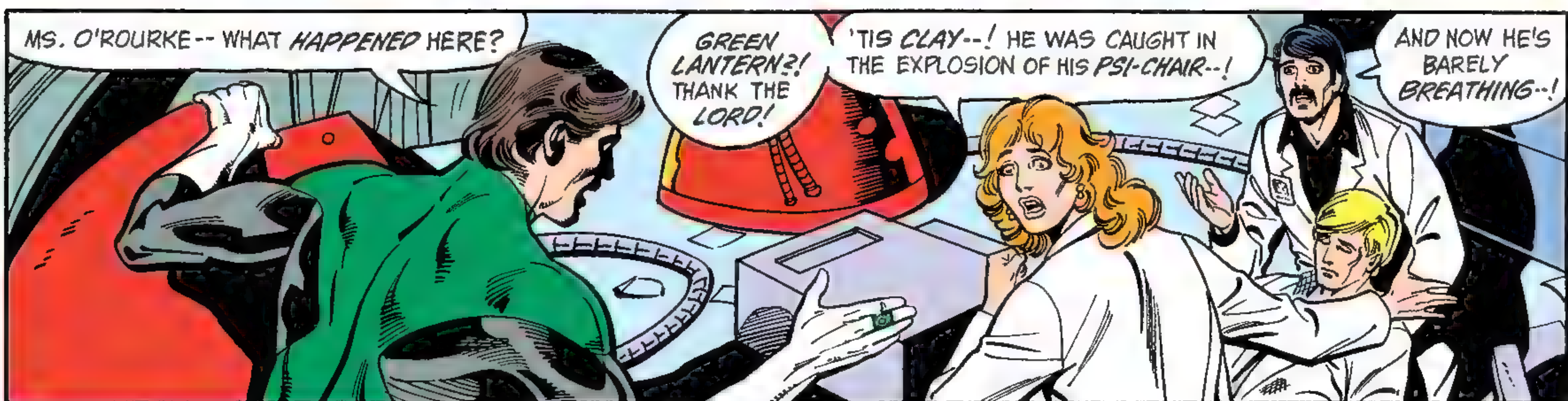
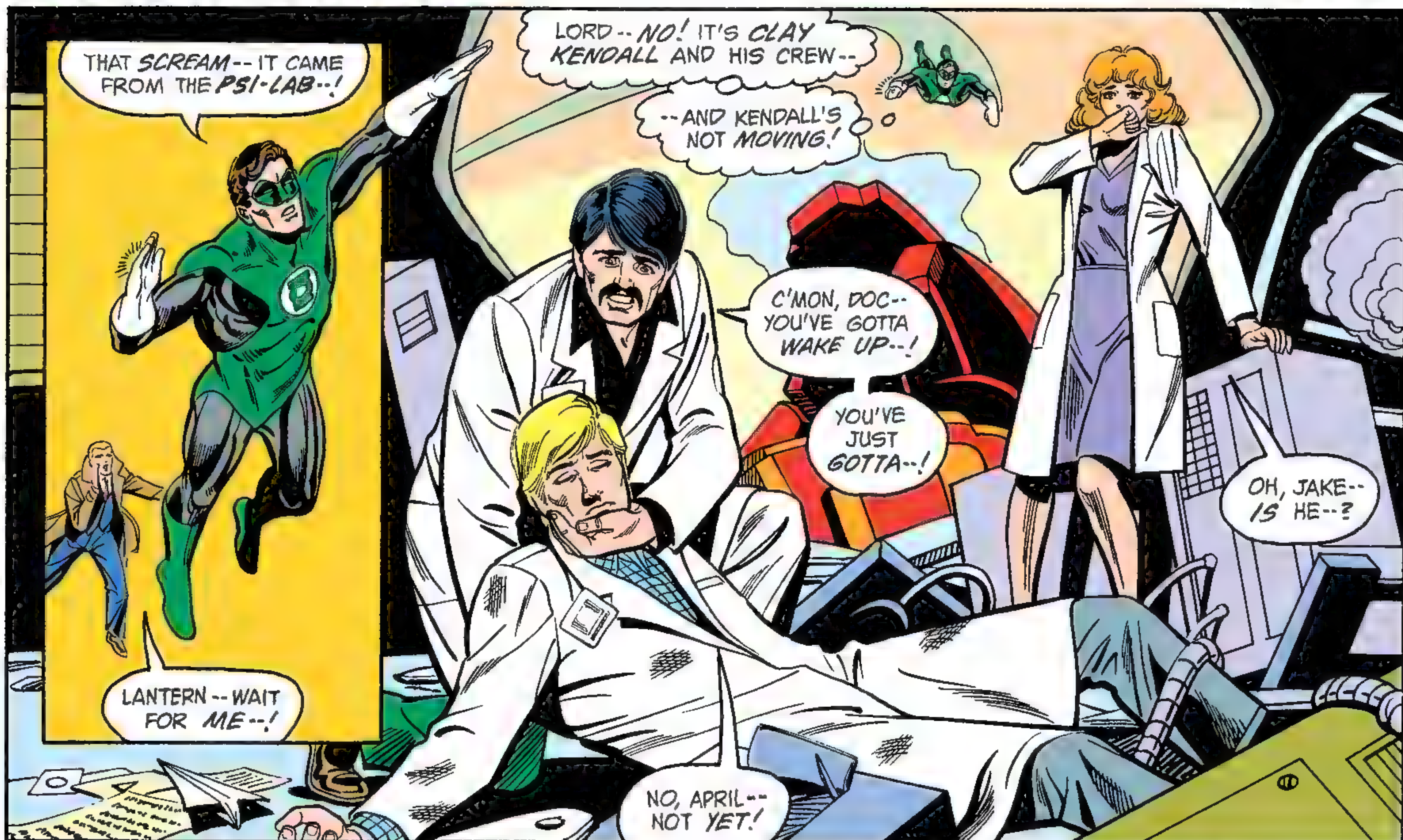
BEN ODA  
ANTHONY TOLLIN

LETTERER  
COLORIST

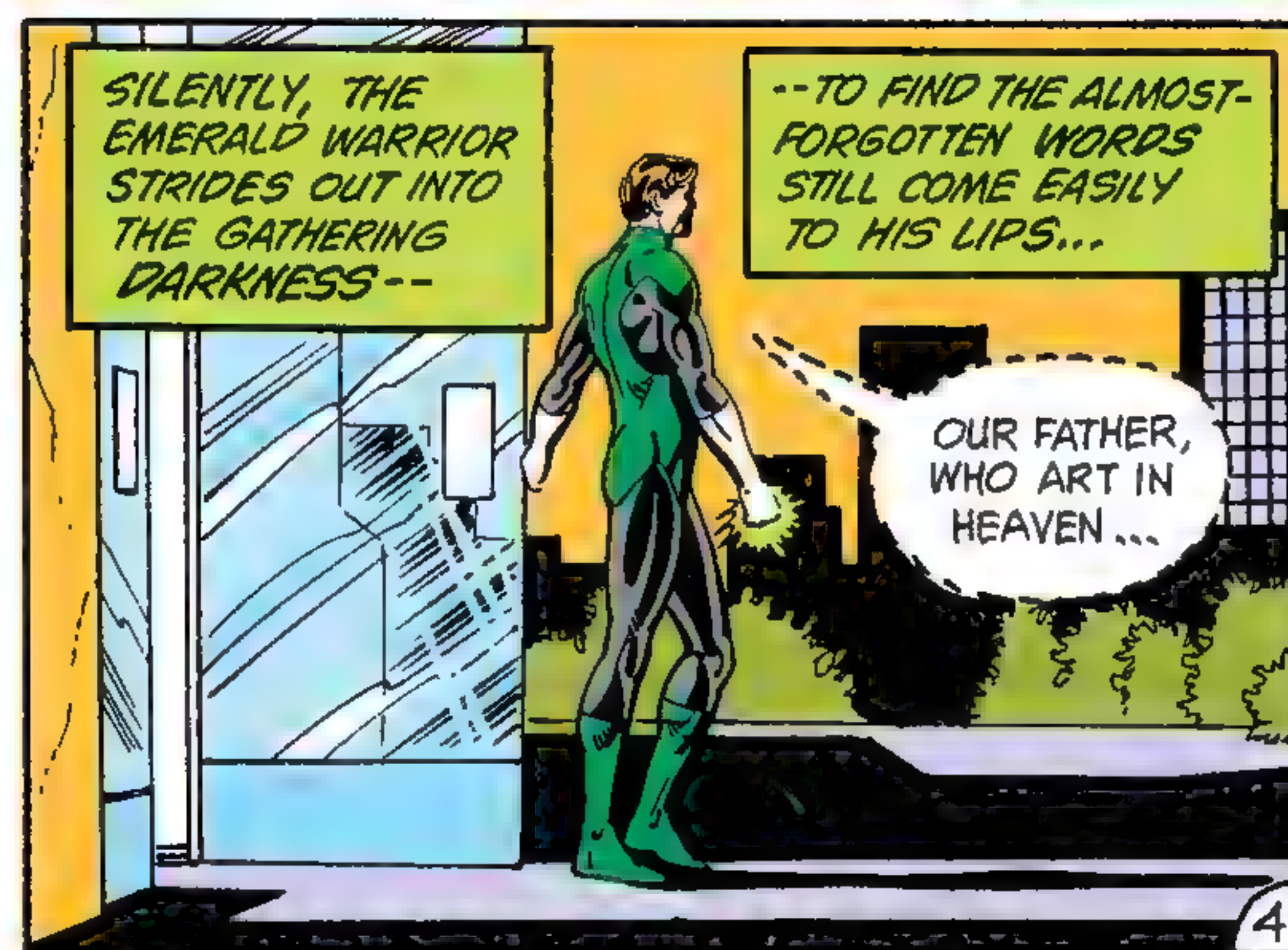
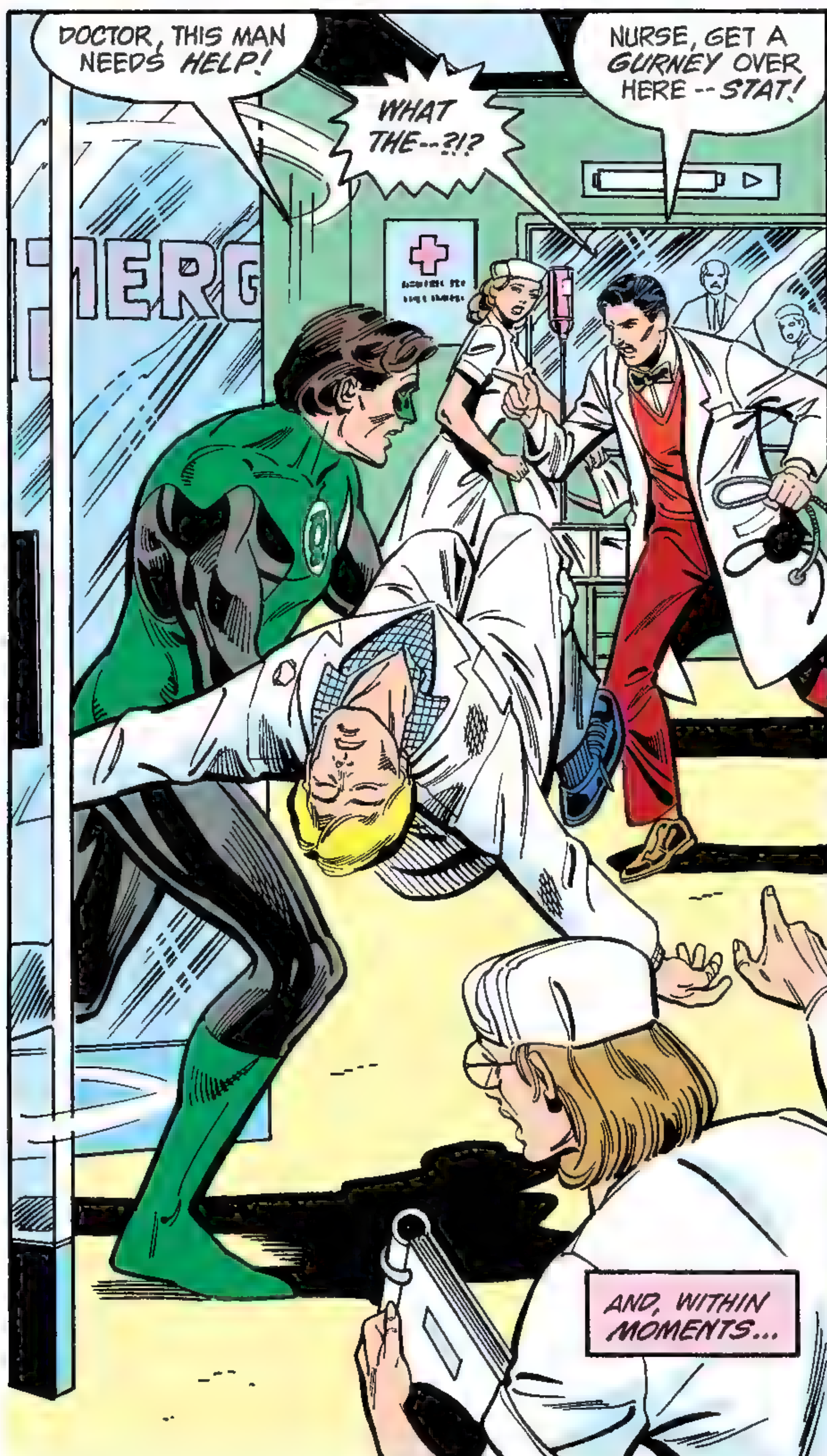




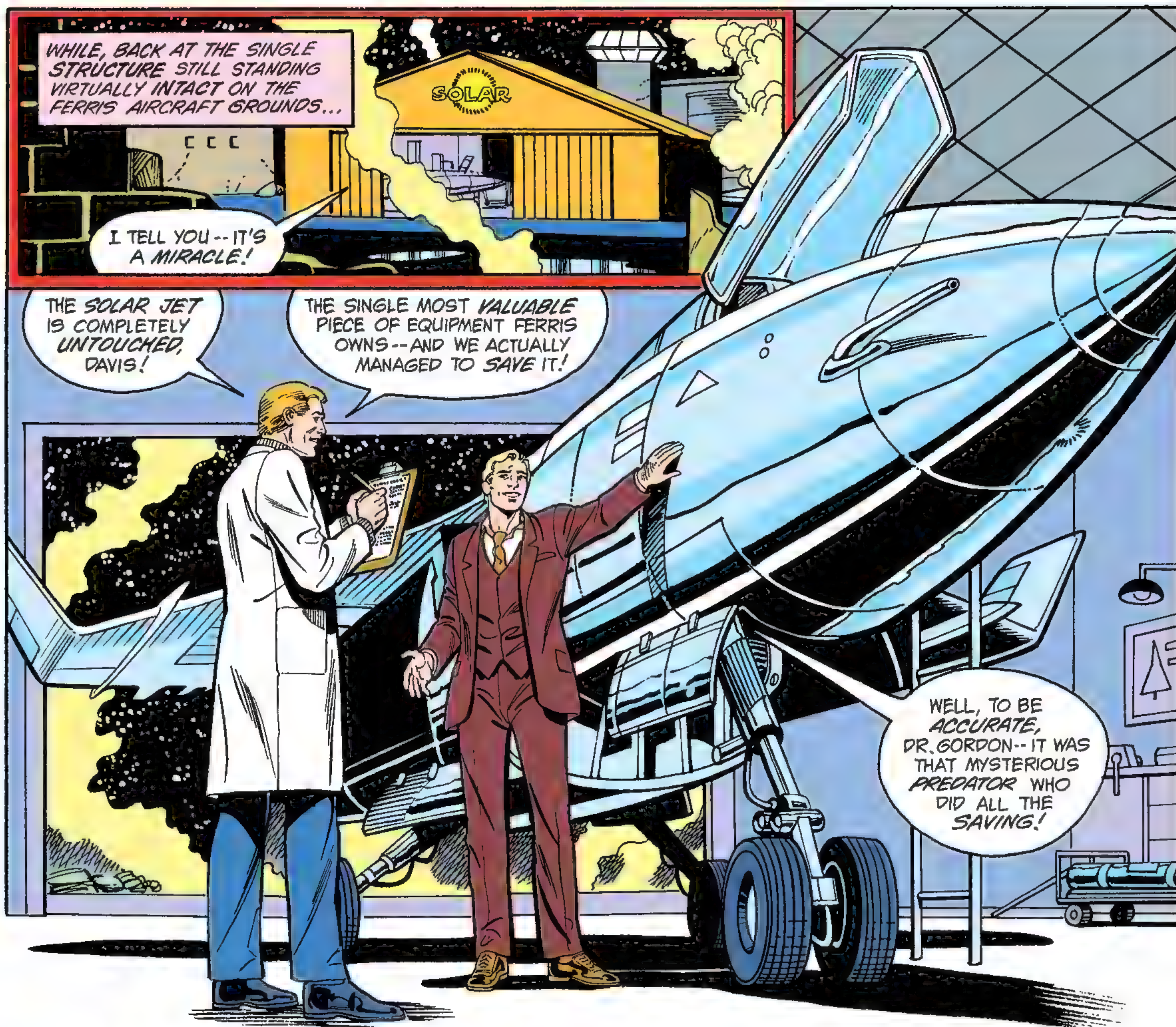




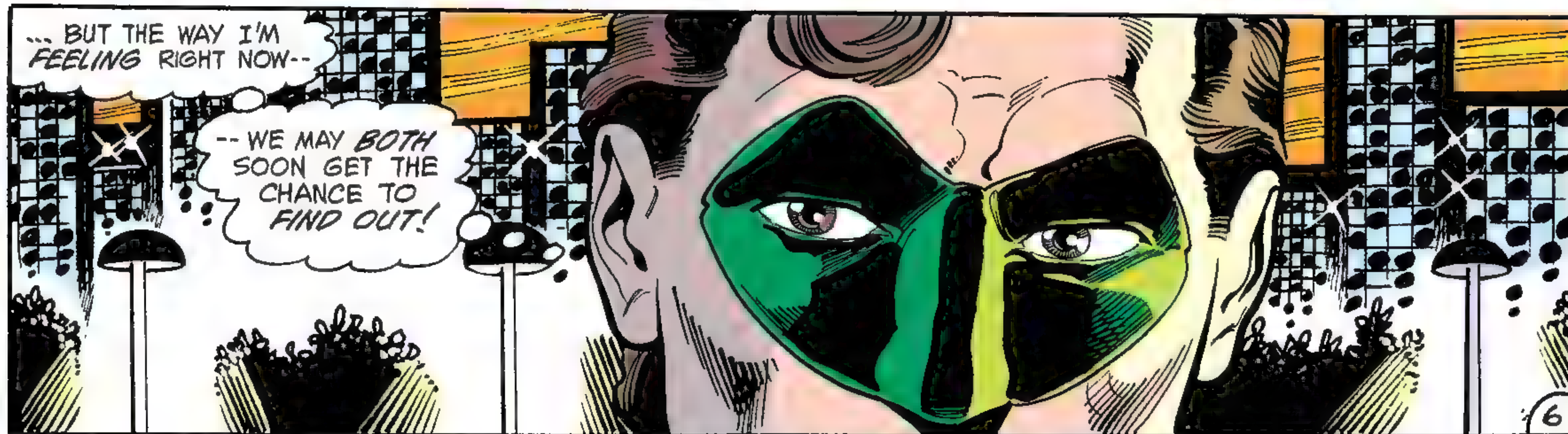
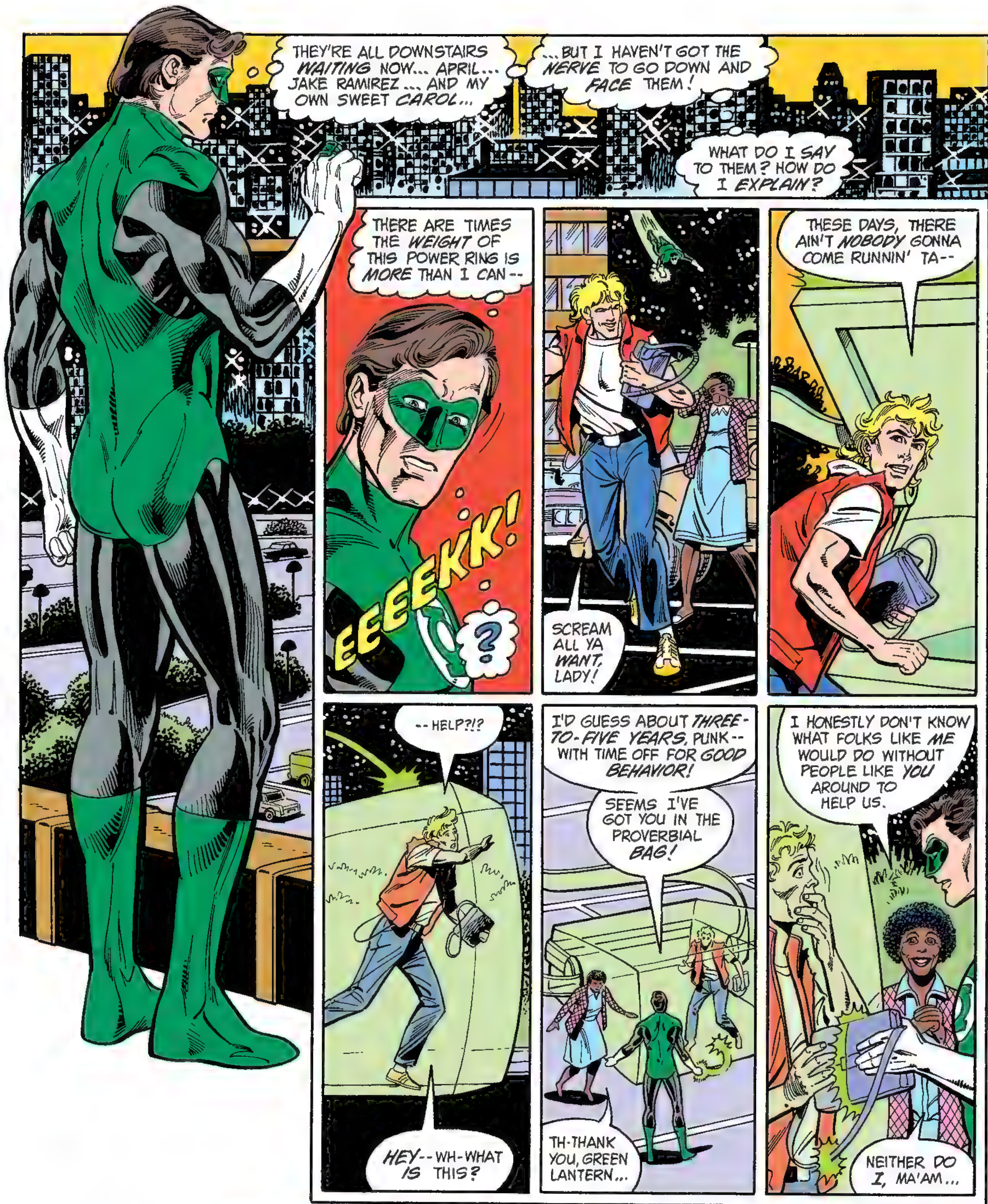




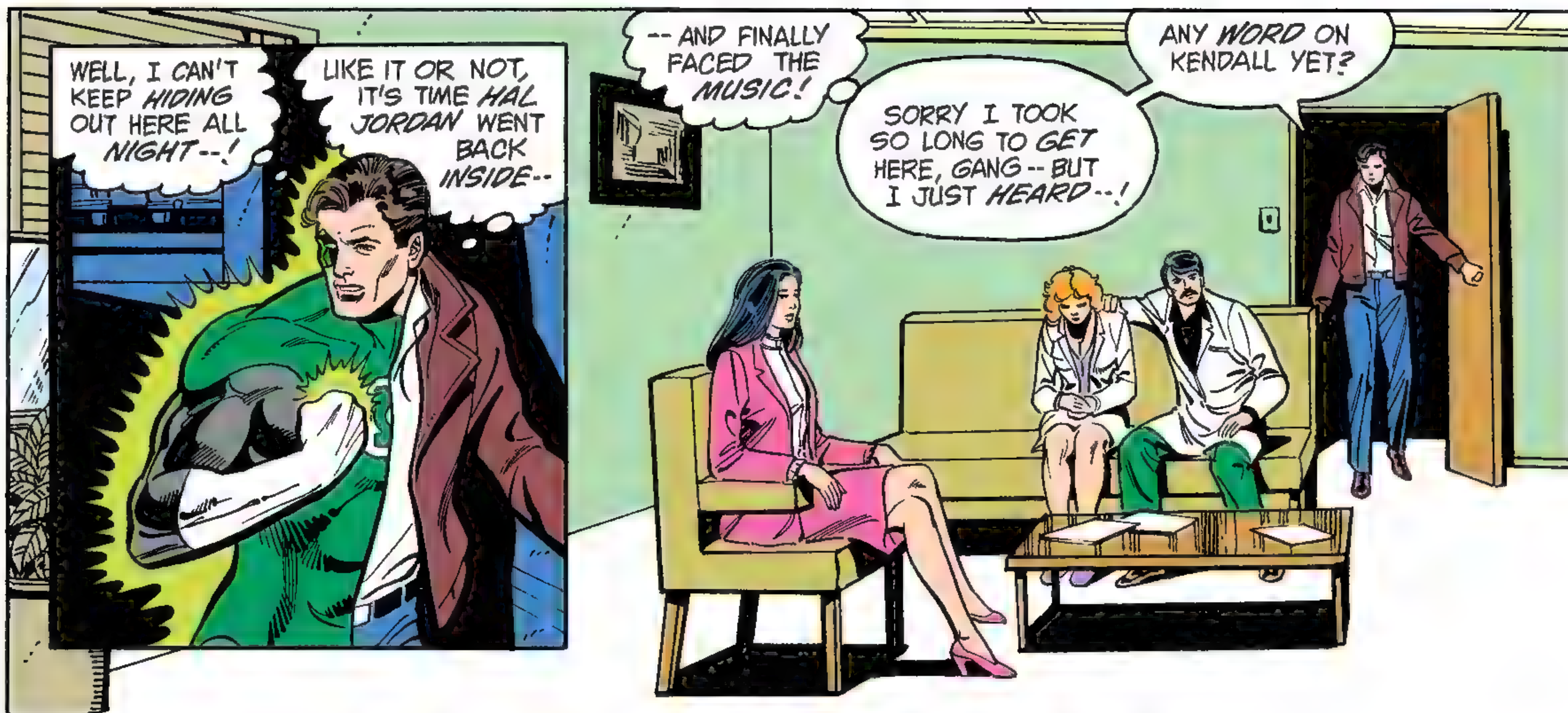




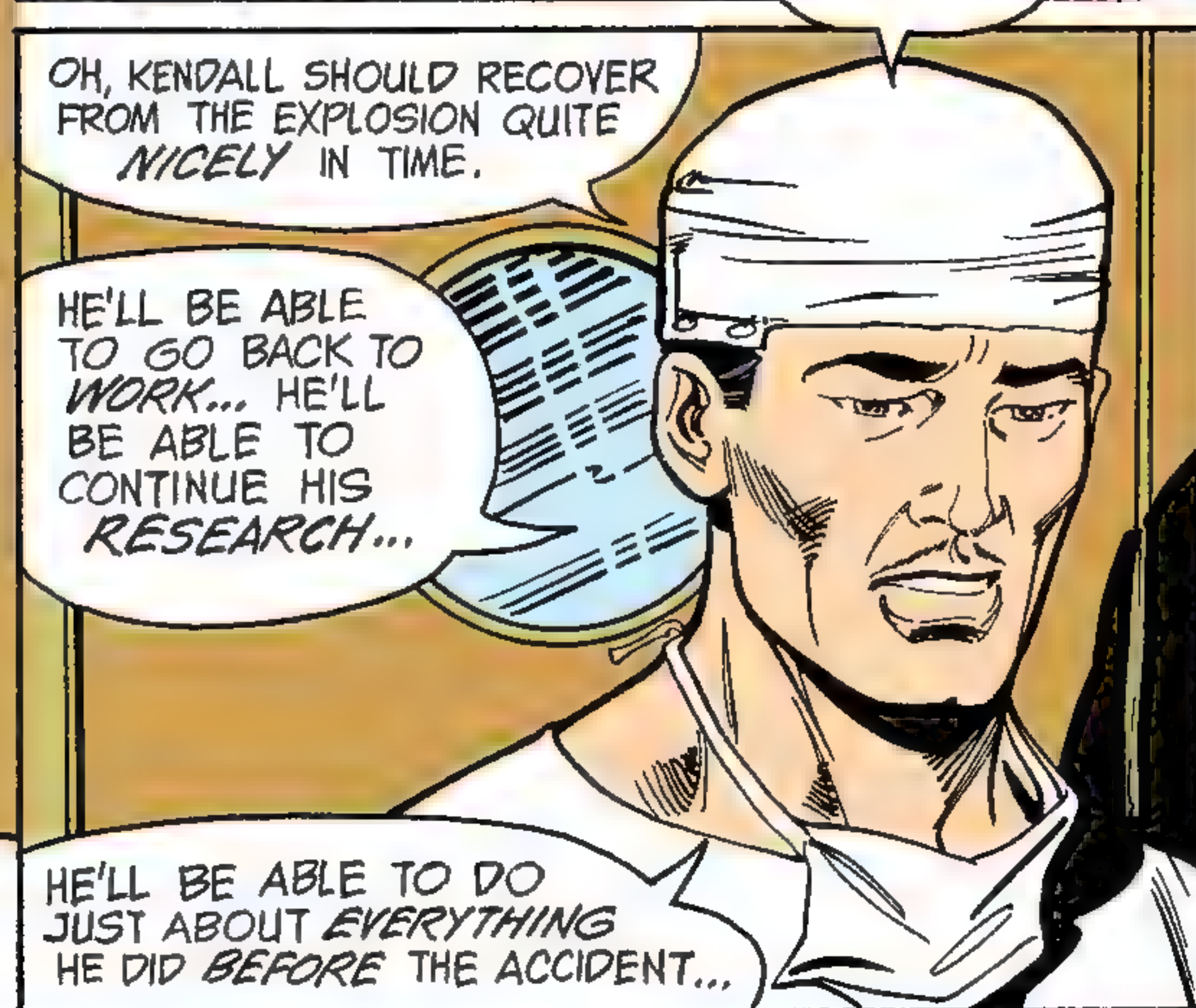
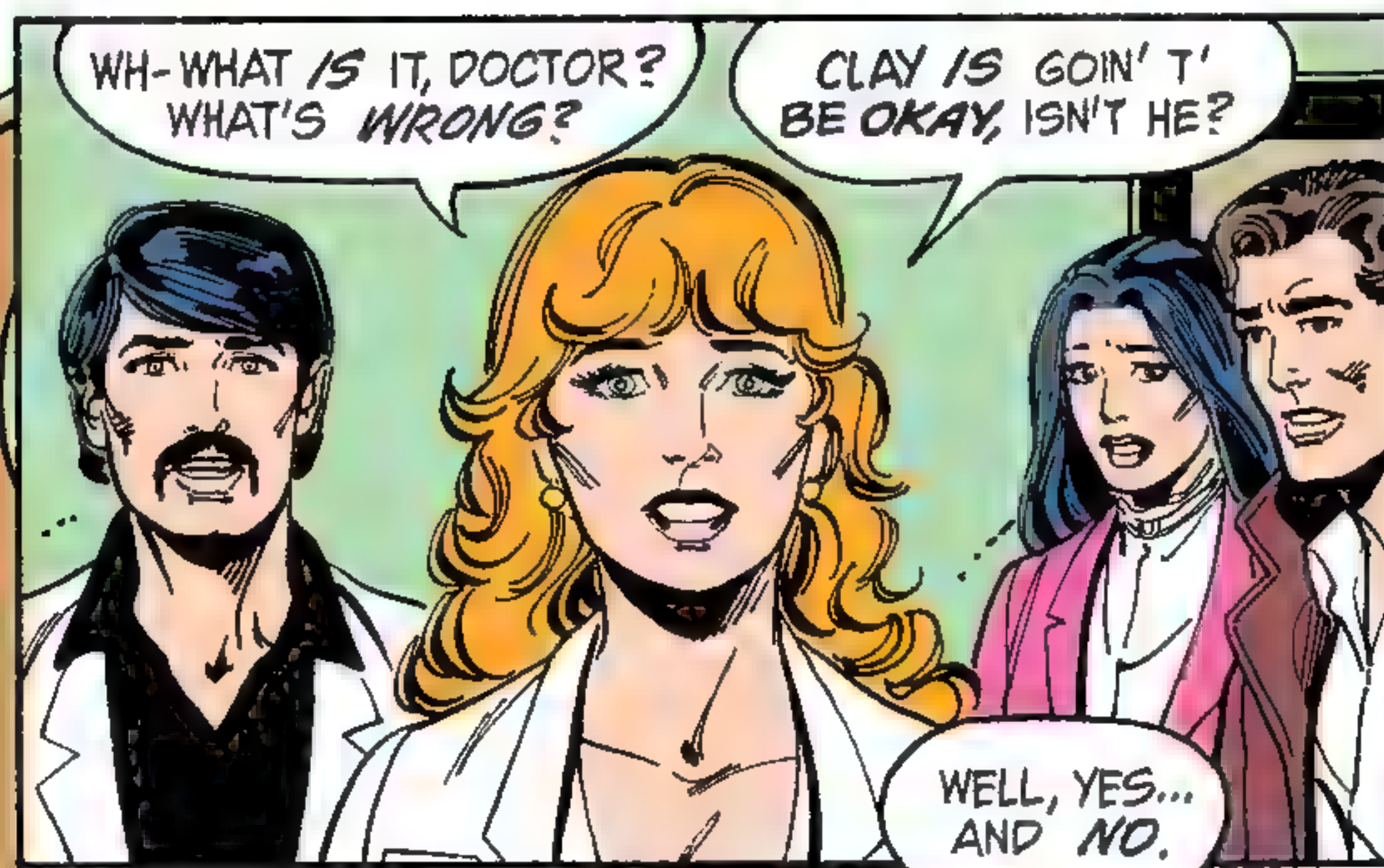




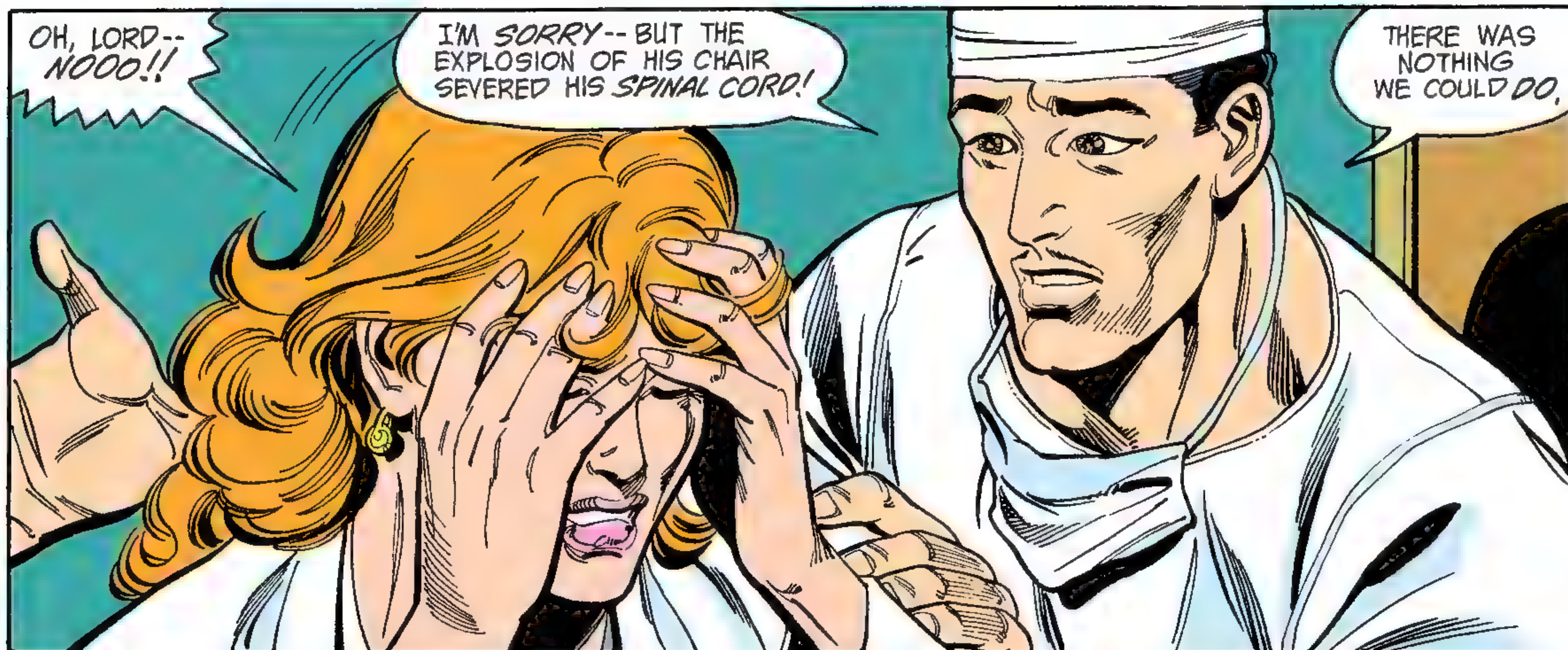












OH, LORD--  
NOOO!!

I'M SORRY-- BUT THE  
EXPLOSION OF HIS CHAIR  
SEVERED HIS SPINAL CORD!

THERE WAS  
NOTHING  
WE COULD DO,



WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN  
DO! WE'LL WORK WITH HIM --  
EXERCISE HIM-- 24 HOURS A DAY IF  
WE MUST--

--BUT WE'LL GET THE DOC BACK  
ON HIS FEET AGAIN,  
APRIL!

I SWEAR  
WE WILL!

I WISH YOU LUCK,  
MR. RAMIREZ -- BUT I WON'T  
HOLD MY BREATH.



WE'RE WITH YOU AS WELL,  
APRIL! WHATEVER FERRIS  
CAN DO TO HELP YOU--

--YOU KNOW  
YOU'VE GOT  
IT!

AYE,  
CAROL--

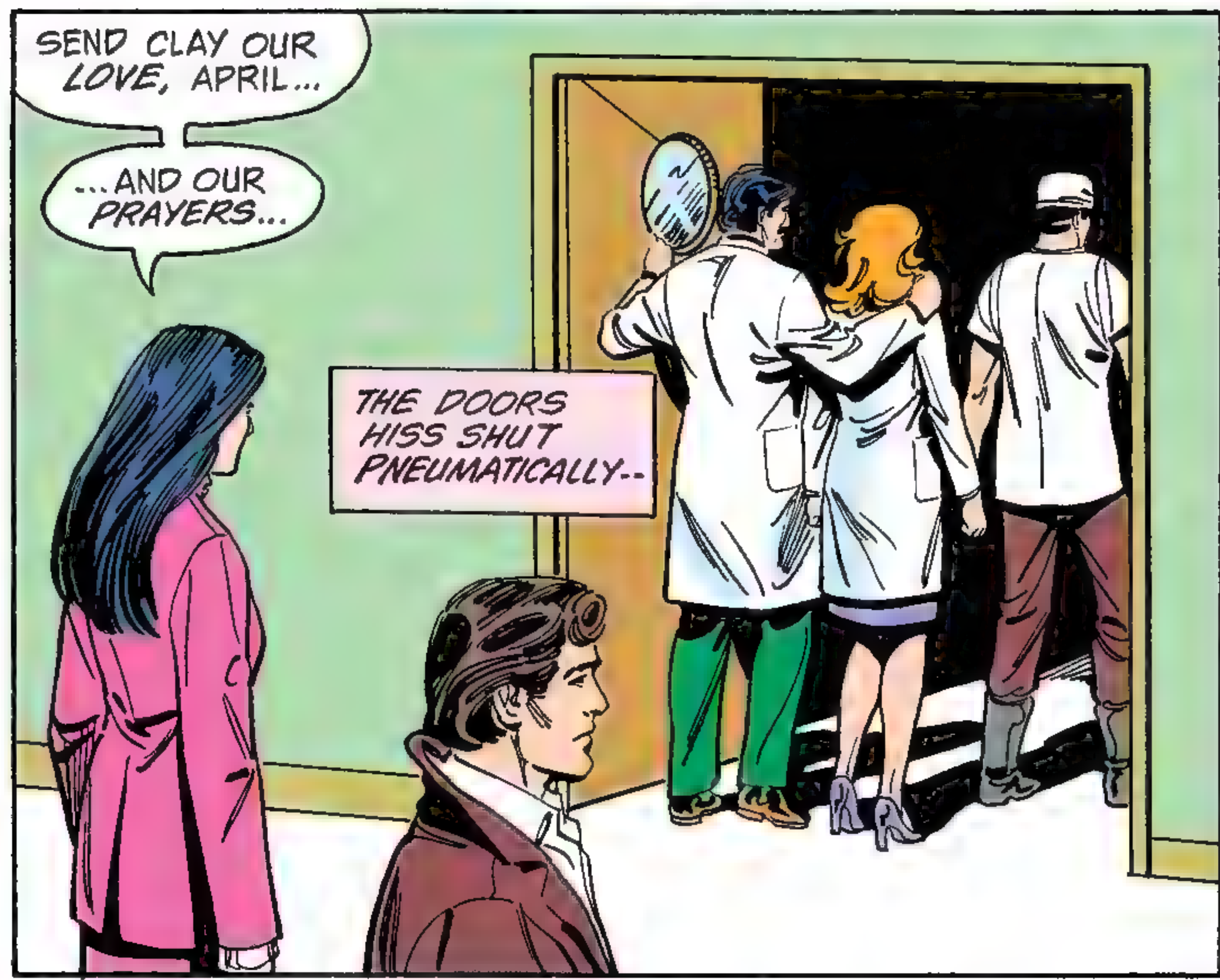
--AND I THANK YE FOR  
YER KINDNESS.



CAN WE BE  
SEEIN' HIM  
NOW, DOCTOR?

CERTAINLY...

...JUST  
FOLLOW  
ME.

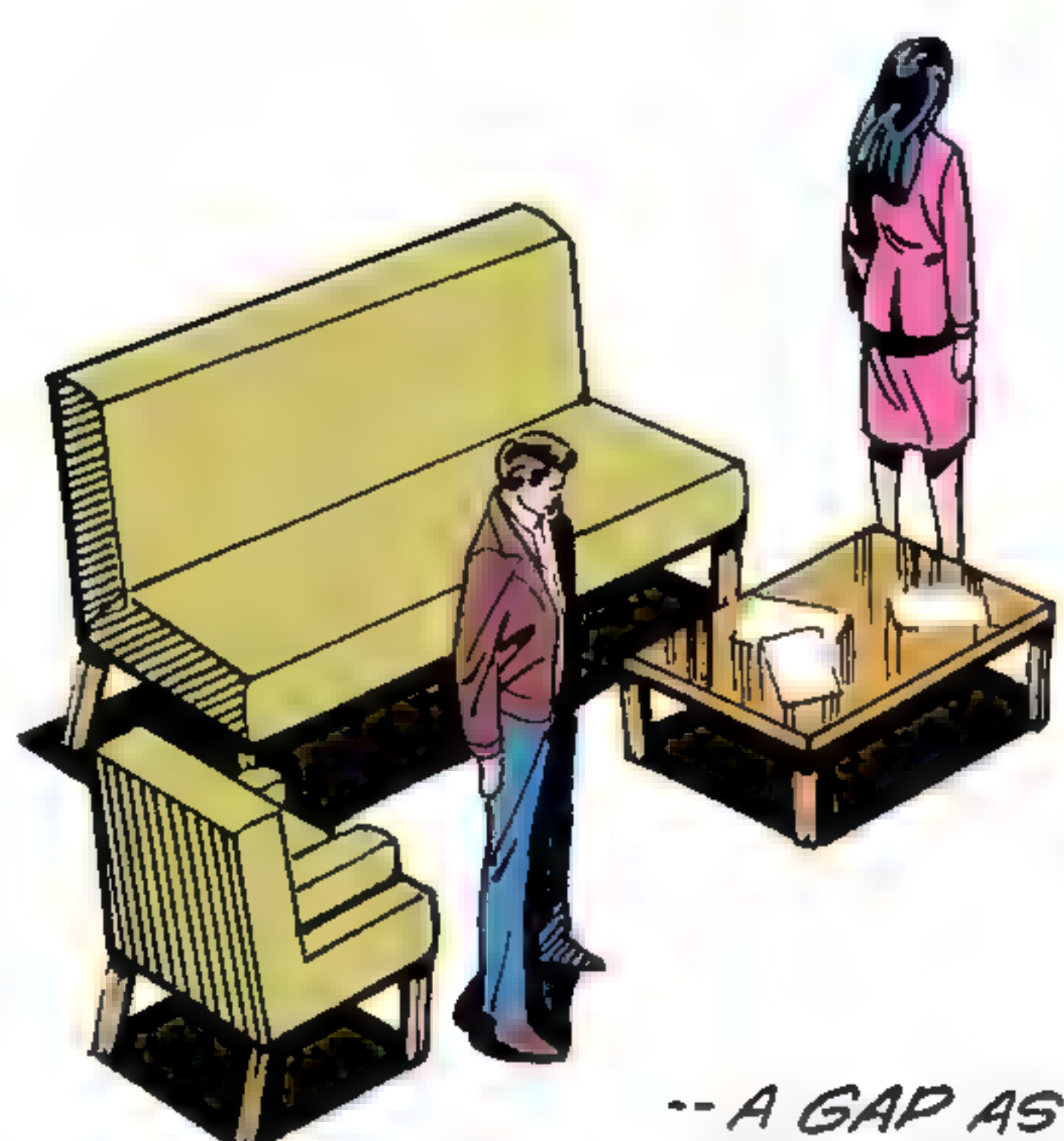


SEND CLAY OUR  
LOVE, APRIL...

...AND OUR  
PRAYERS...

THE DOORS  
HISS SHUT  
PNEUMATICALLY--

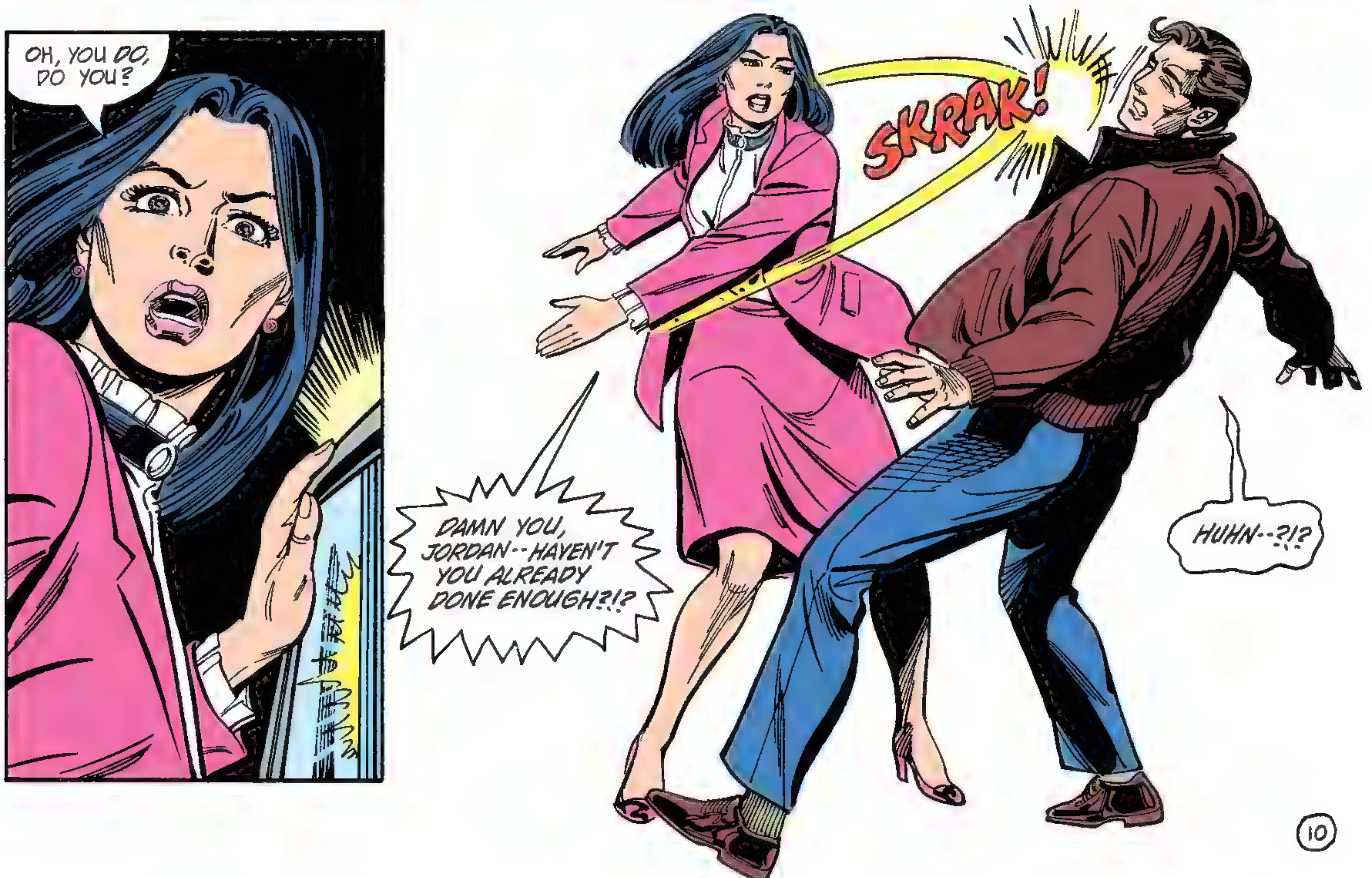
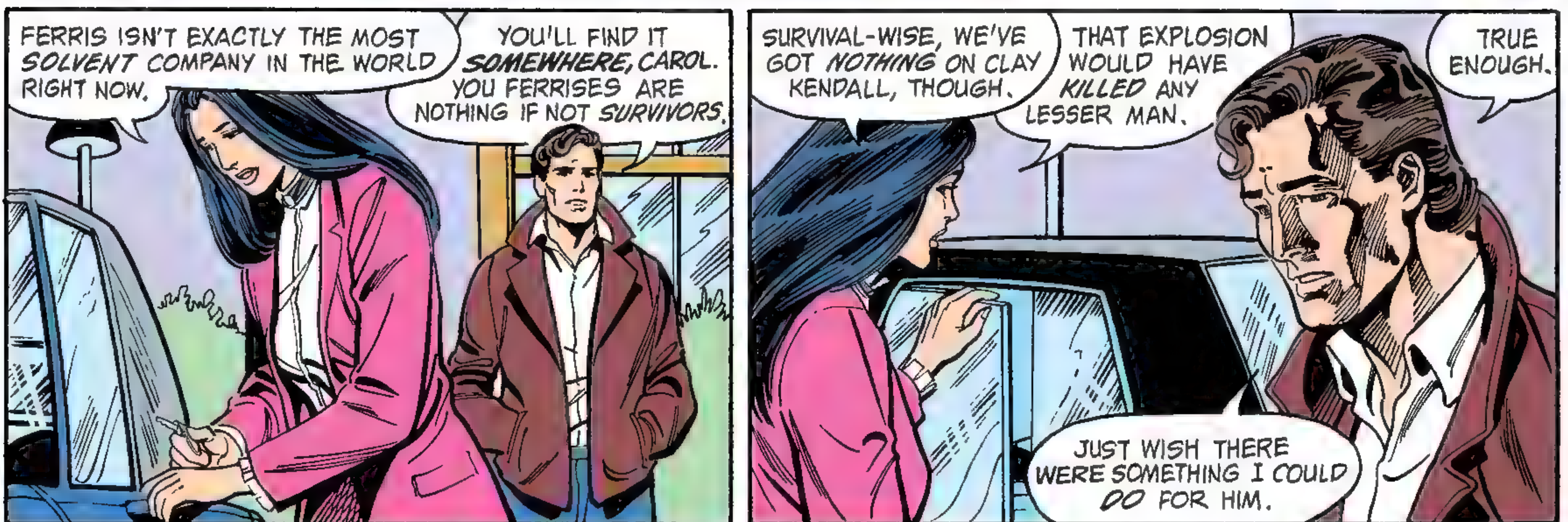
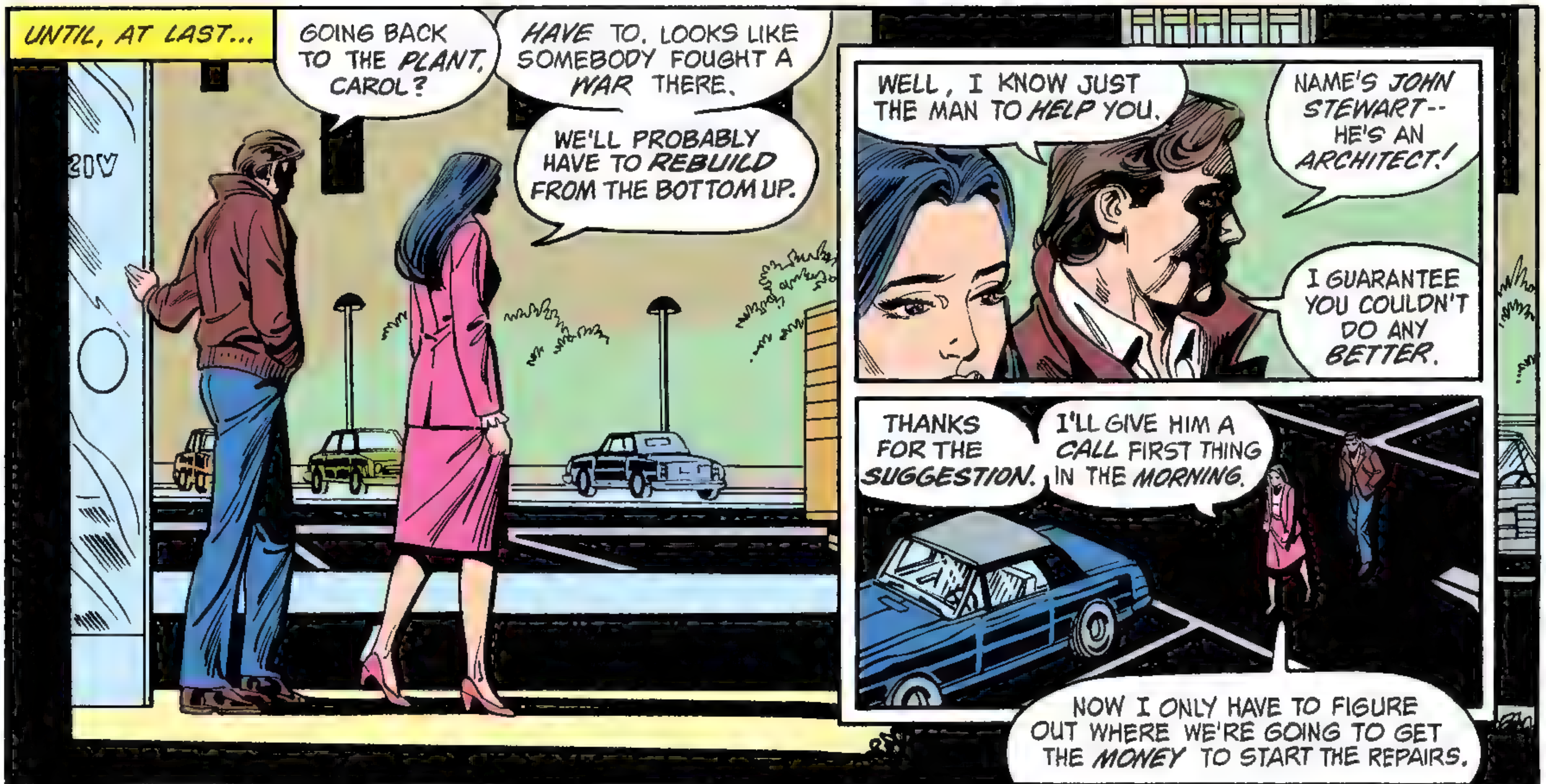
--LEAVING SPACES IN THE SILENCE  
NO WORDS OR GESTURES COULD  
EVER HOPE TO FILL--



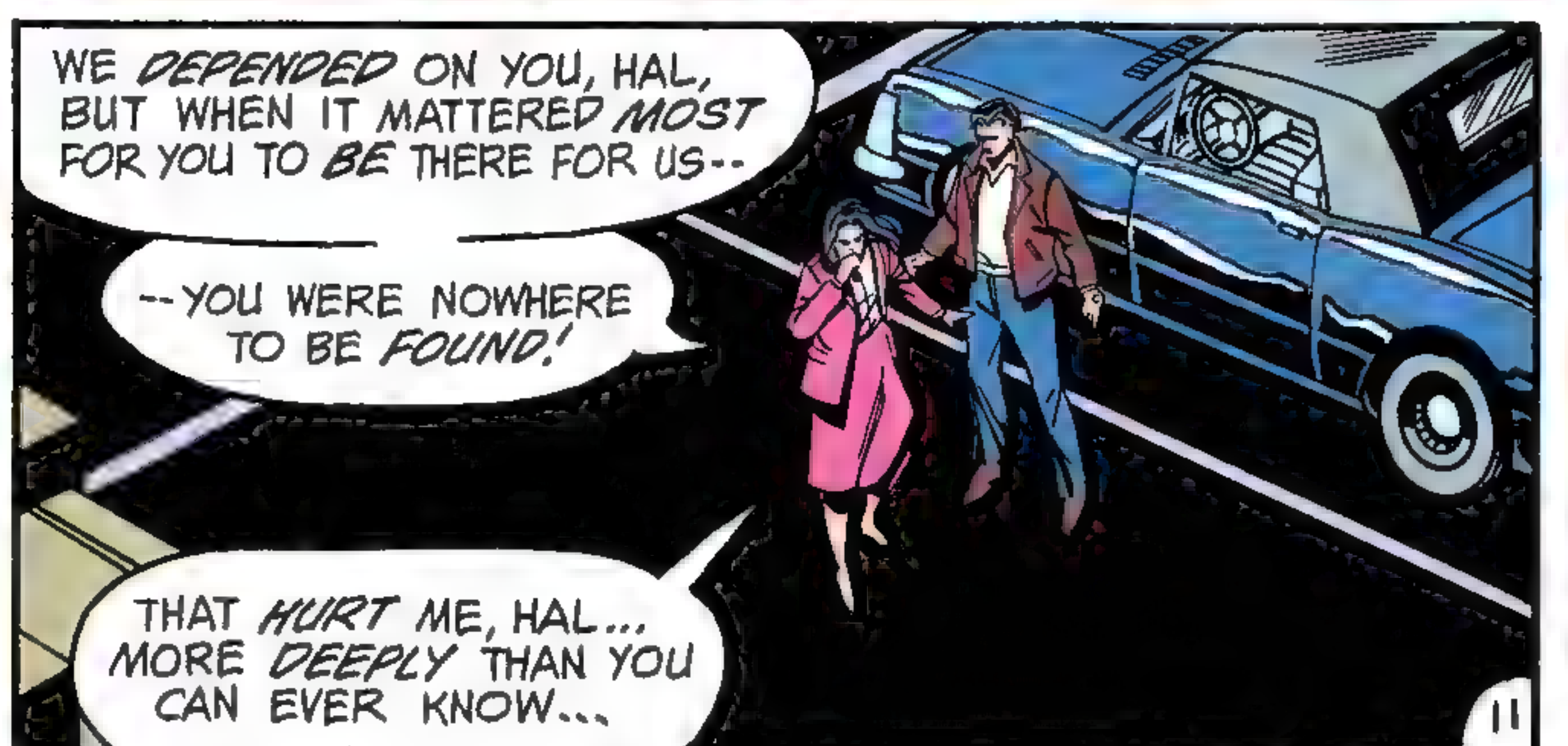
-- A GAP AS  
WIDE AS THE  
WORLD...

9

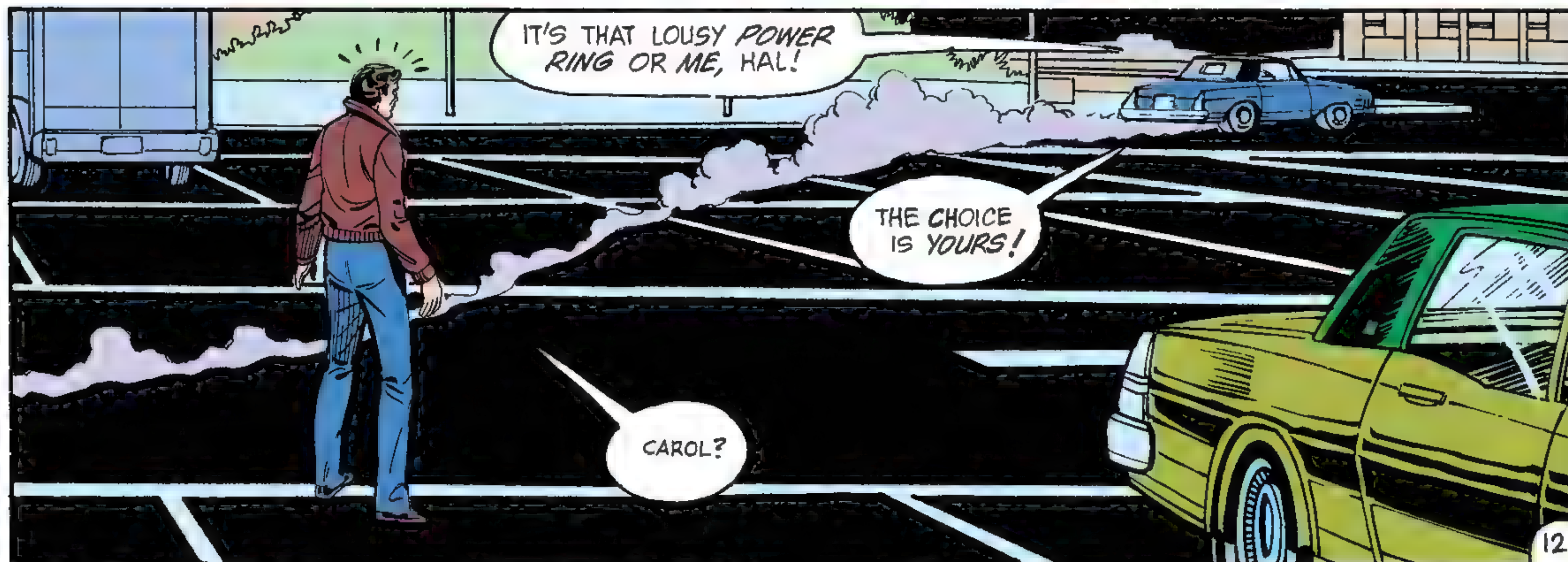
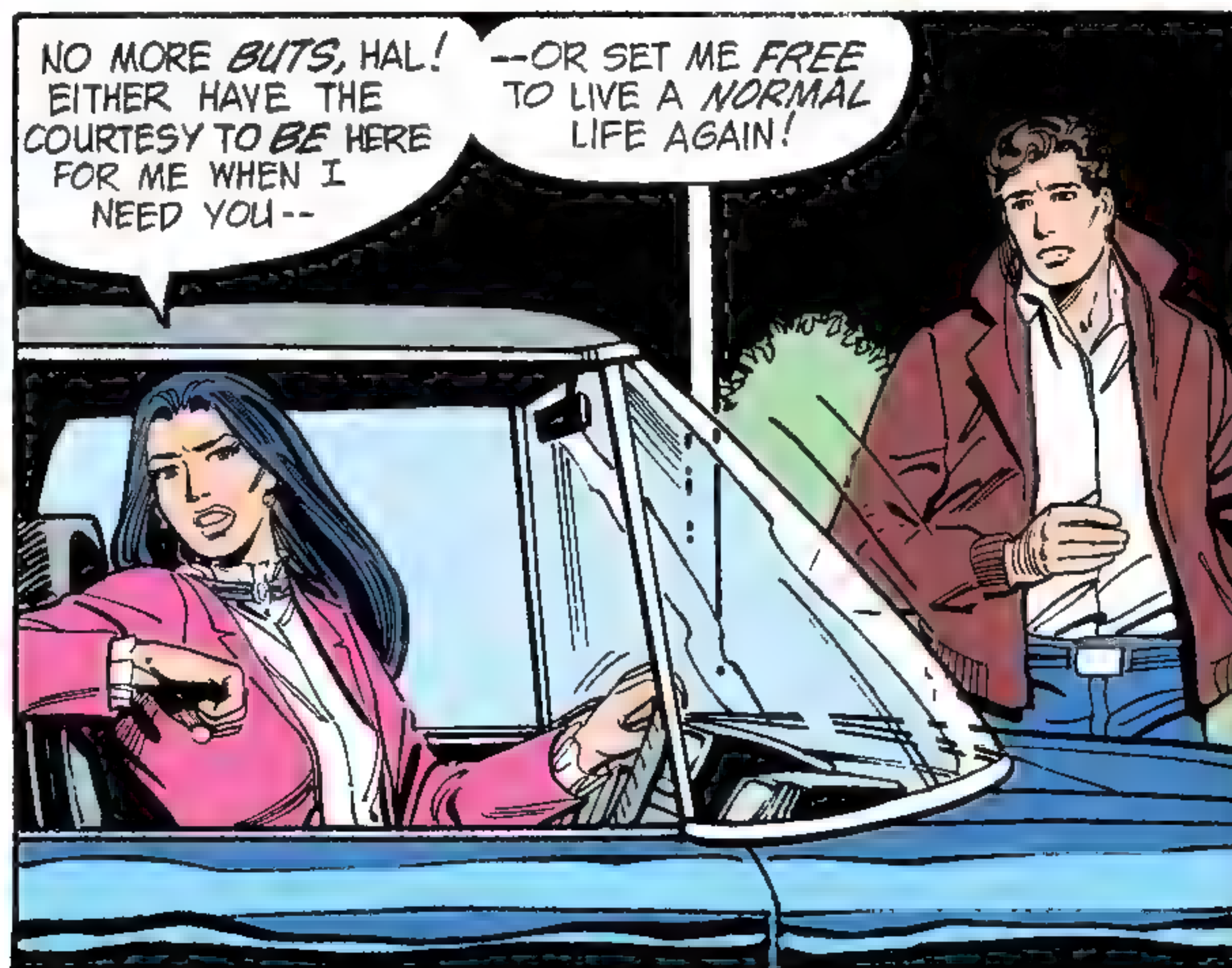
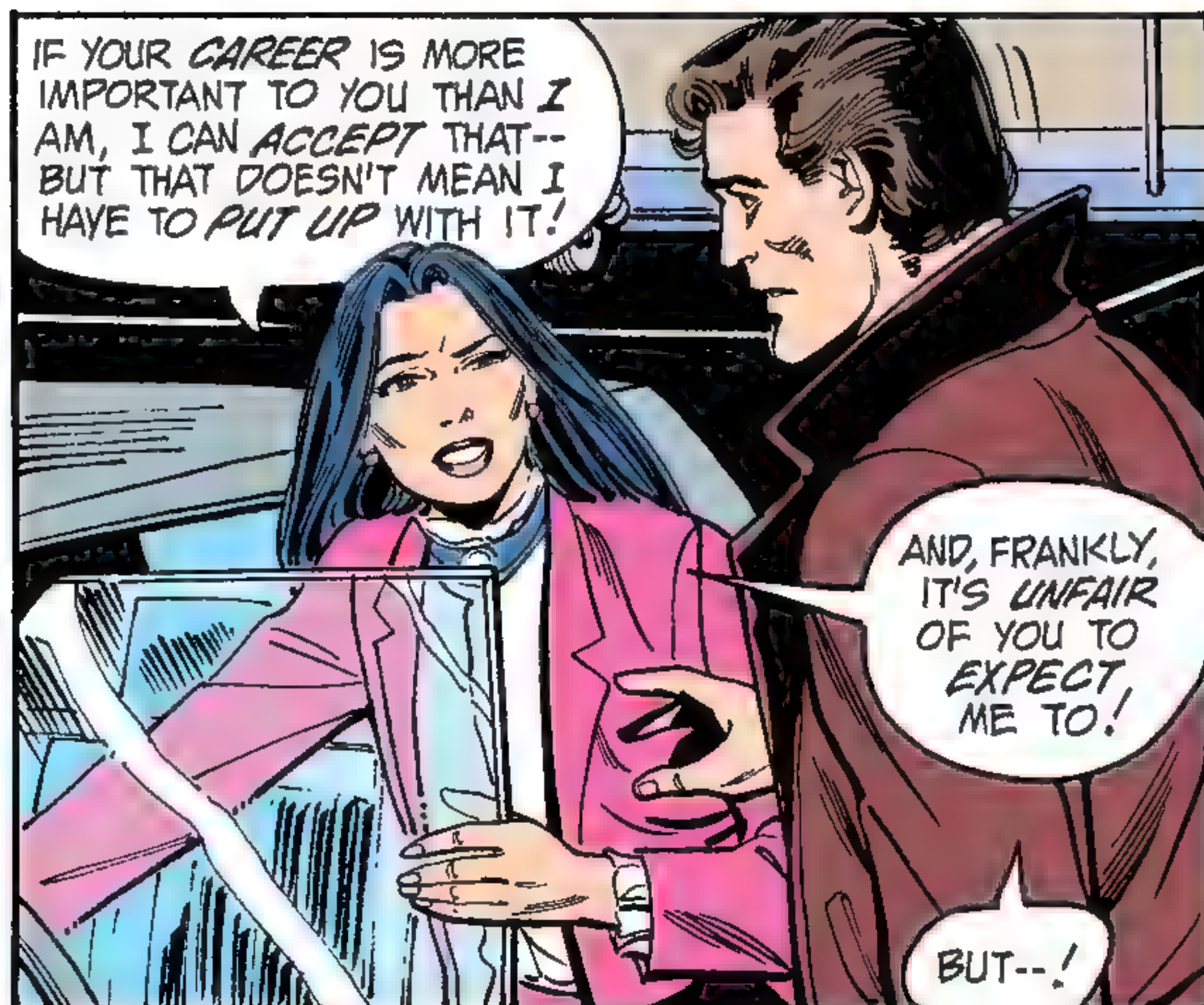
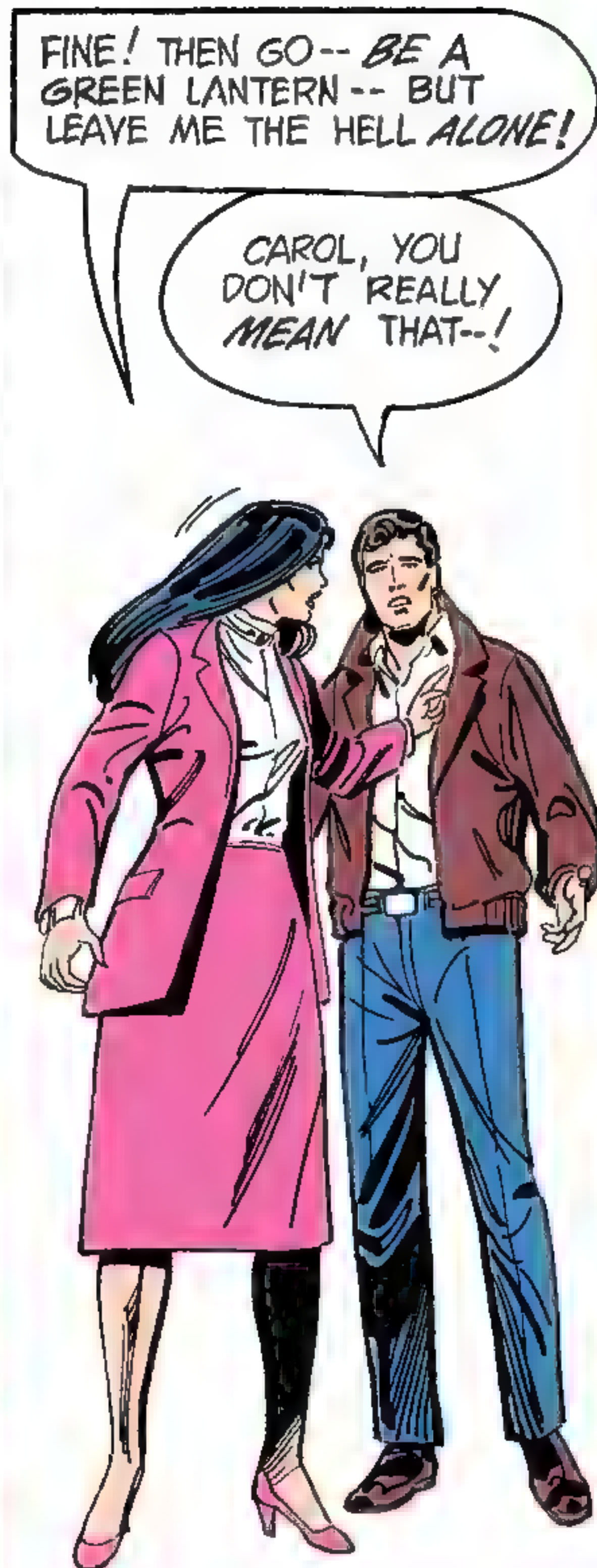












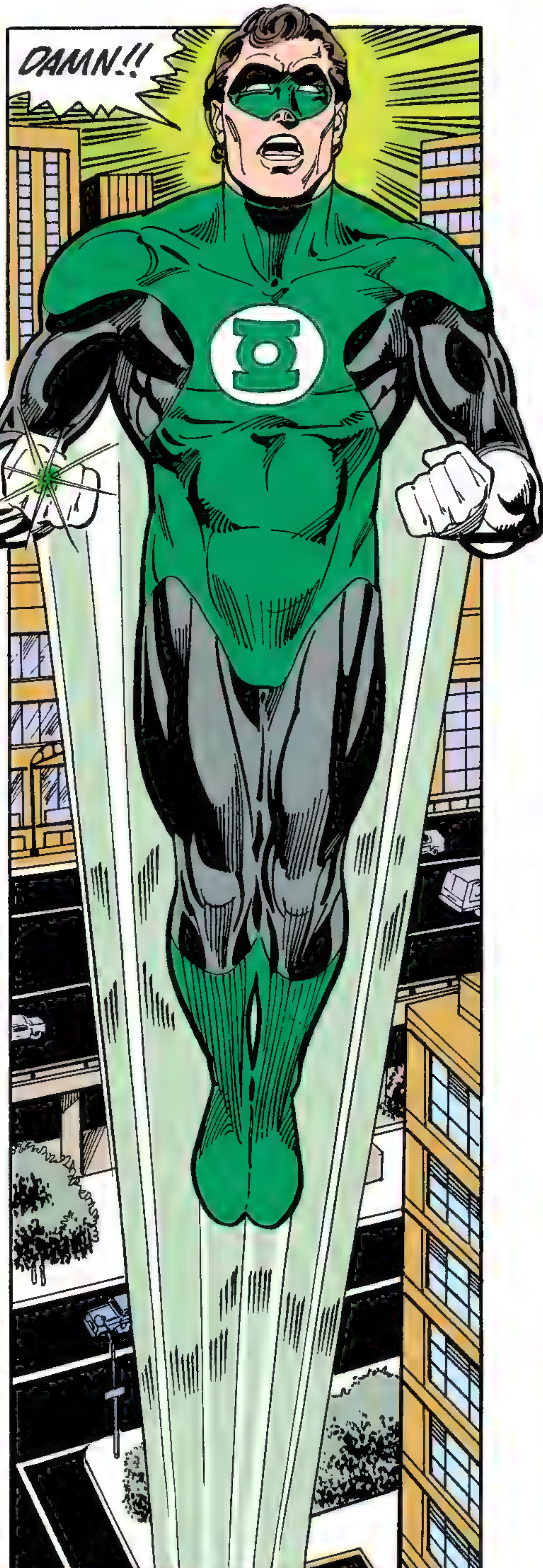




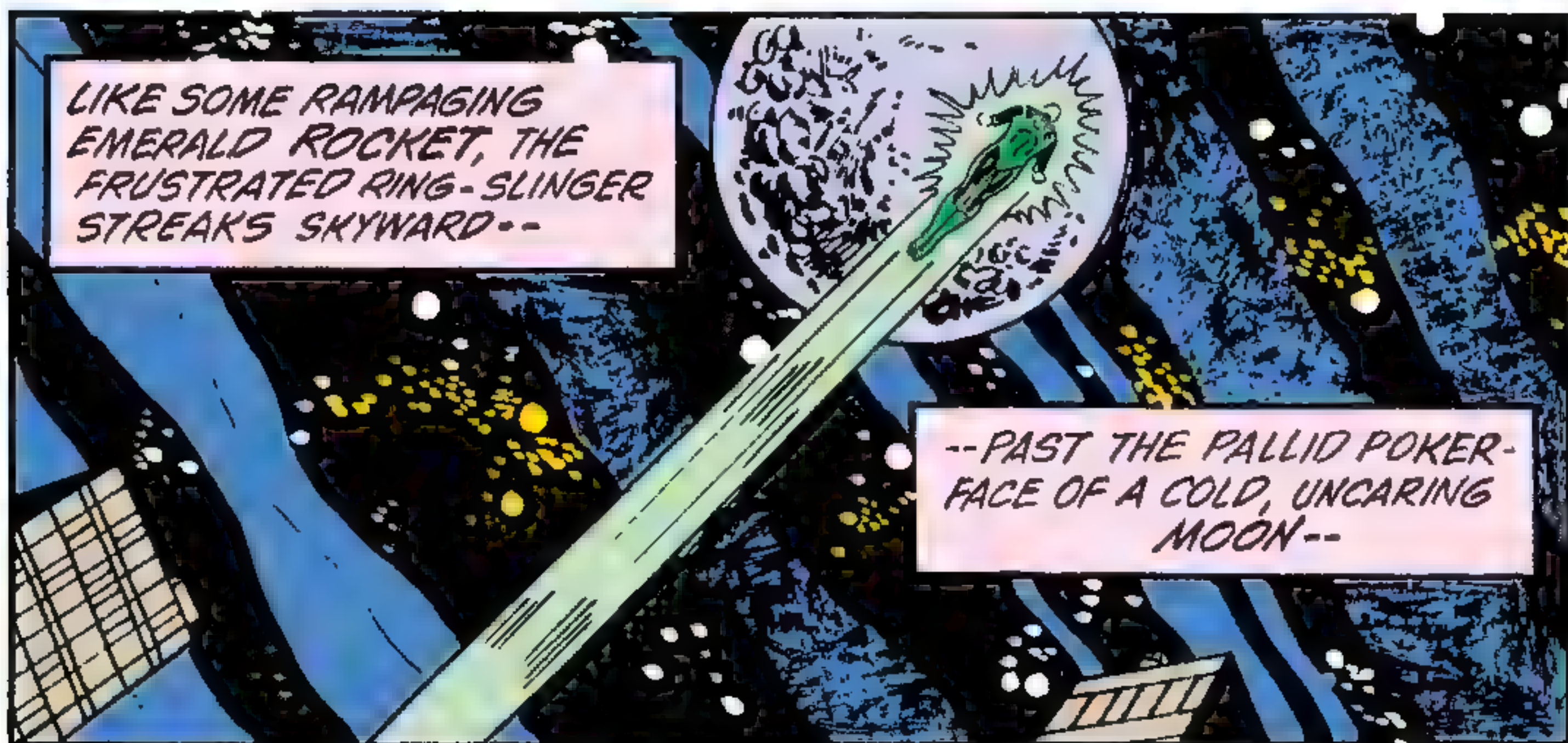
DAMN.



DAMN.!

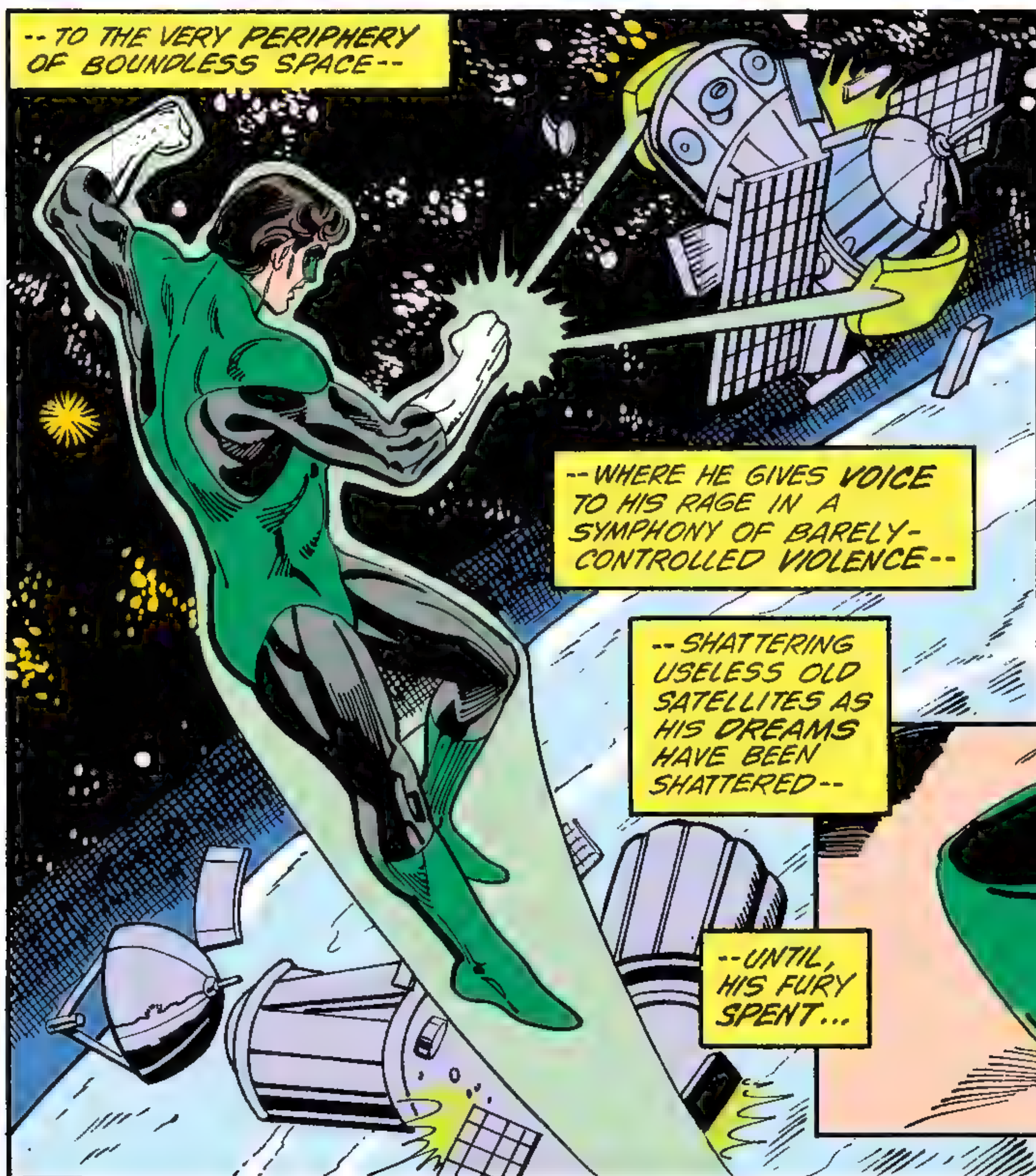


DAMN.!!



LIKE SOME RAMPAGING EMERALD ROCKET, THE FRUSTRATED RING-SLINGER STREAKS SKYWARD--

--PAST THE PALLID POKER-FACE OF A COLD, UNCARING MOON--

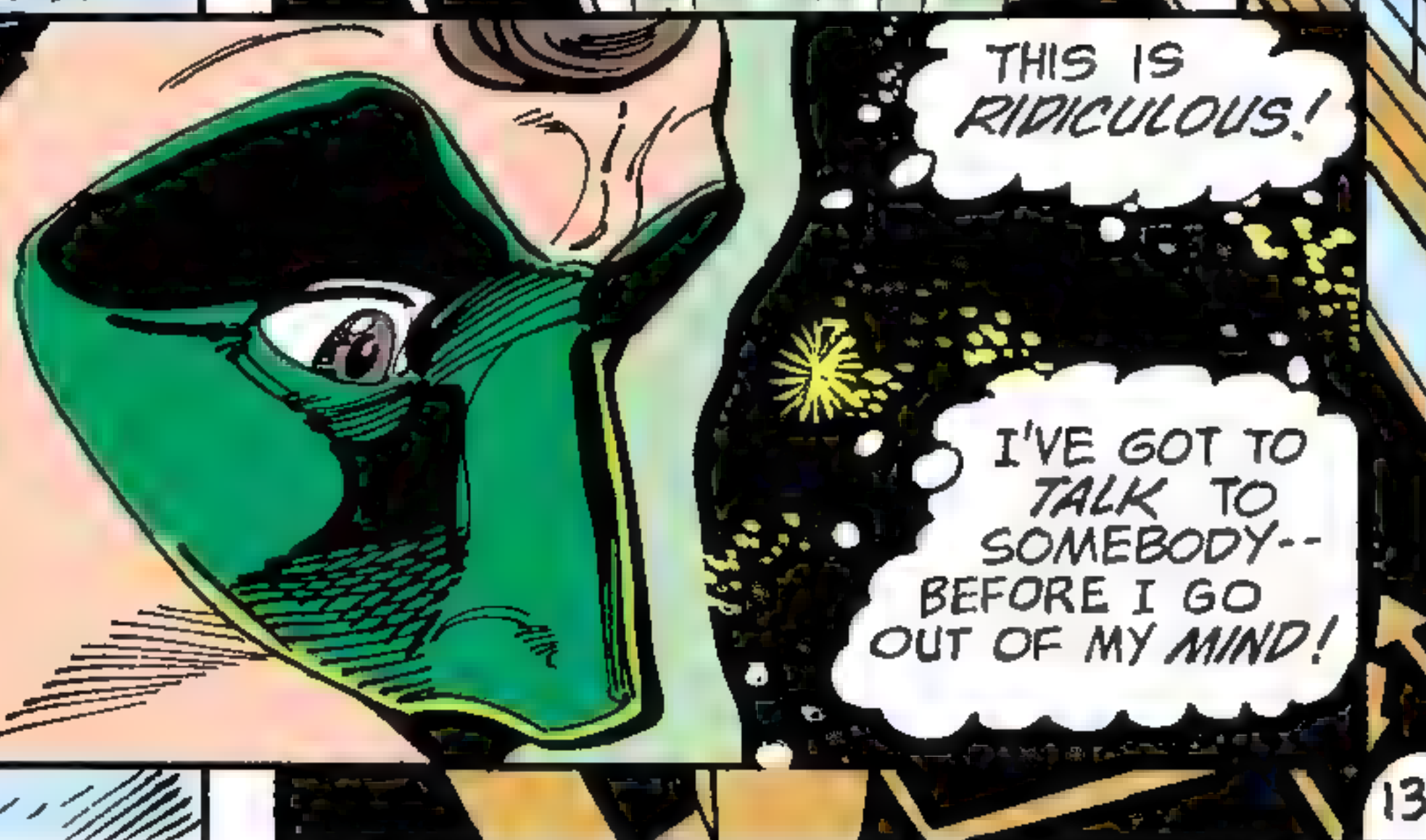


-- TO THE VERY PERIPHERY OF BOUNDLESS SPACE--

-- WHERE HE GIVES VOICE TO HIS RAGE IN A SYMPHONY OF BARELY-CONTROLLED VIOLENCE--

-- SHATTERING USELESS OLD SATELLITES AS HIS DREAMS HAVE BEEN SHATTERED--

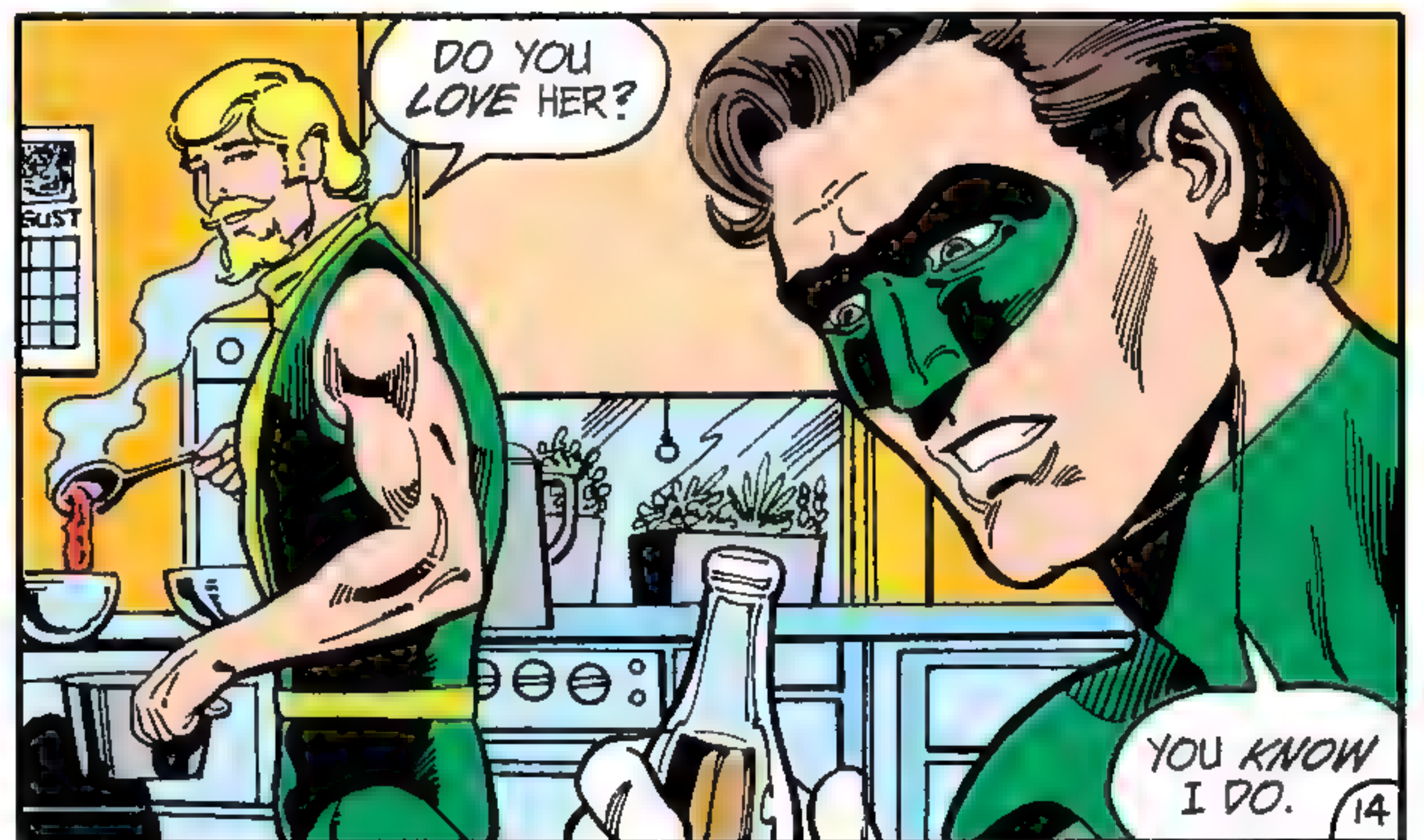
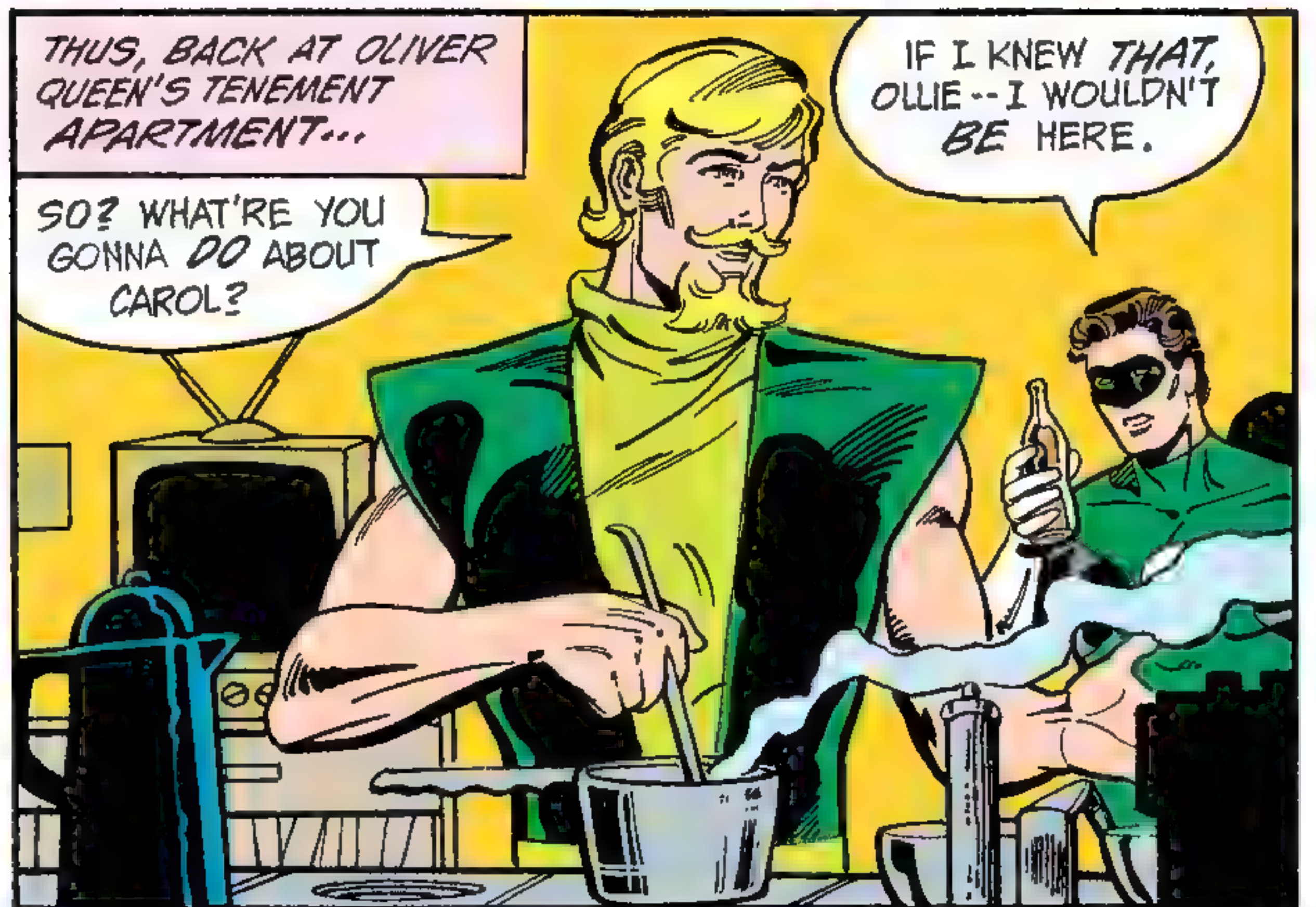
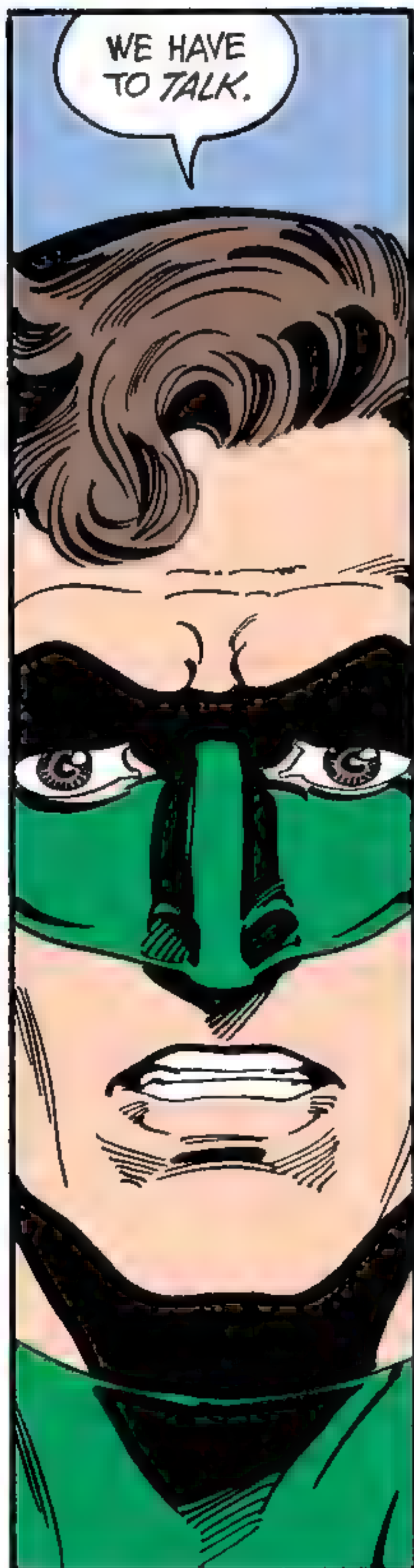
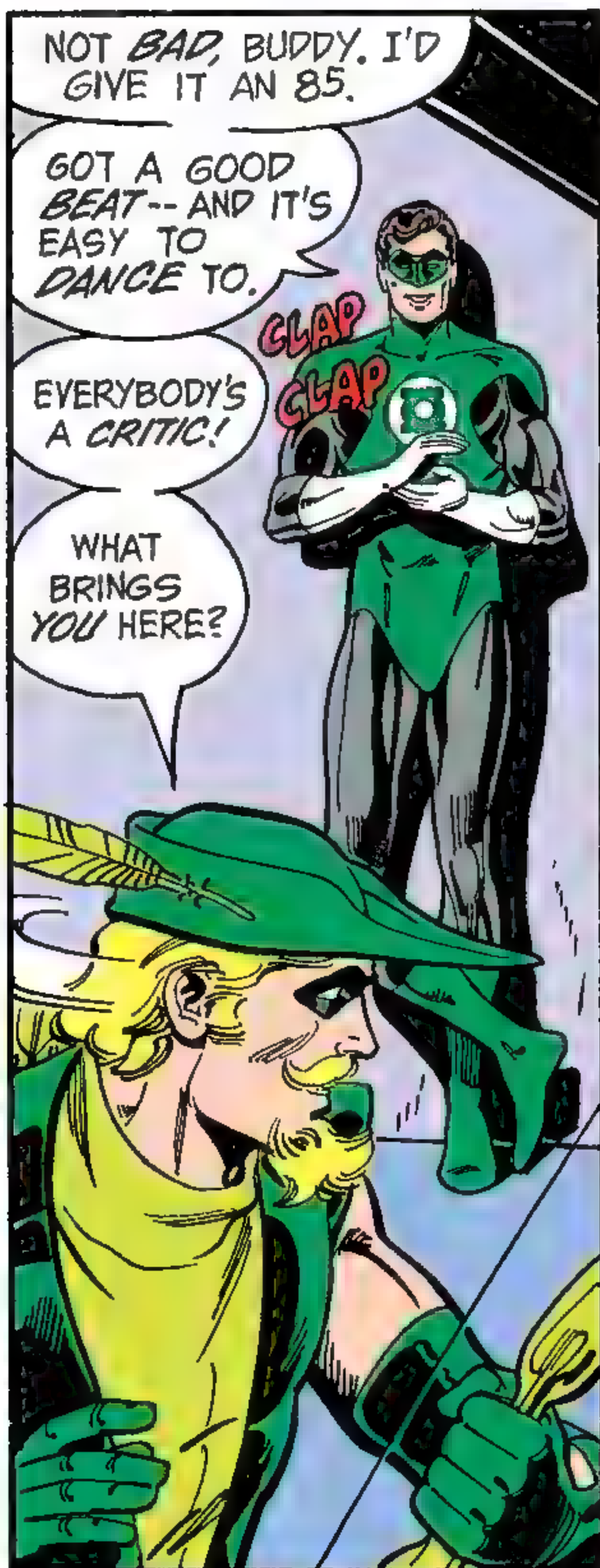
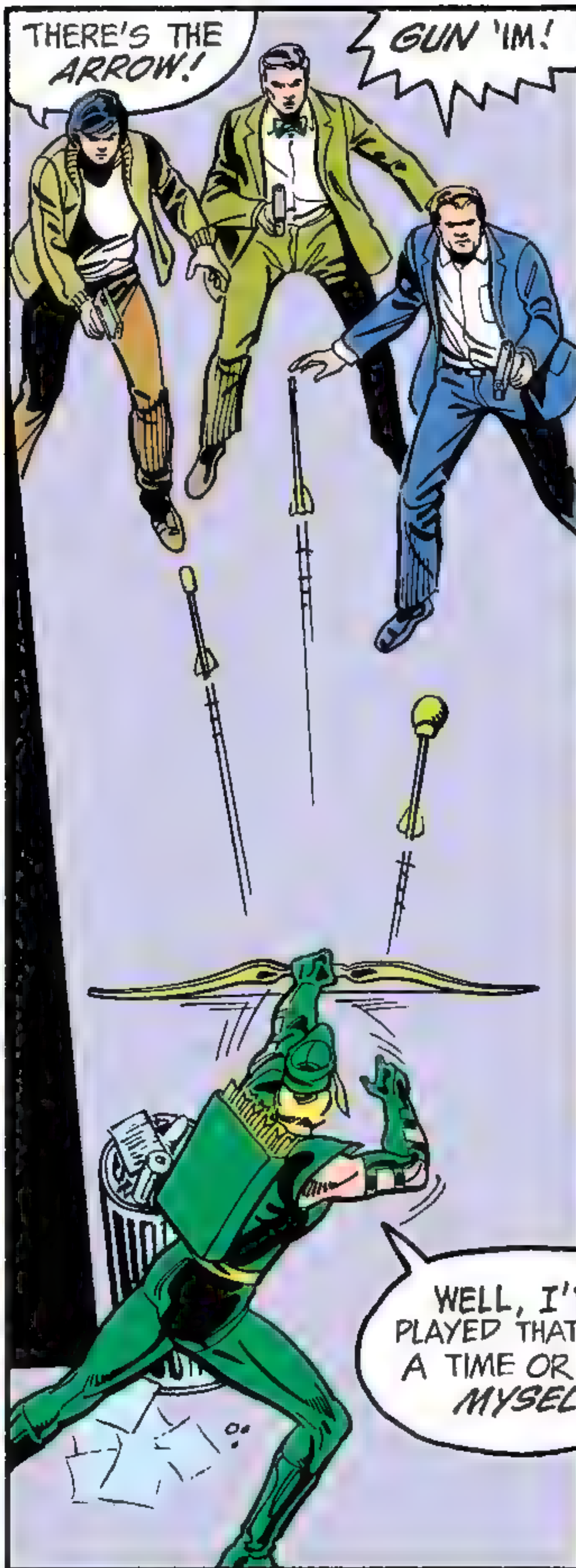
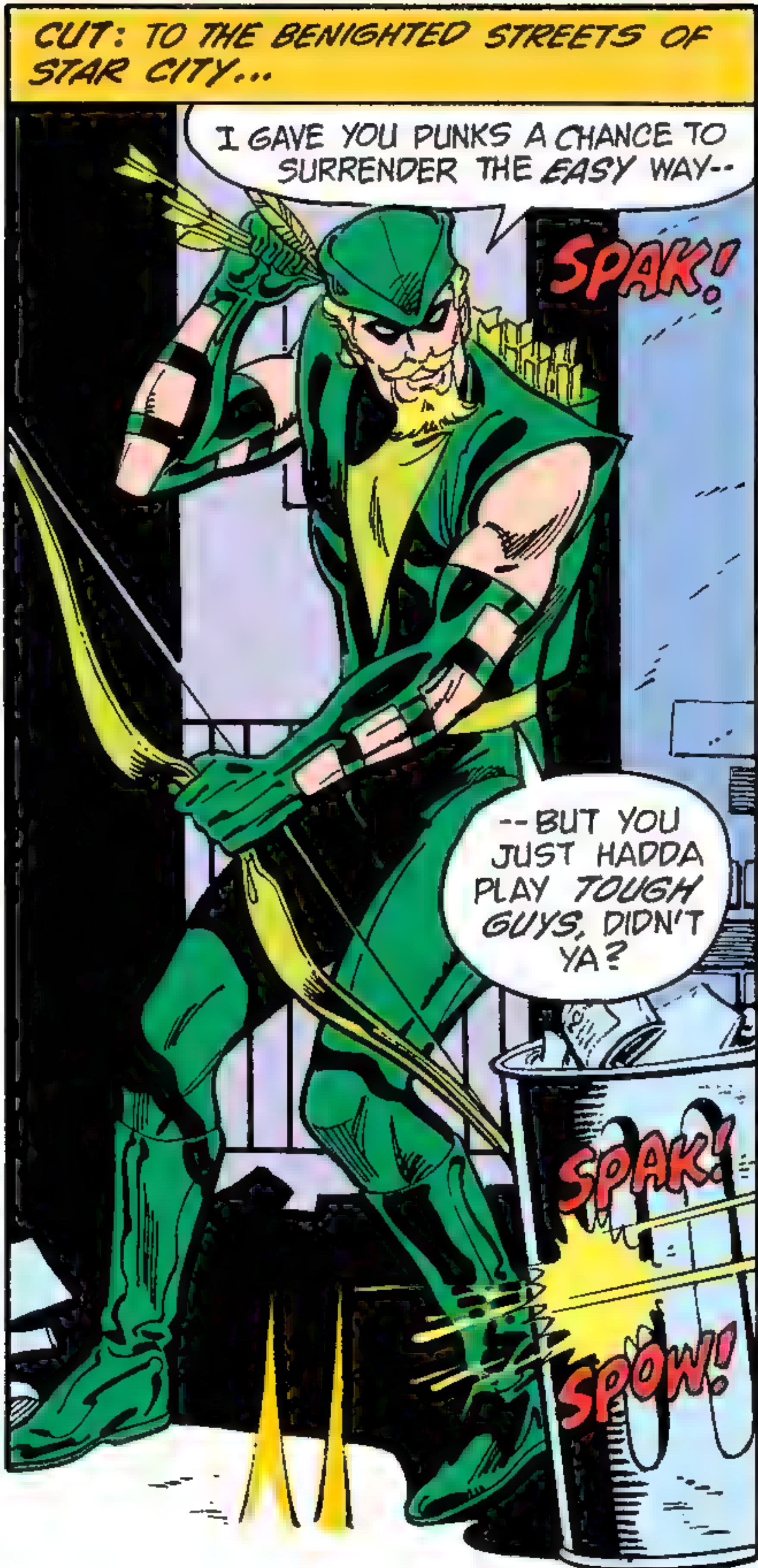
--UNTIL, HIS FURY SPENT...



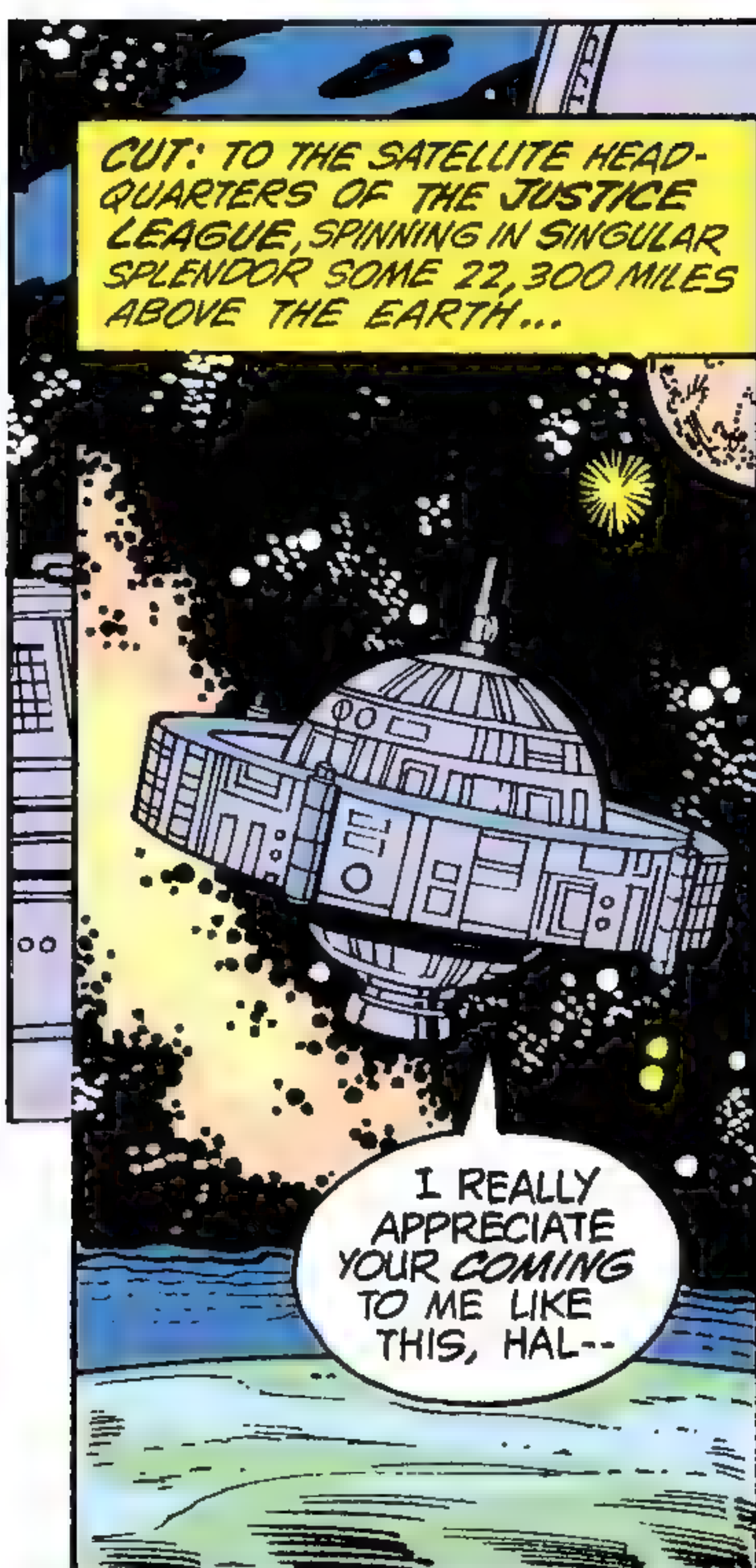
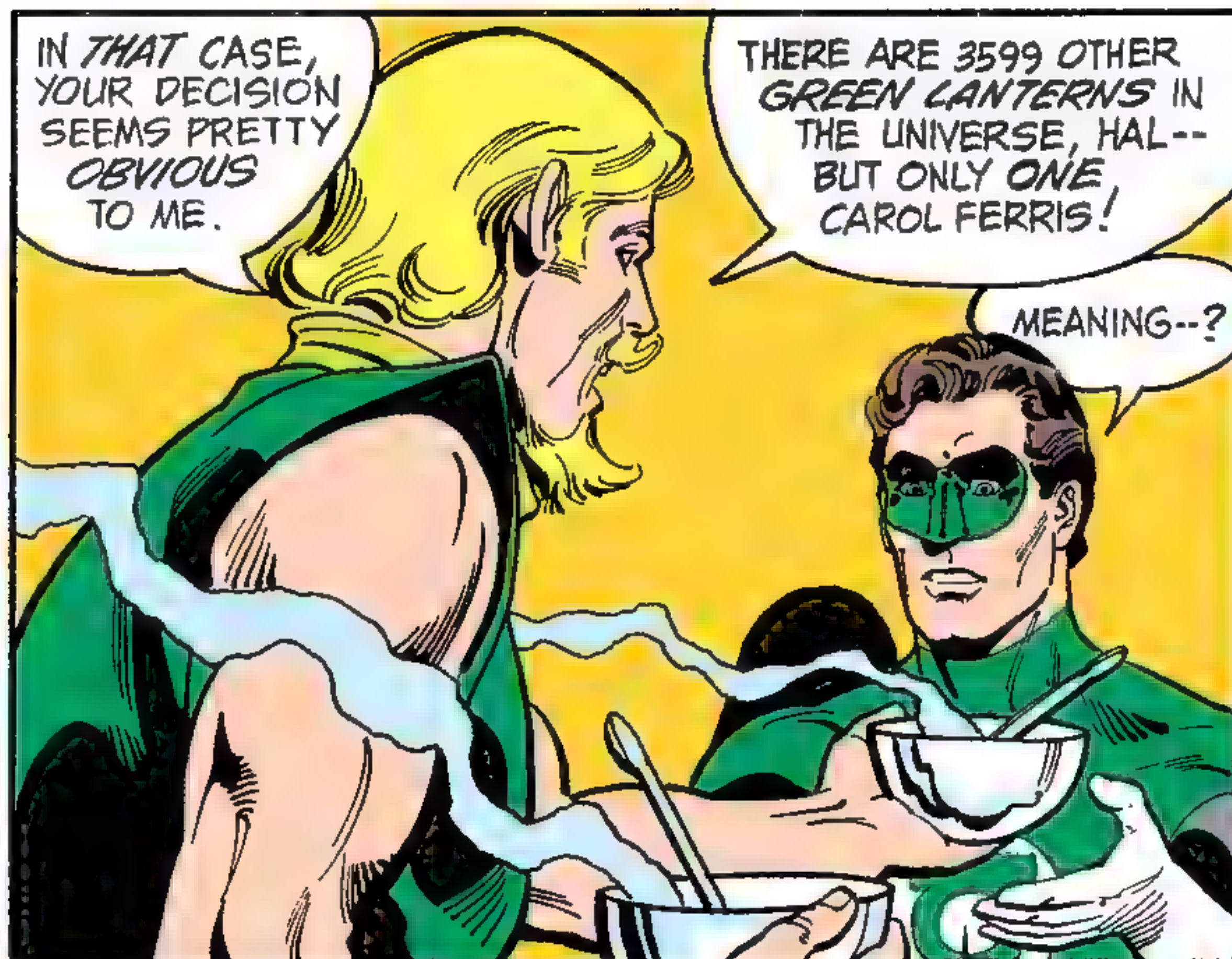
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEBODY-- BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND!



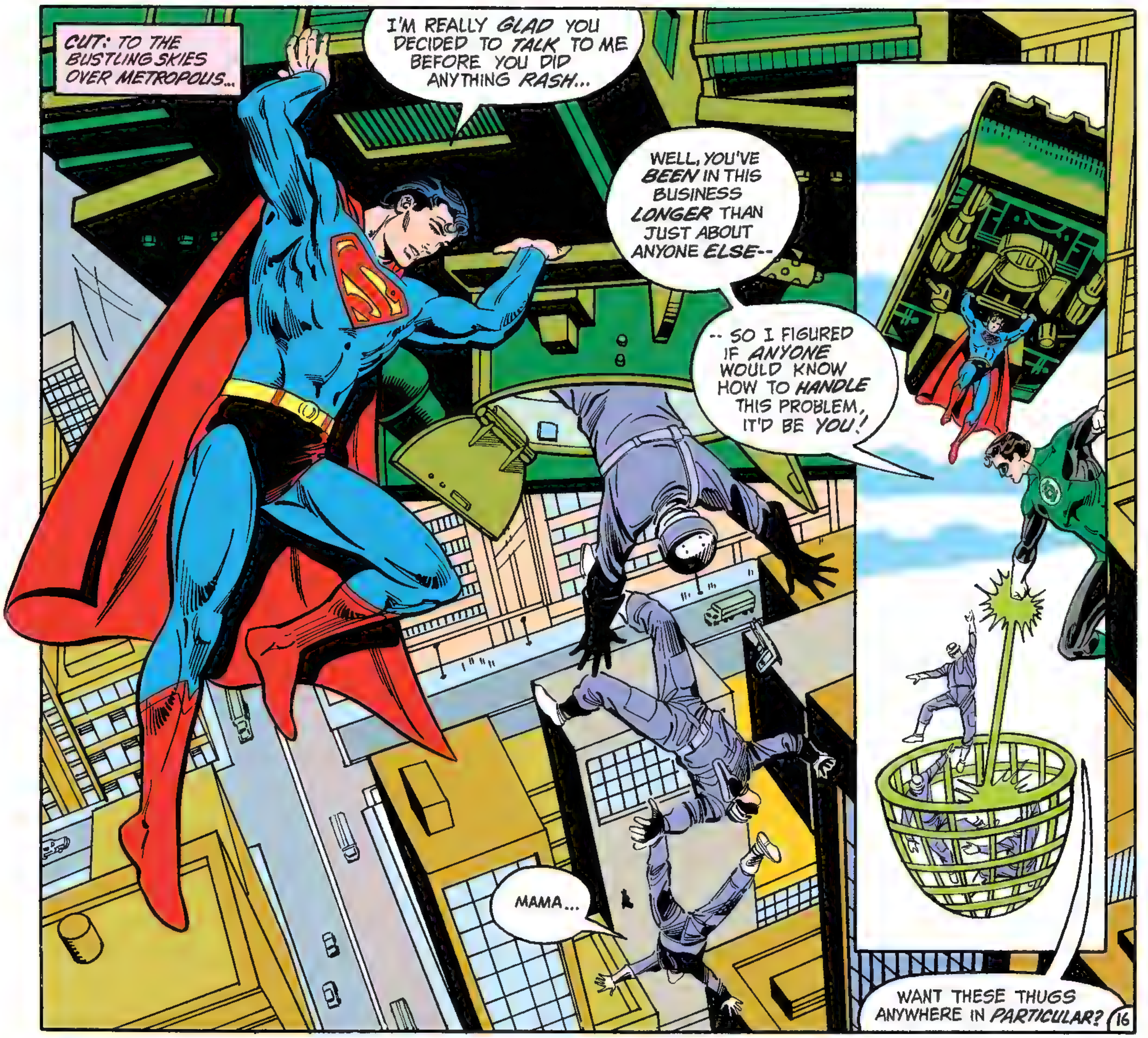
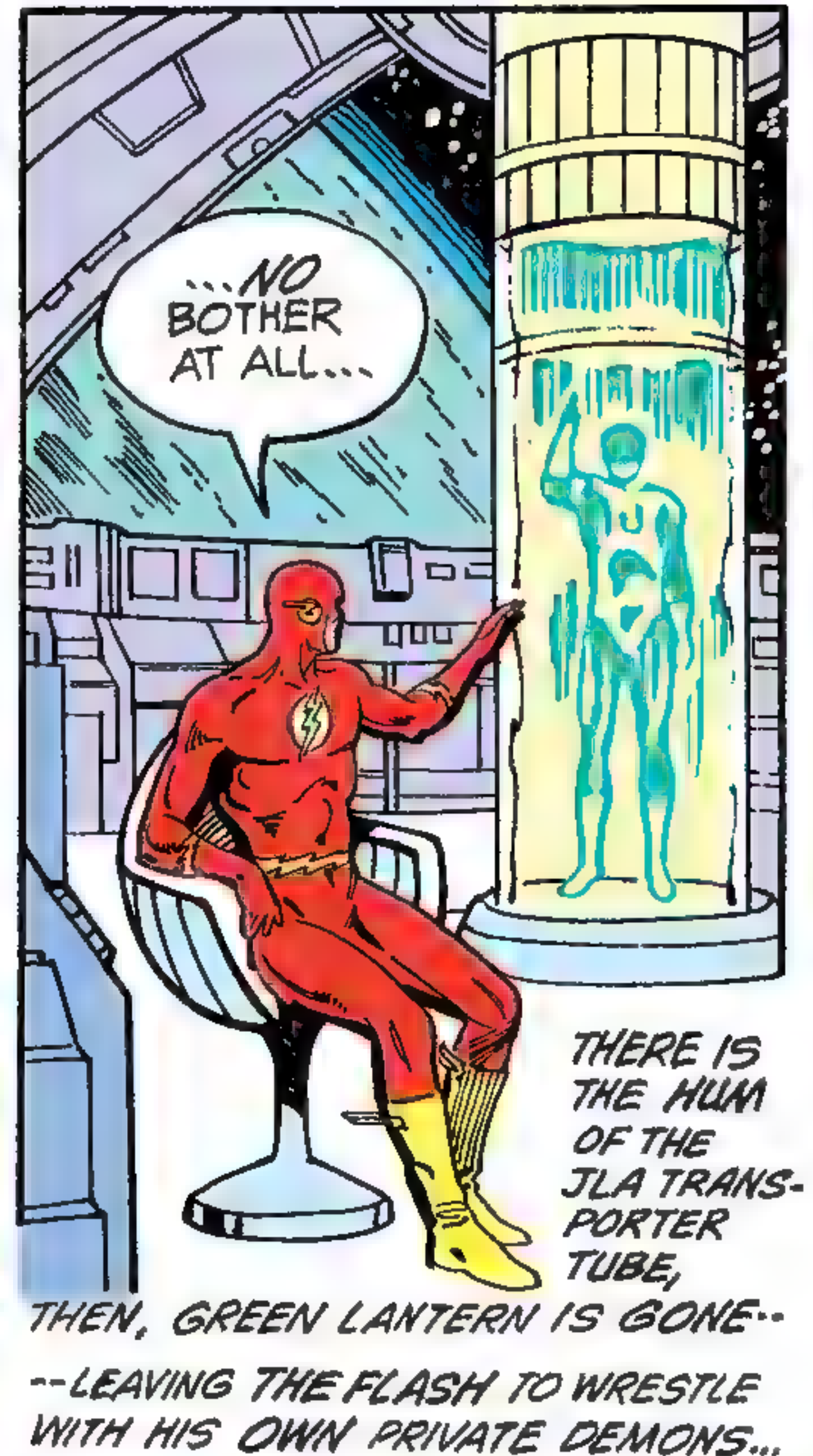




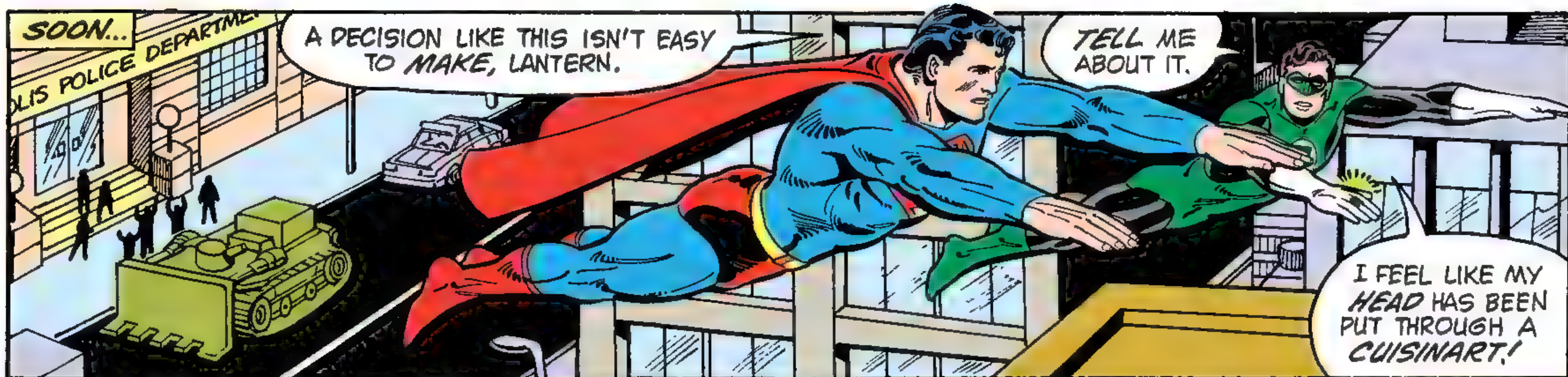


\* CHECK OUT ISSUES OF THE SPEEDSTER'S OWN MAG FOR DETAILS--LEN.







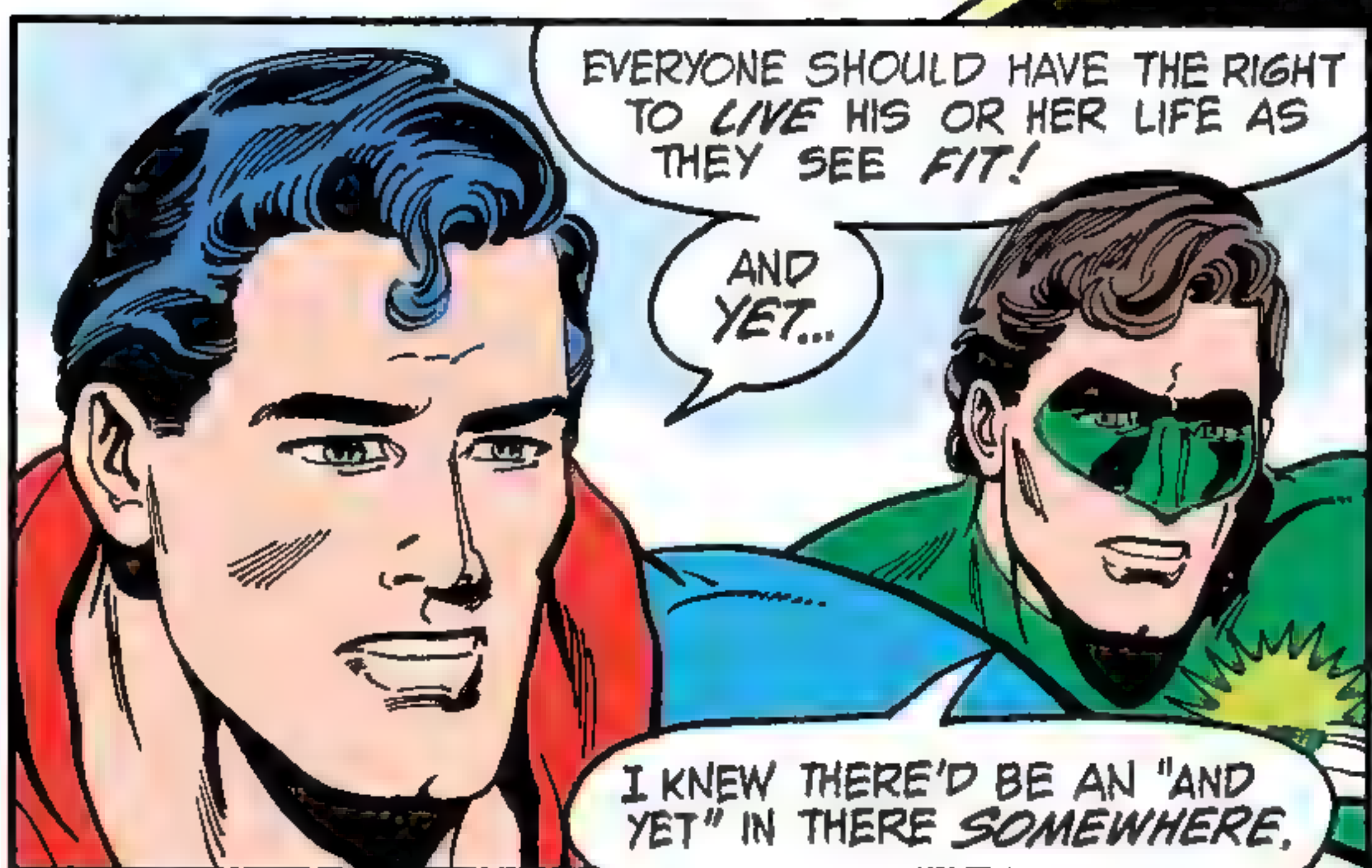


SOON...  
POLICE DEPARTMENT

A DECISION LIKE THIS ISN'T EASY TO MAKE, LANTERN.

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

I FEEL LIKE MY HEAD HAS BEEN PUT THROUGH A CUISINART!



EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE HIS OR HER LIFE AS THEY SEE FIT!

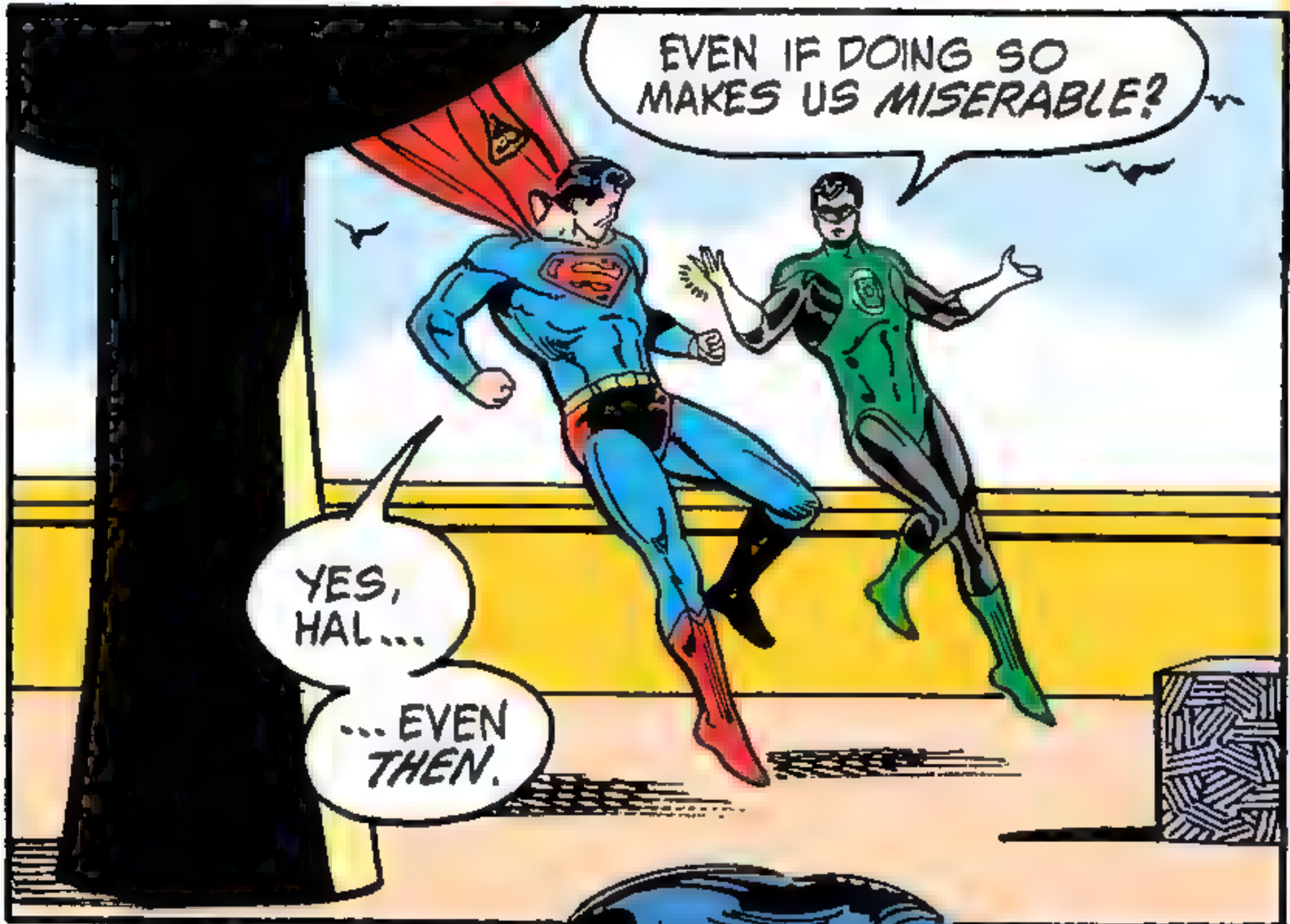
AND YET...

I KNEW THERE'D BE AN "AND YET" IN THERE SOMEWHERE.



WELL, IT'S JUST THAT THOSE OF US WITH SUPER-POWERS ARE A BREED APART.

WE OWE IT TO THE WORLD-- WE OWE IT TO OURSELVES-- TO USE THOSE POWERS FOR THE GREATER GOOD.



EVEN IF DOING SO MAKES US MISERABLE?

YES, HAL...

...EVEN THEN.



SO I GUESS THAT PUTS THE BALL RIGHT BACK IN MY COURT, DOESN'T IT?

YEAH... I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE GONNA SAY THAT.

ULTIMATELY, THE DECISION REALLY IS MINE TO MAKE.

WHICH IS AS IT SHOULD BE.



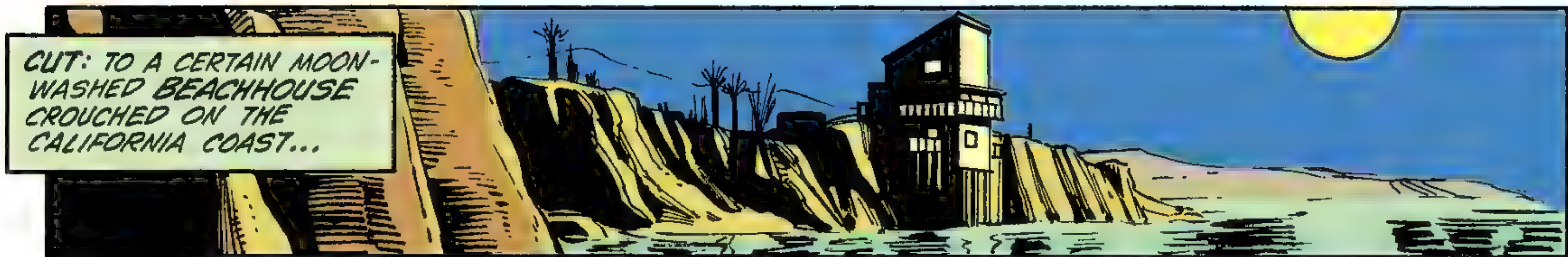
BUT WHATEVER YOU DECIDE, HAL, I WANT YOU TO KNOW--

--I WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND!

THANK YOU, KAL.

THAT MEANS MORE TO ME THAN I CAN SAY.





**NEXT  
ISSUE:**

THE STORY YOU NEVER EXPECTED--  
AND WE NEVER THOUGHT WE'D PRINT--  
AS HAL JORDAN'S WORLD IS  
FOREVER CHANGED! DON'T  
DARE MISS...

**"TAKE THIS JOB--  
AND SHOVE IT!"**





BY LEN WEIN AND DAVE GIBBONS

75¢  
181  
OCT. 84  
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

# GREEN LANTERN

I'M  
TIRED OF  
BEING YOUR  
WHIPPING  
BOY!!

**I  
QUIT!!**



GIBBONS



WATCH CLOSELY, DEAR READER--FOR IT IS NOT OFTEN ONE IS PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS THE FINAL DAY OF A...

HIS NAME IS HAL JORDAN, DULY APPOINTED DEFENDER OF SPACE-SECTOR 2814--

# GREEN LANTERN

--BUT NOW, AS HE SLASHES A JAGGED EMERALD SWATH ACROSS A GLITTERING PANOPLY OF STARS, HE IS ALSO A MAN IN TORMENT--

--FOR HE HAS COME TO A CROSSROADS OF CONSCIENCE IN HIS LIFE--

--AND HE KNOWS FULL WELL THAT AFTER TODAY, WHICHEVER PATH HE CHOOSES, HIS WORLD WILL NEVER AGAIN BE THE SAME...

# TAKE THIS JOB-- AND SHOVE IT!

LEN  
WEIN  
WRITER/EDITOR

DAVE  
GIBBONS \*  
PENCILLER

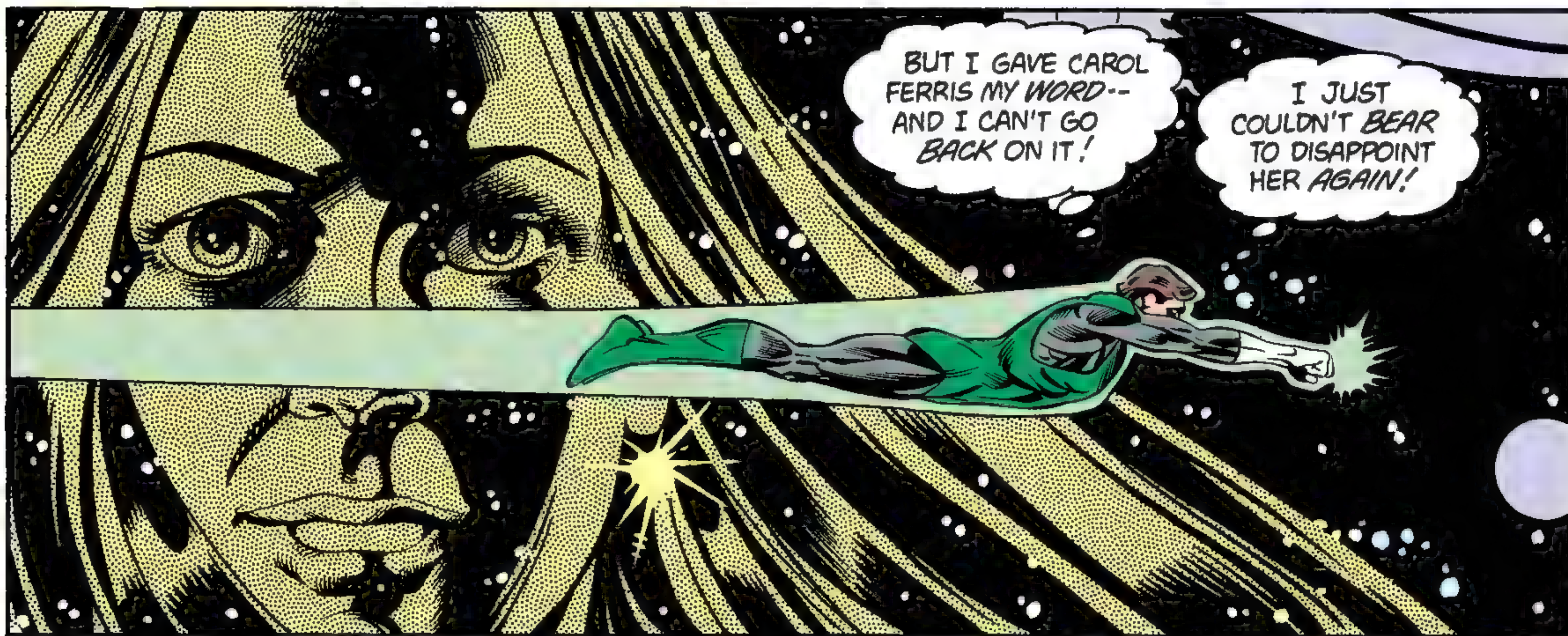
JOHN  
COSTANZA \*  
LETTERER

ANTHONY  
TOLLIN \*  
COLORIST

WARMLY  
WELCOME

MARK  
FARMER  
INKER

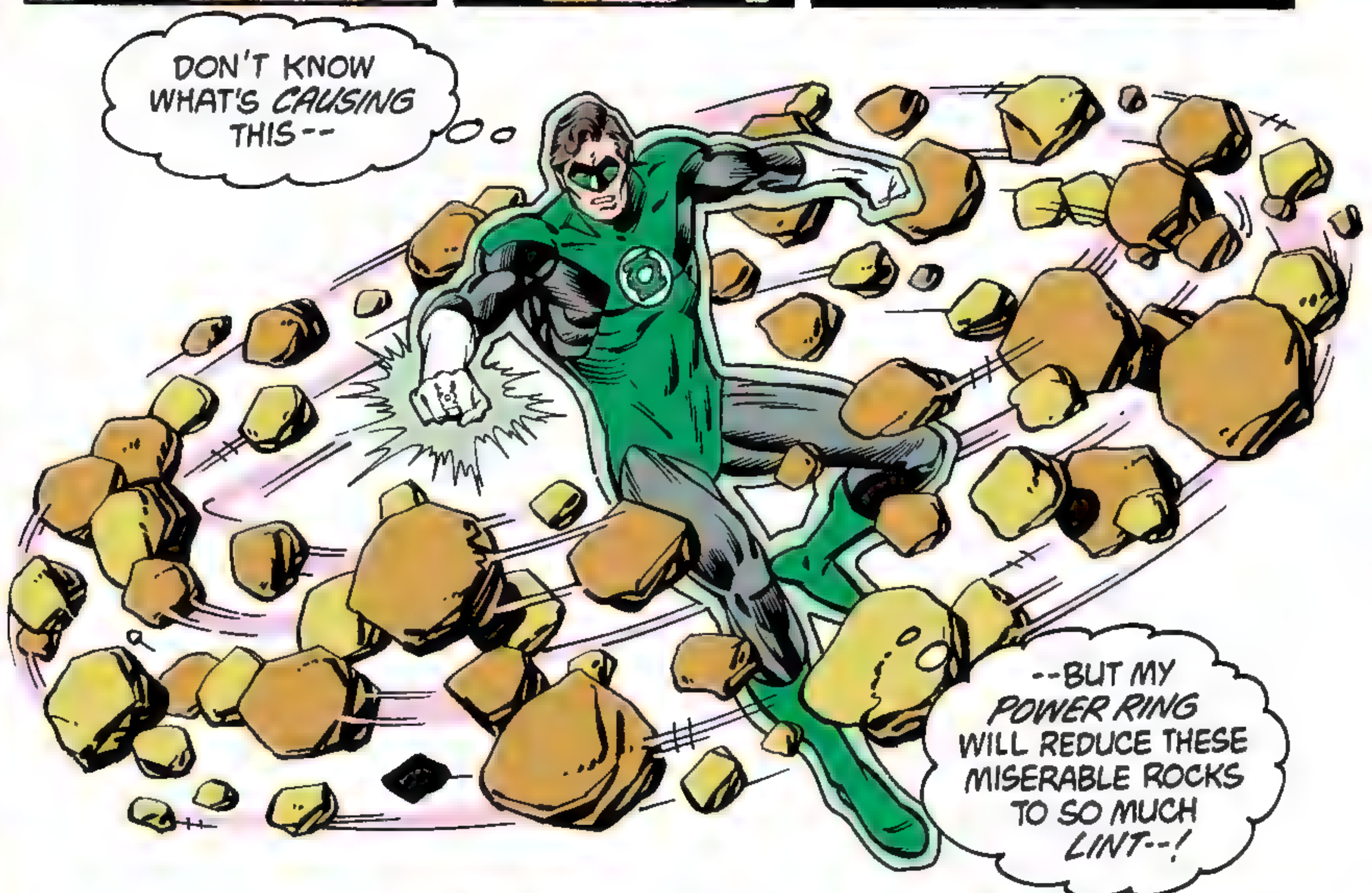
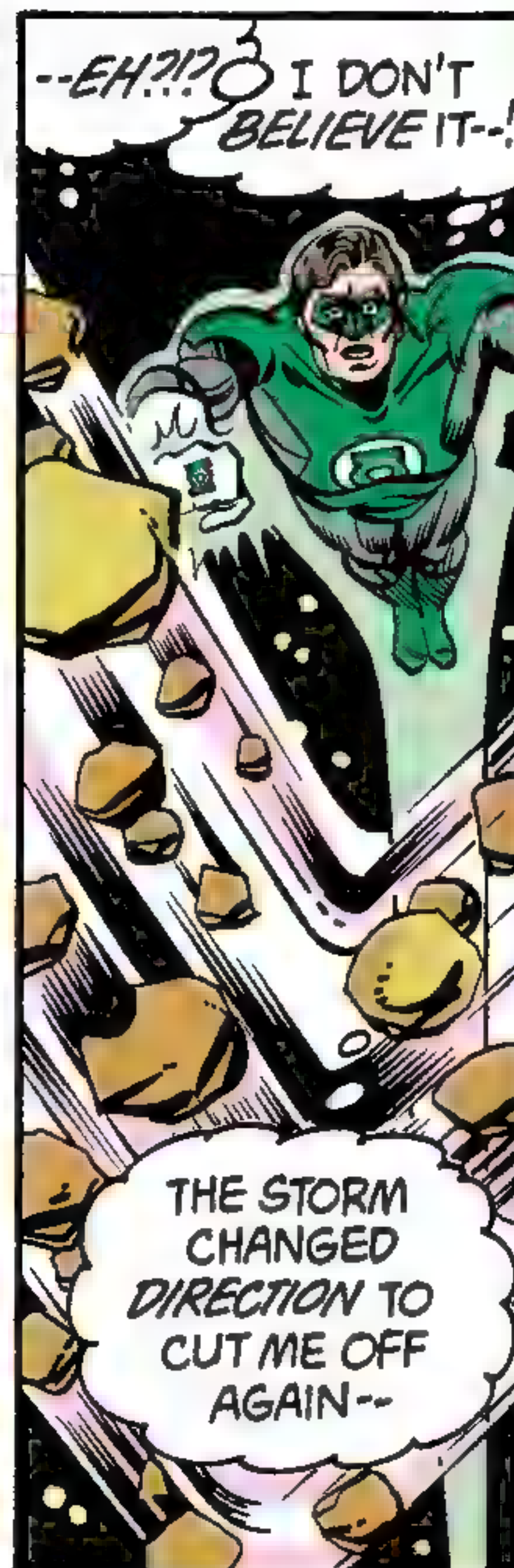
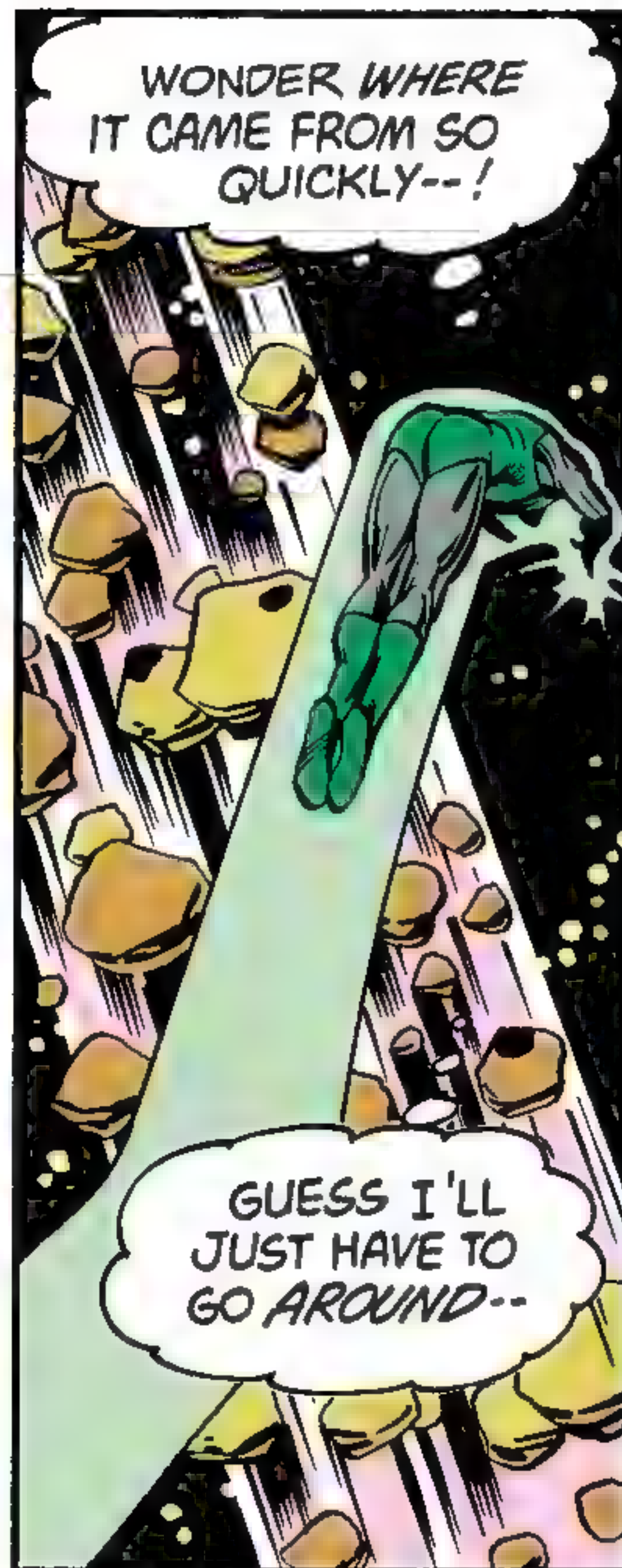
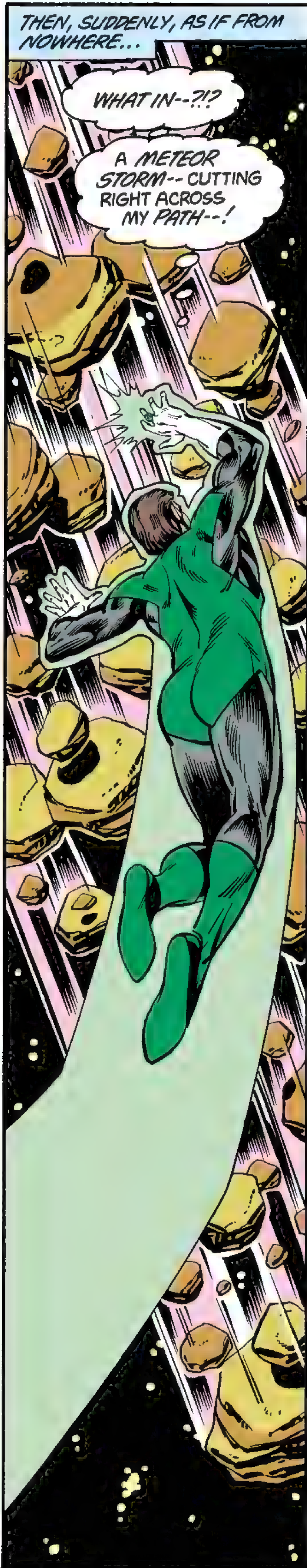




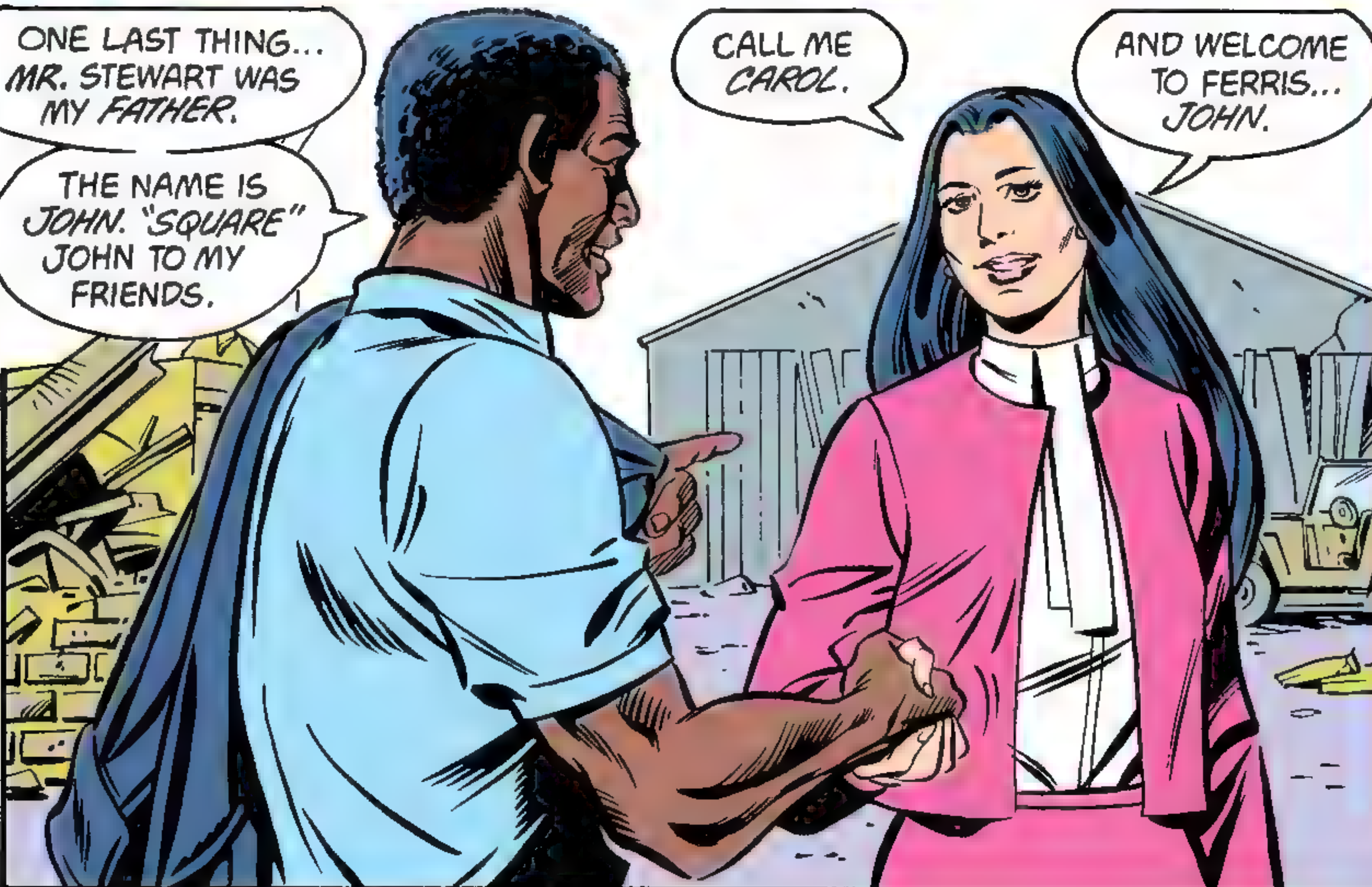
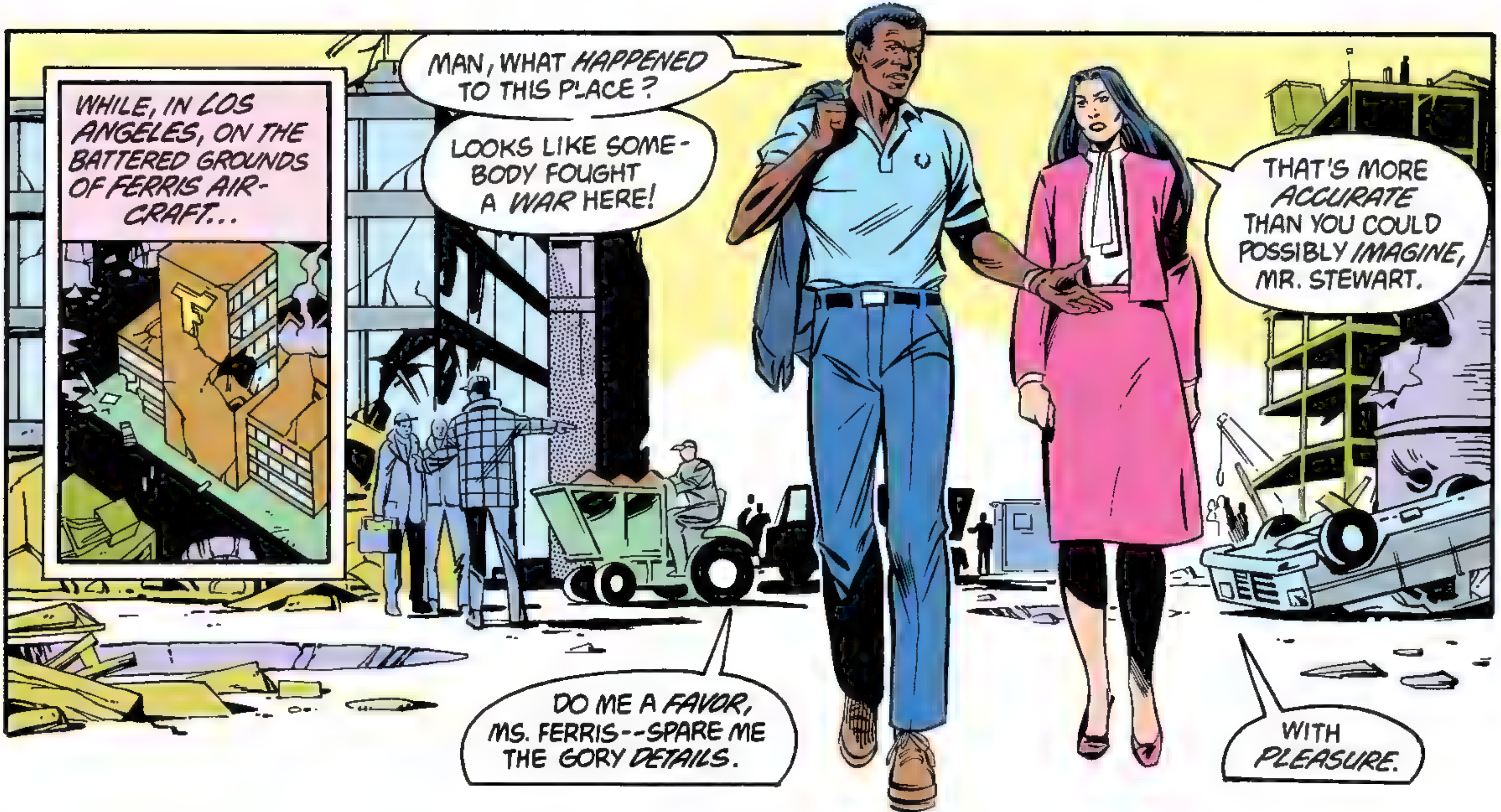
...A NEVER-ENDING LIFE OF DANGER AS A  
GREEN LANTERN... OR LIFE AS A NORMAL  
MAN WITH THE WOMAN I LOVE BY MY SIDE...



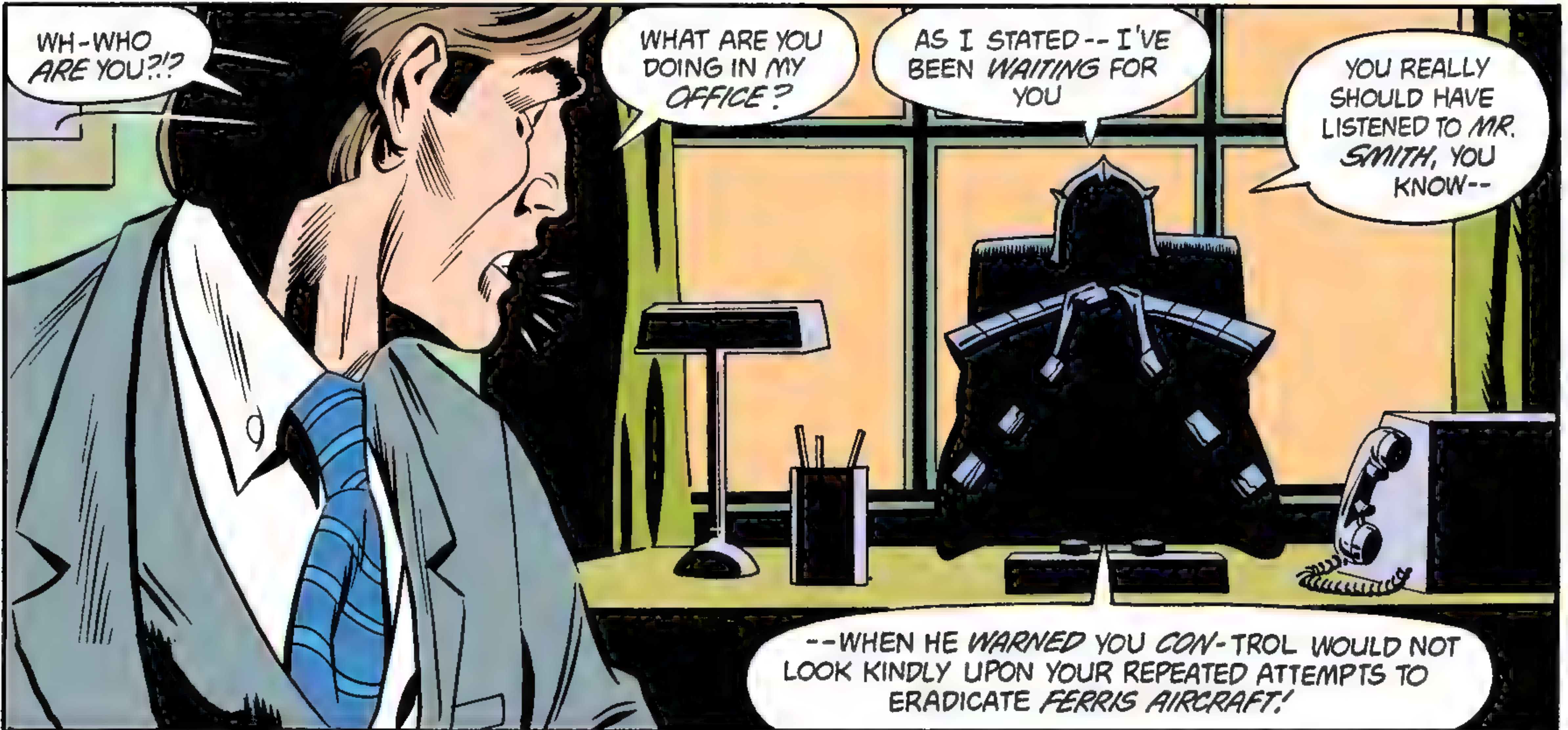
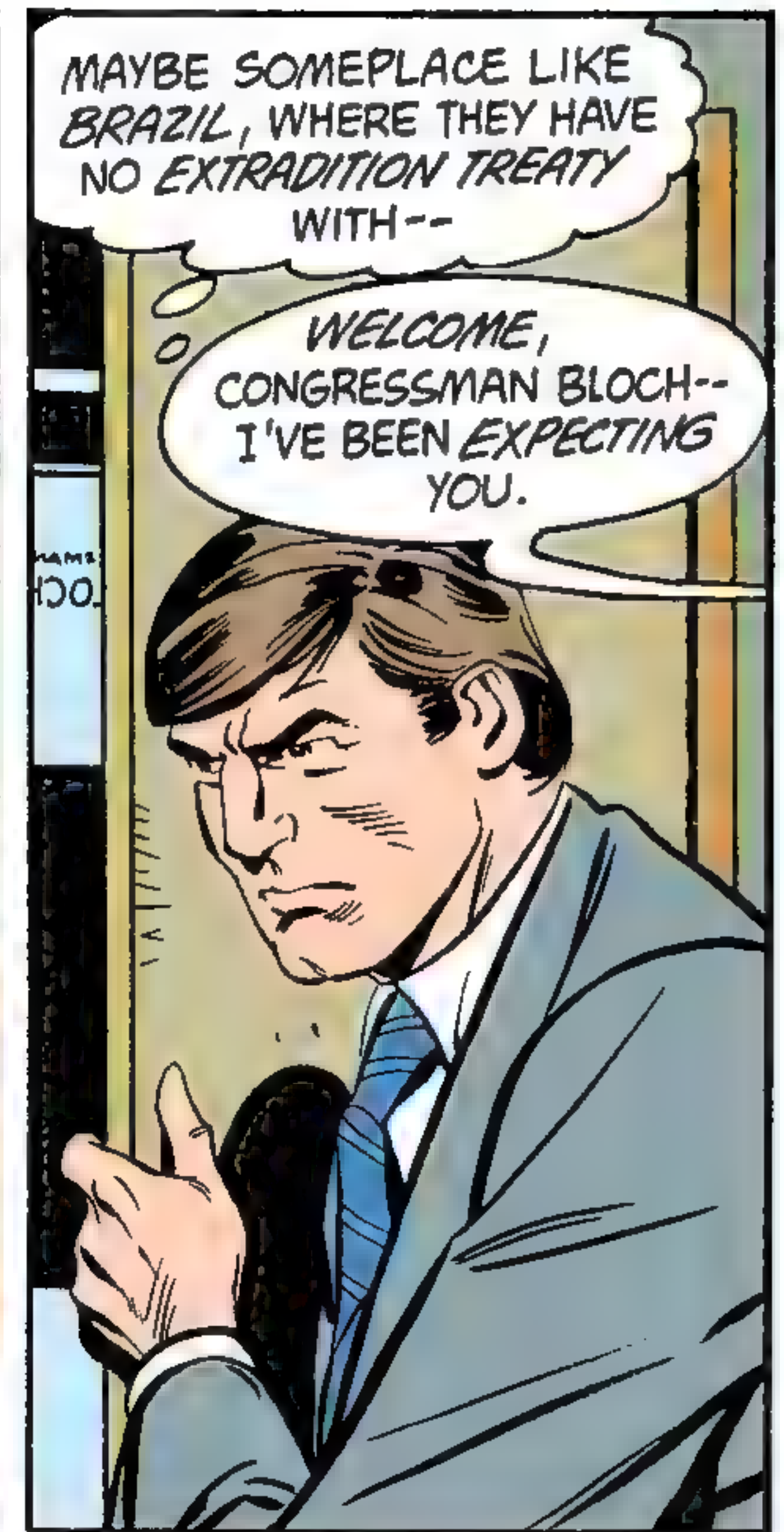
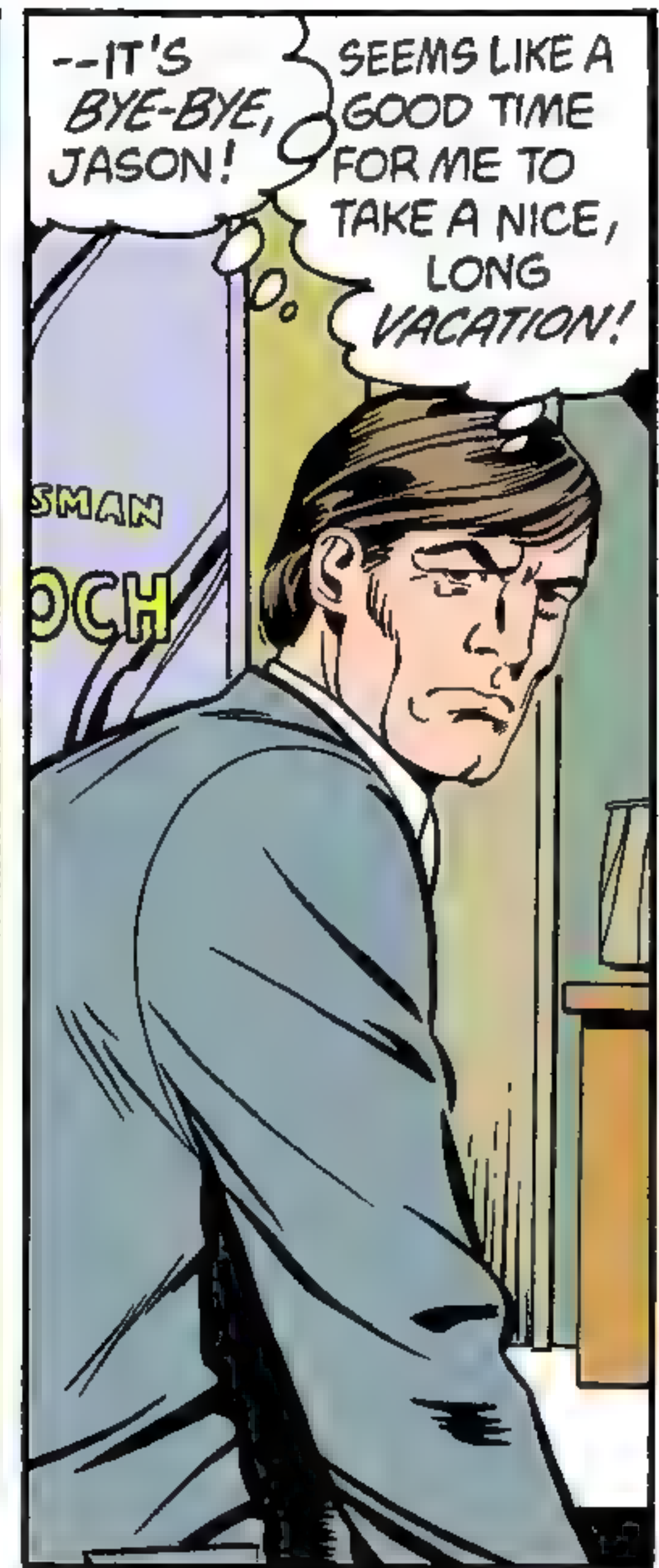
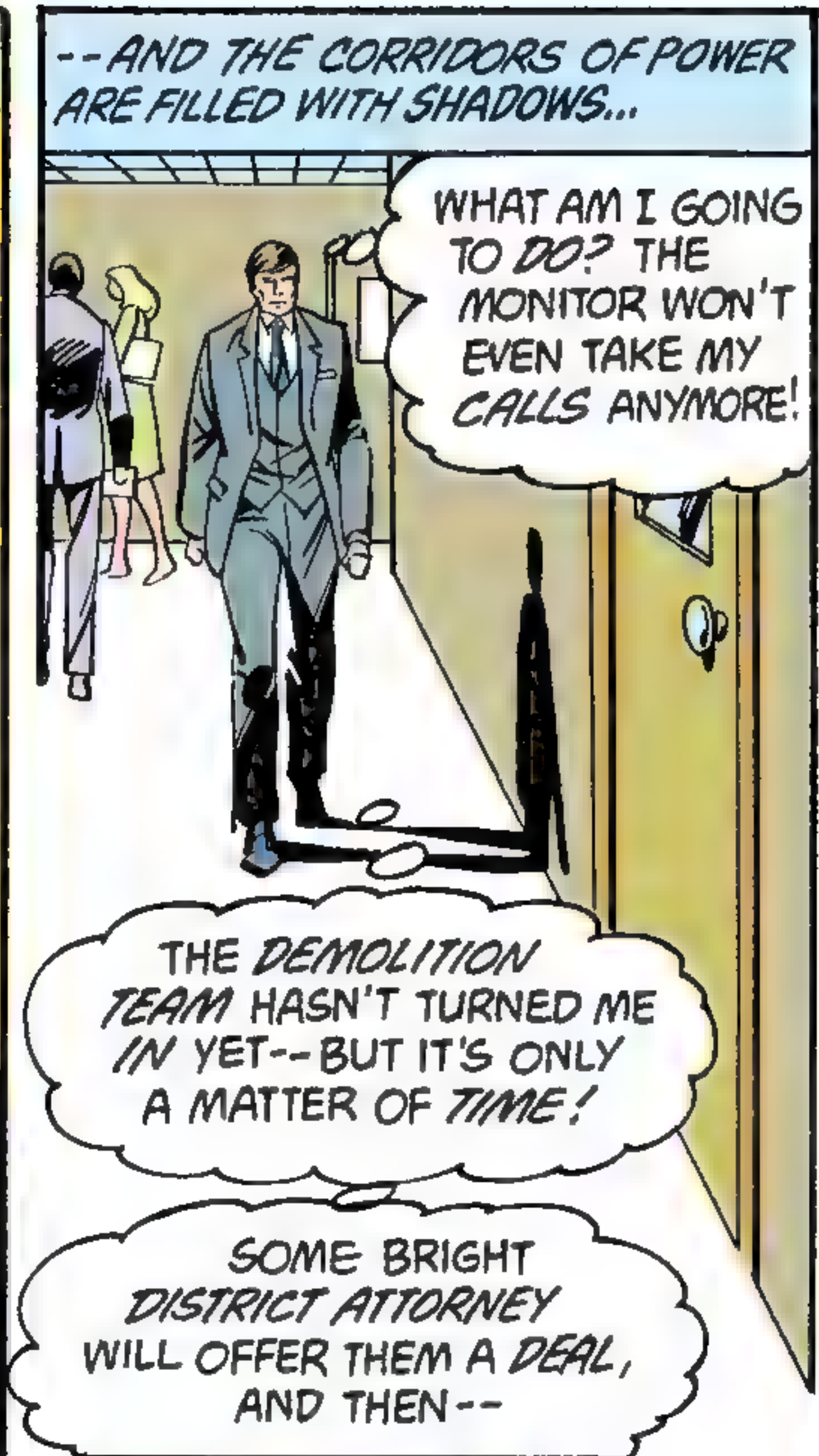




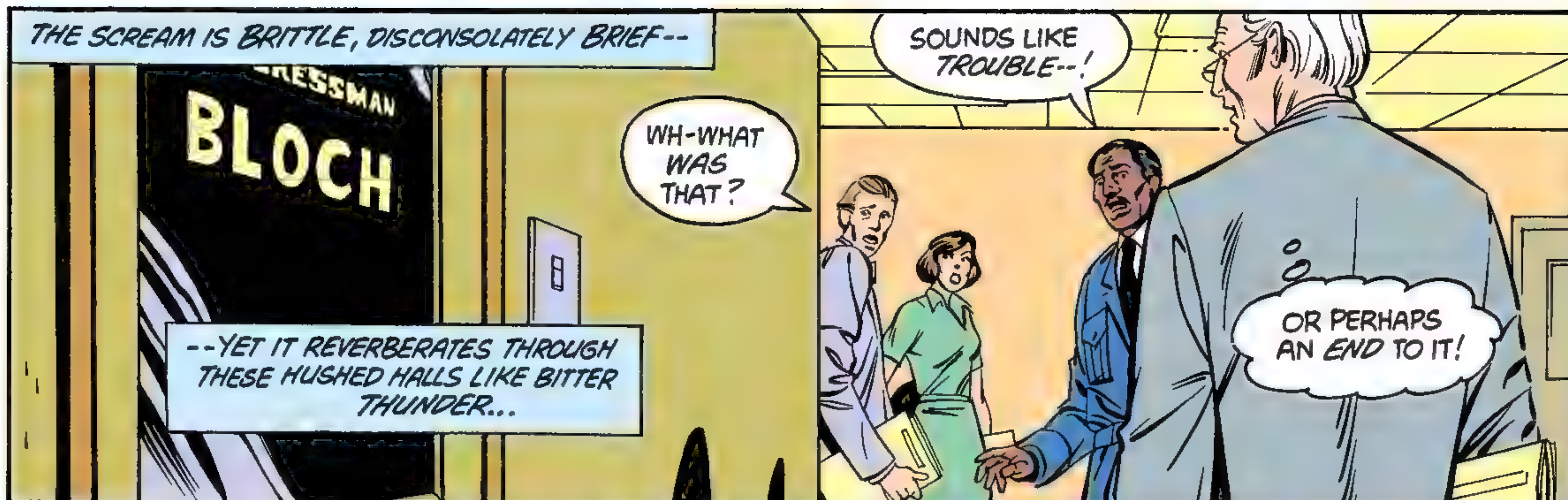




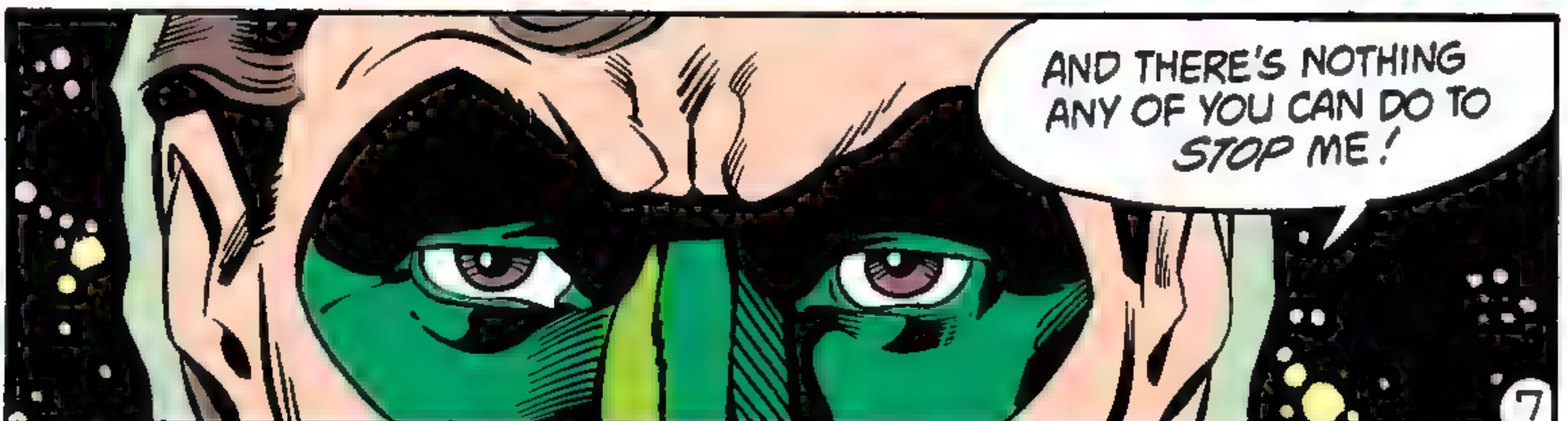
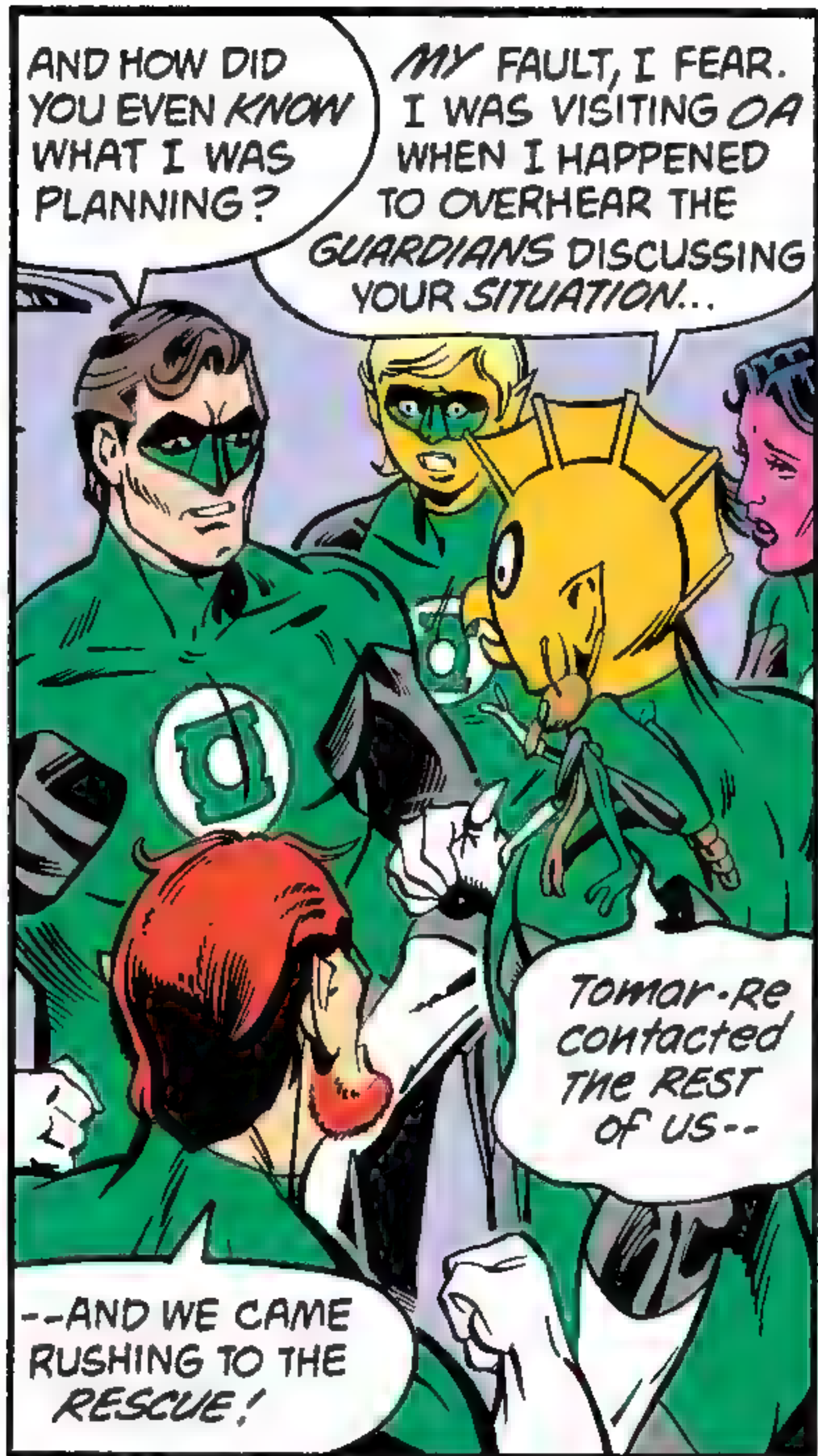




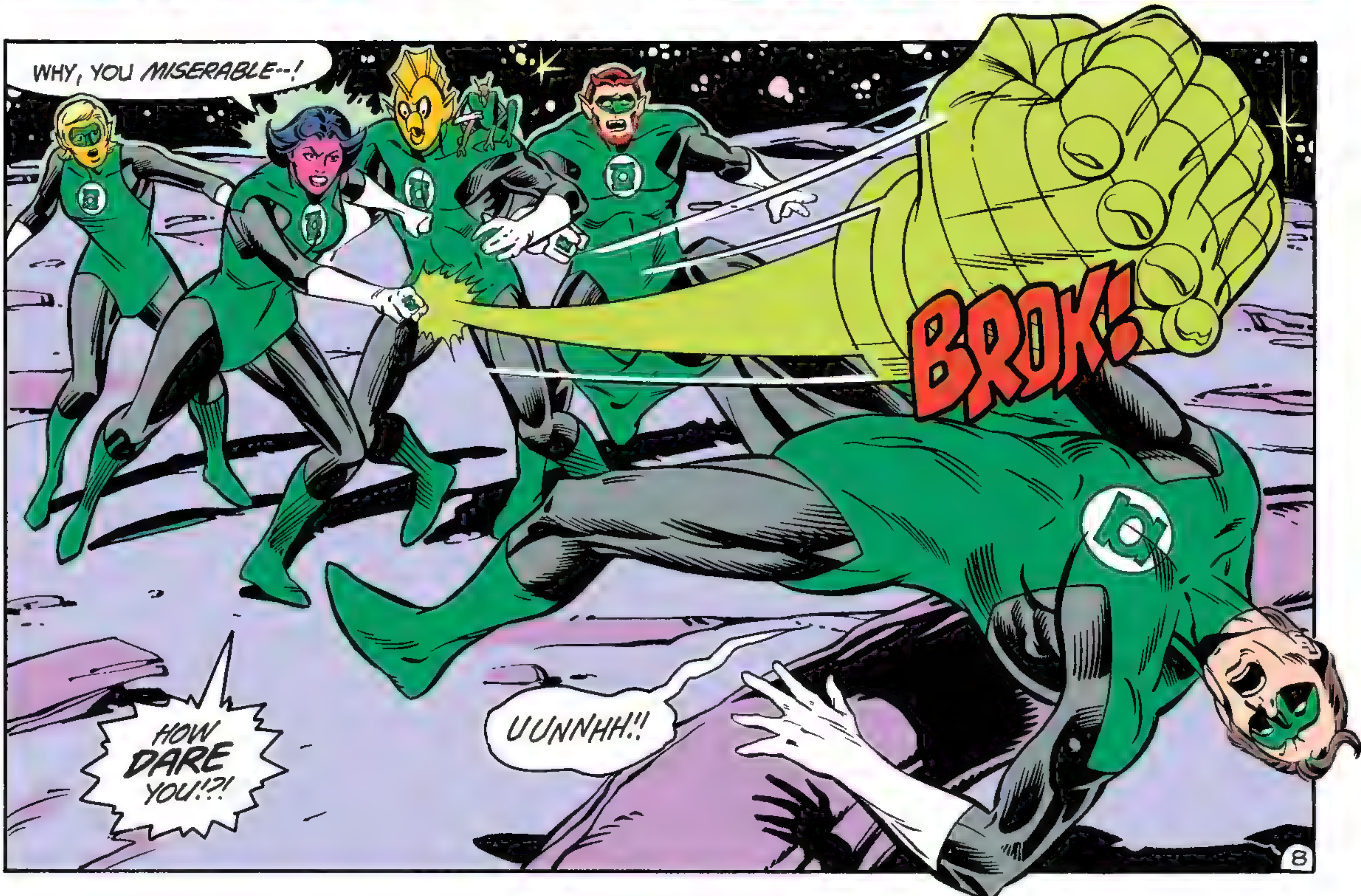
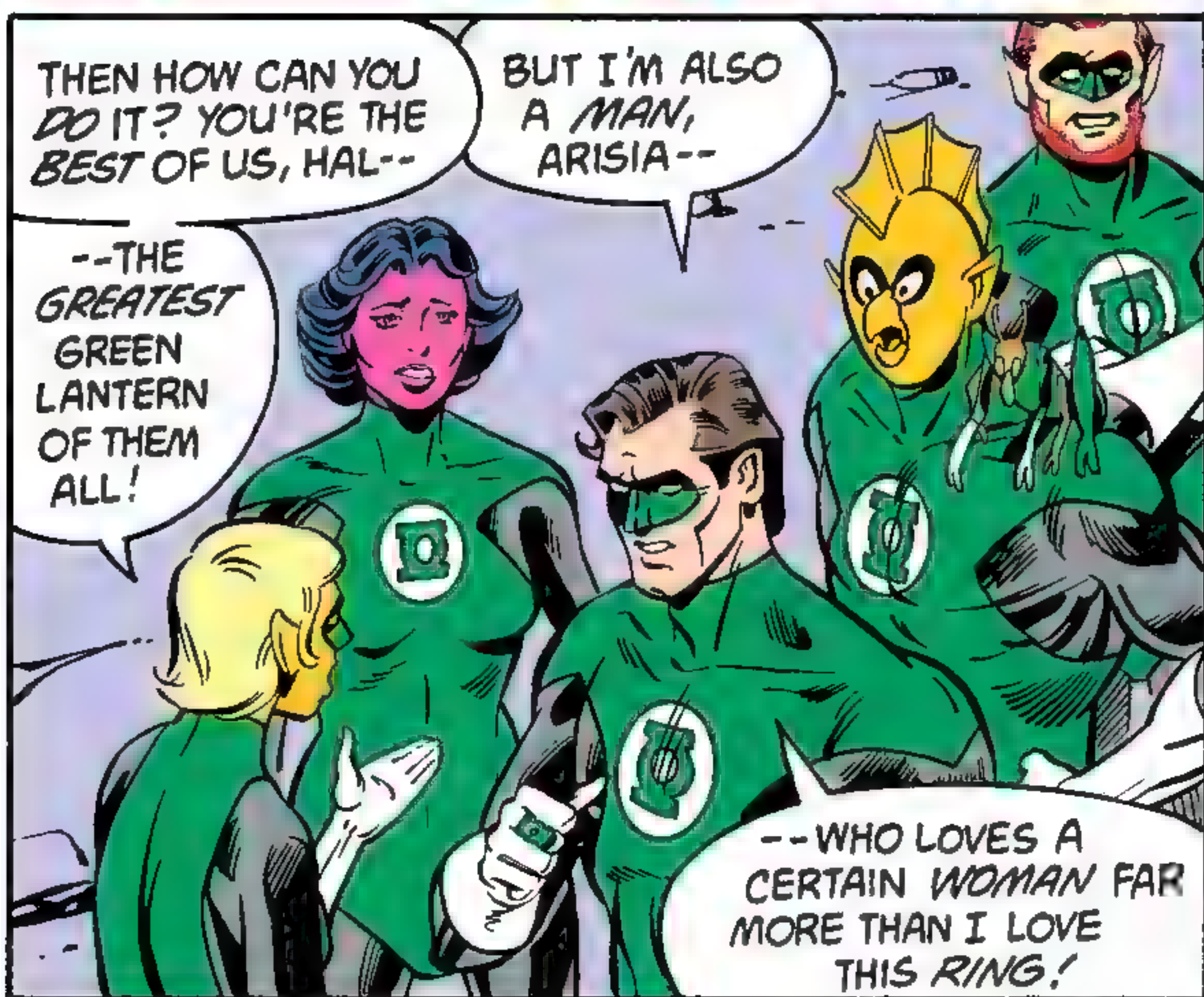
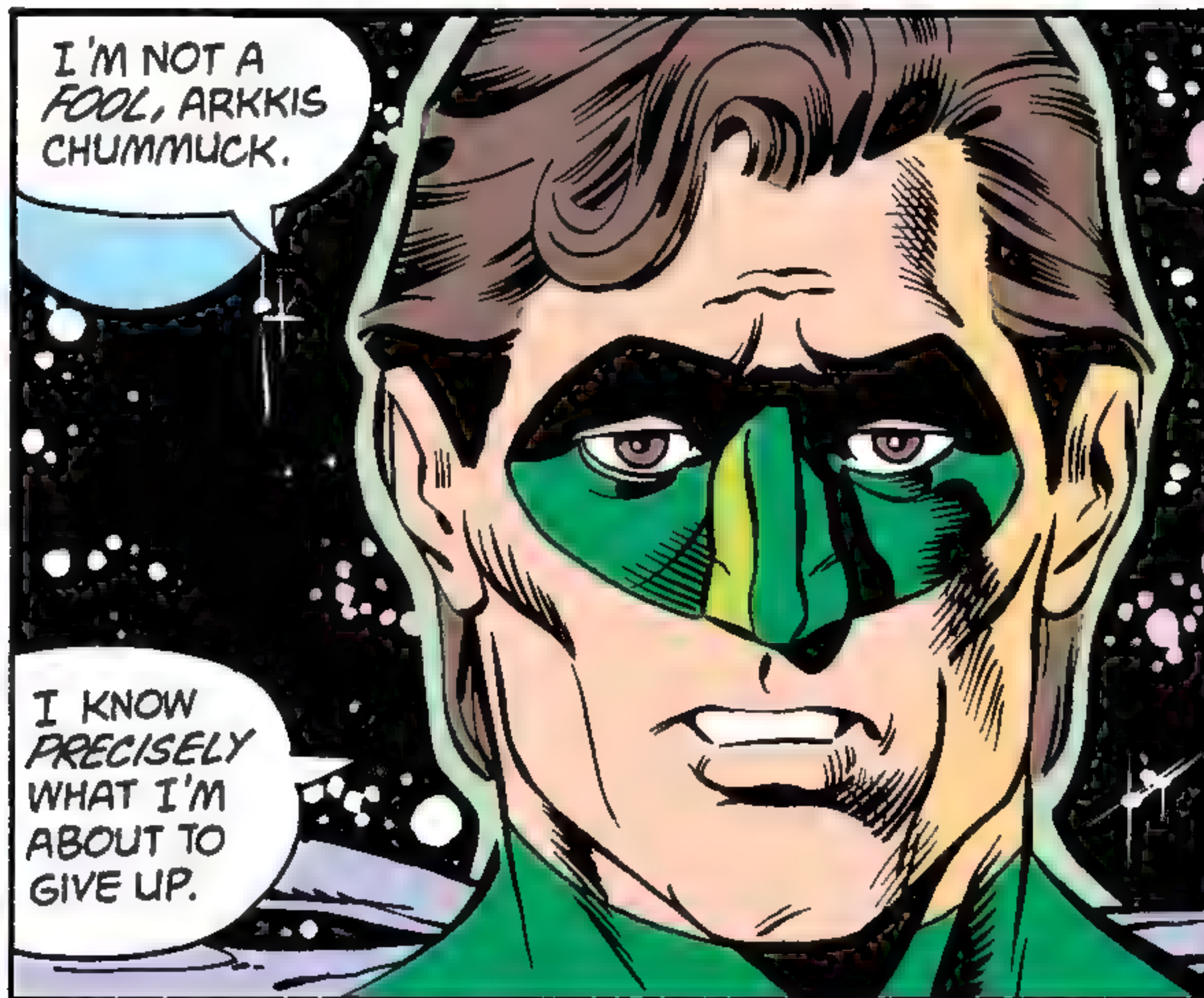




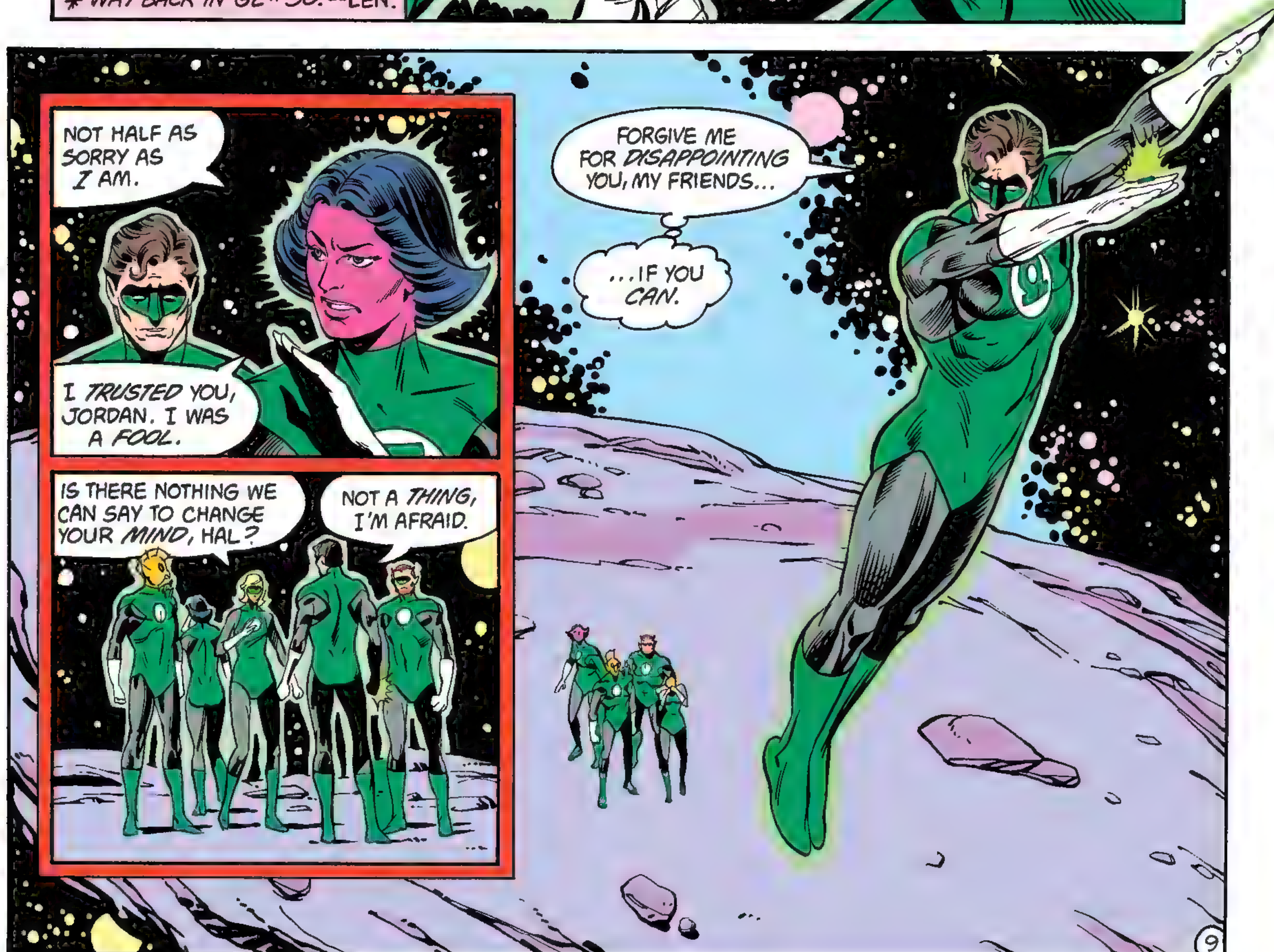
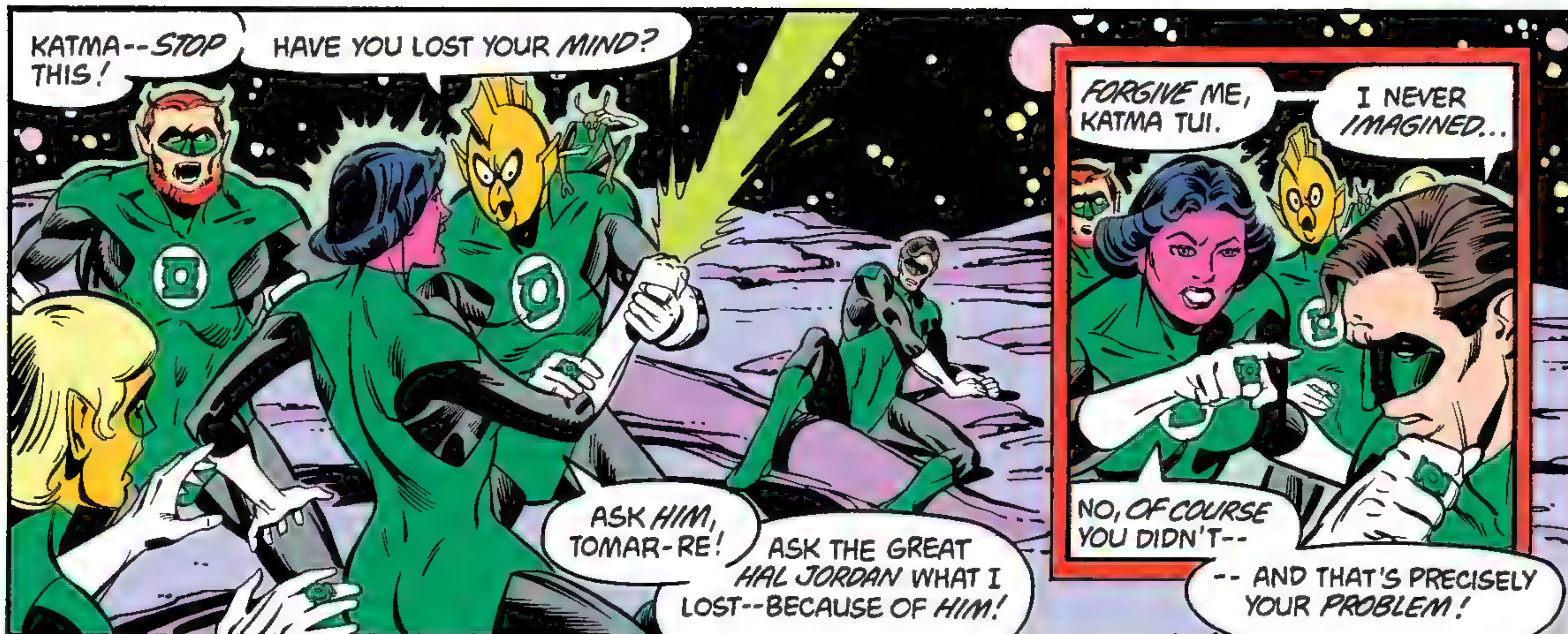




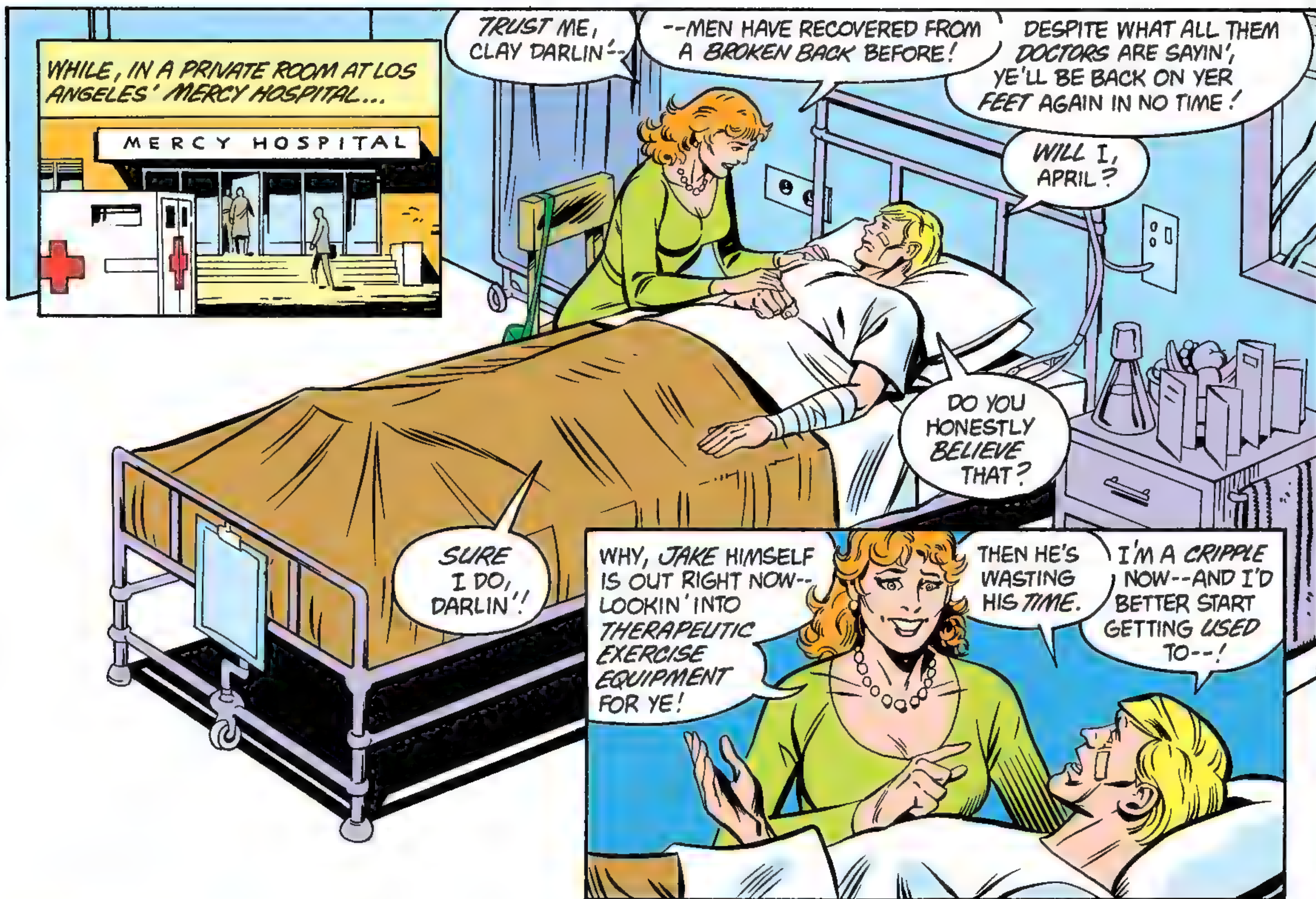




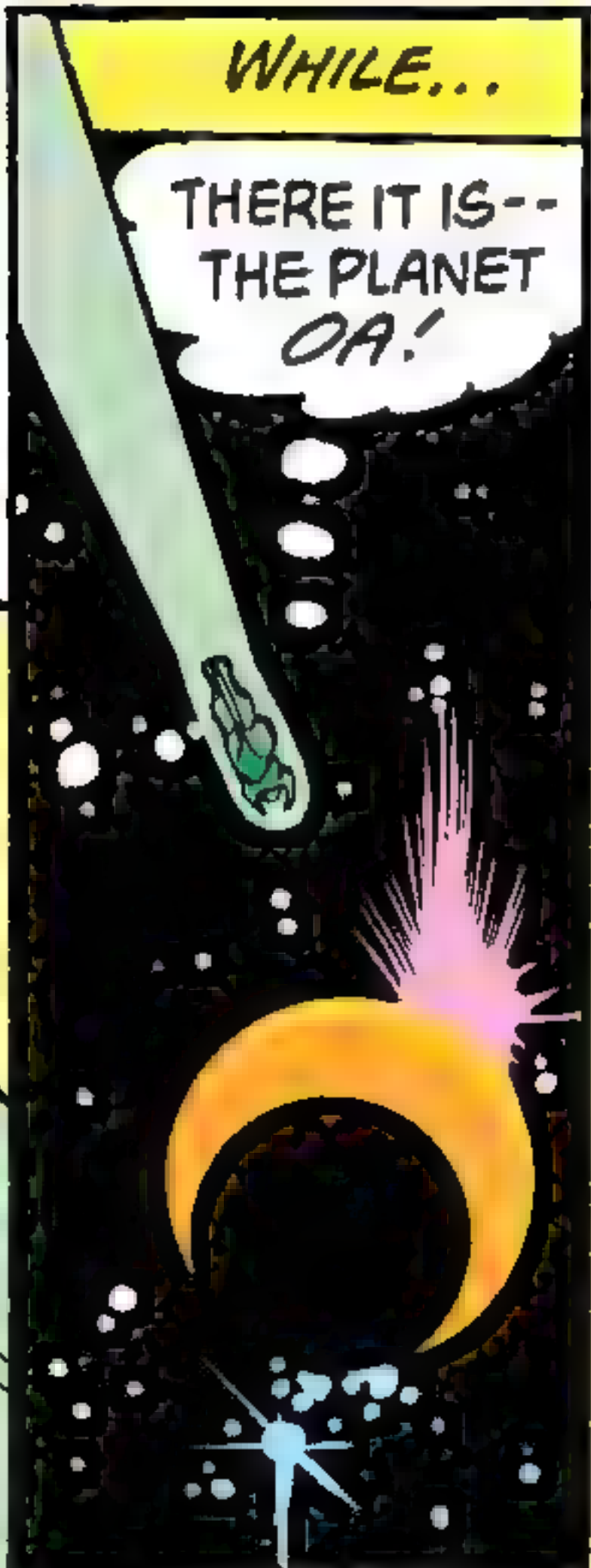












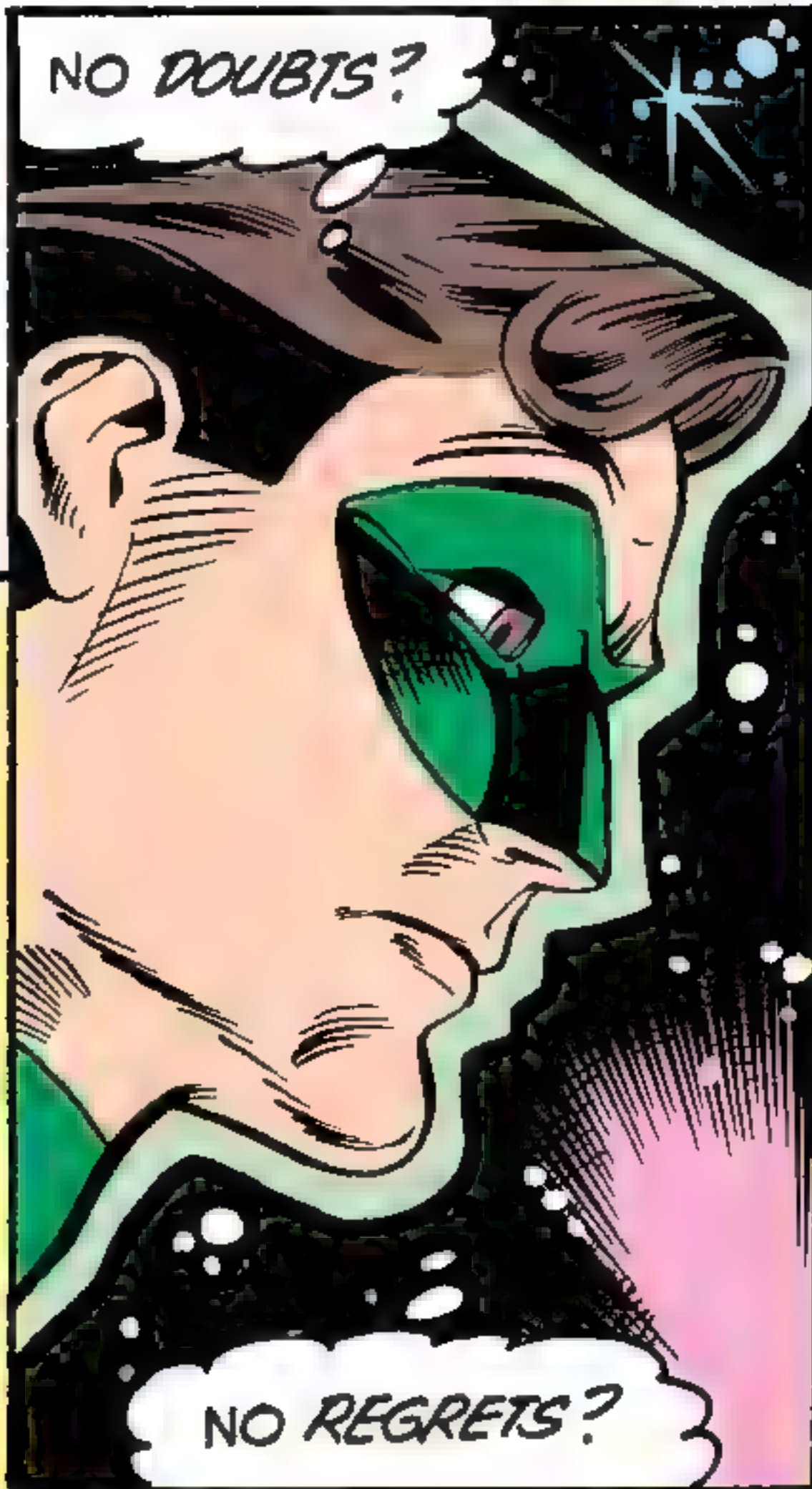
WHILE...

THERE IT IS--  
THE PLANET  
OA!



ONCE YOU ENTER THE GUARDIANS'  
SACRED CITADEL, THERE'LL BE  
NO TURNING BACK--

--SO IF  
YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
HAVE ANY  
SECOND  
THOUGHTS,  
JORDAN--  
YOU'D  
BETTER  
HAVE 'EM  
NOW!



NO DOUBTS?

NO REGRETS?



THEN LET'S  
GET IT OVER  
WITH ONCE  
AND FOR--



--EH?

YOU AGAIN?!?

BUT HOW DID  
YOU GET HERE  
BEFORE ME?

YOUR PATH WAS  
AS MEANDERING AS  
YOUR THOUGHTS  
MUST BE, JORDAN!

WE HAVE COME  
TO GIVE YOU ONE LAST  
CHANCE TO RECONSIDER,  
MY FRIEND!



THEN YOU'VE  
WASTED A  
TRIP!

NOW KINDLY GET  
OUT OF MY WAY--

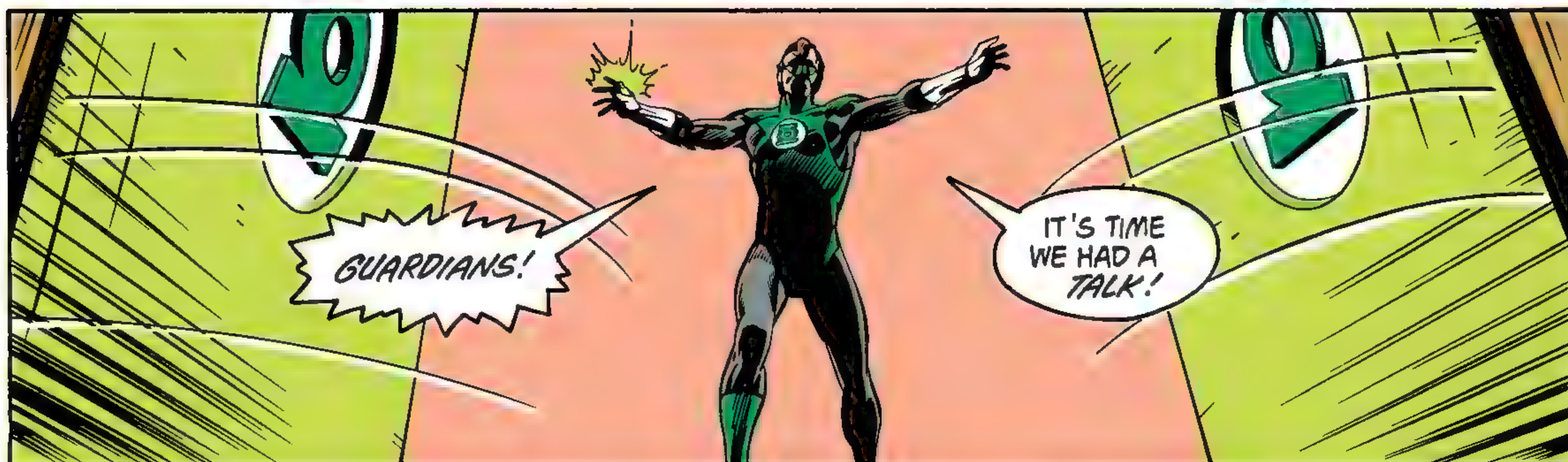


--OR I'LL BE FORCED  
TO GO THROUGH YOU!

WHY,  
HAL?

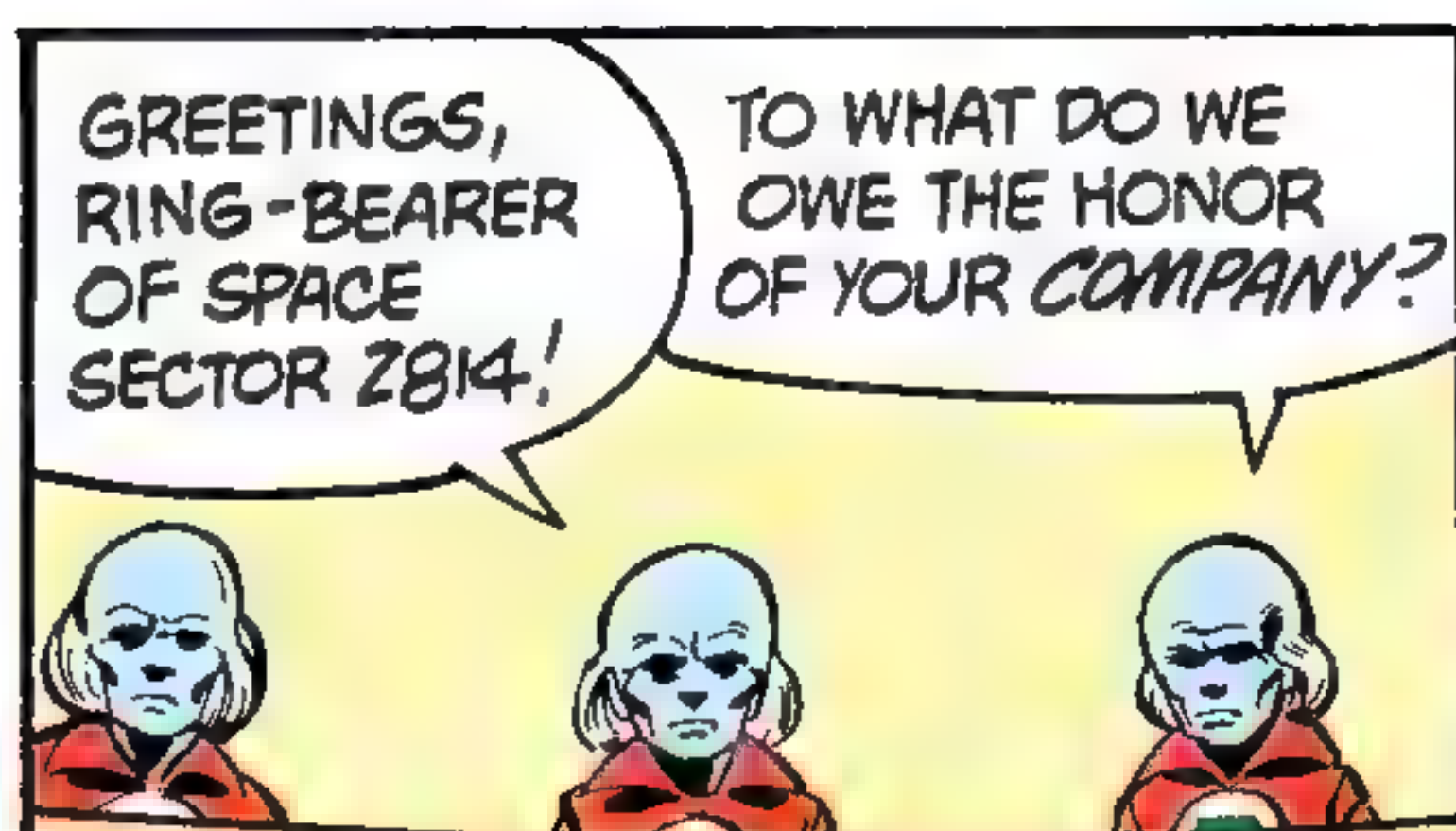
WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS TO US?





GUARDIANS!

IT'S TIME  
WE HAD A  
TALK!



GREETINGS,  
RING-BEARER  
OF SPACE  
SECTOR 2814!

TO WHAT DO WE  
OWE THE HONOR  
OF YOUR COMPANY?



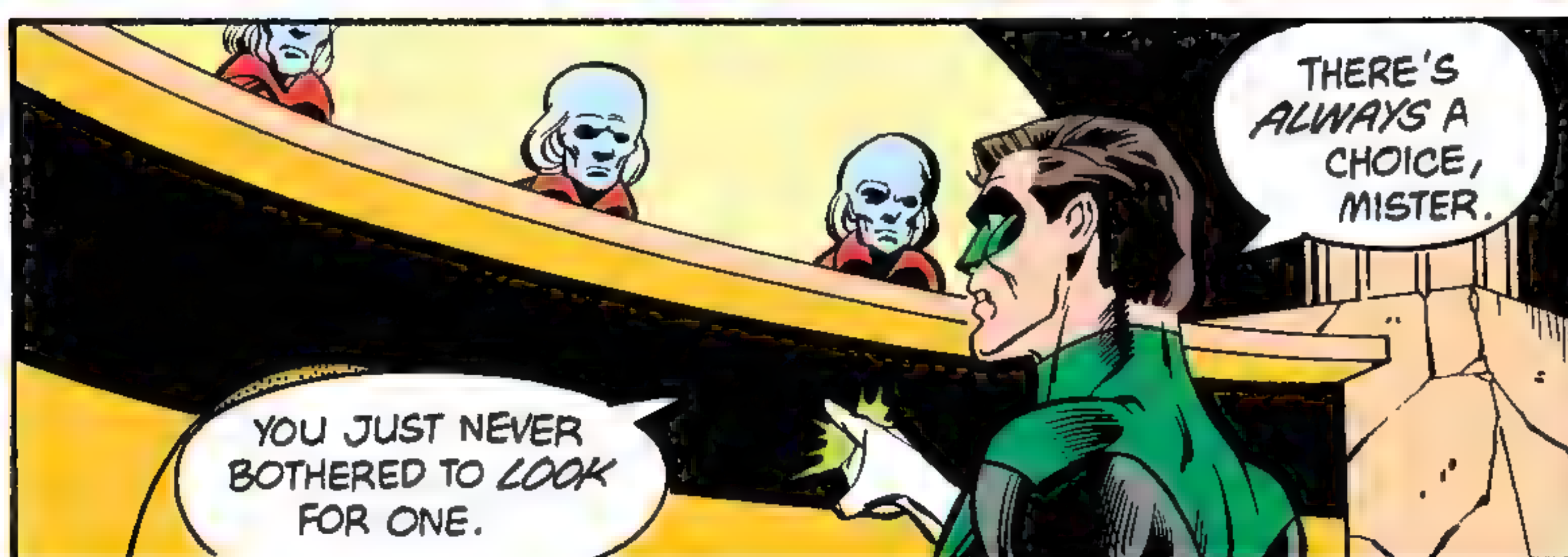
FORGIVE OUR INTRUSION UPON  
YOUR *PRIVACY*, HAL JORDAN--

--BUT CONSIDERING  
YOUR RECENT *OUTBURSTS*,  
YOU LEFT US NO *CHOICE*!



CAN THE  
*SMALL TALK*,  
FELLA!

SINCE  
YOU'VE BEEN  
*SPYING* ON ME,  
I THINK YOU  
*KNOW* WHY  
I'M HERE!



THERE'S  
*ALWAYS* A  
CHOICE,  
MISTER.

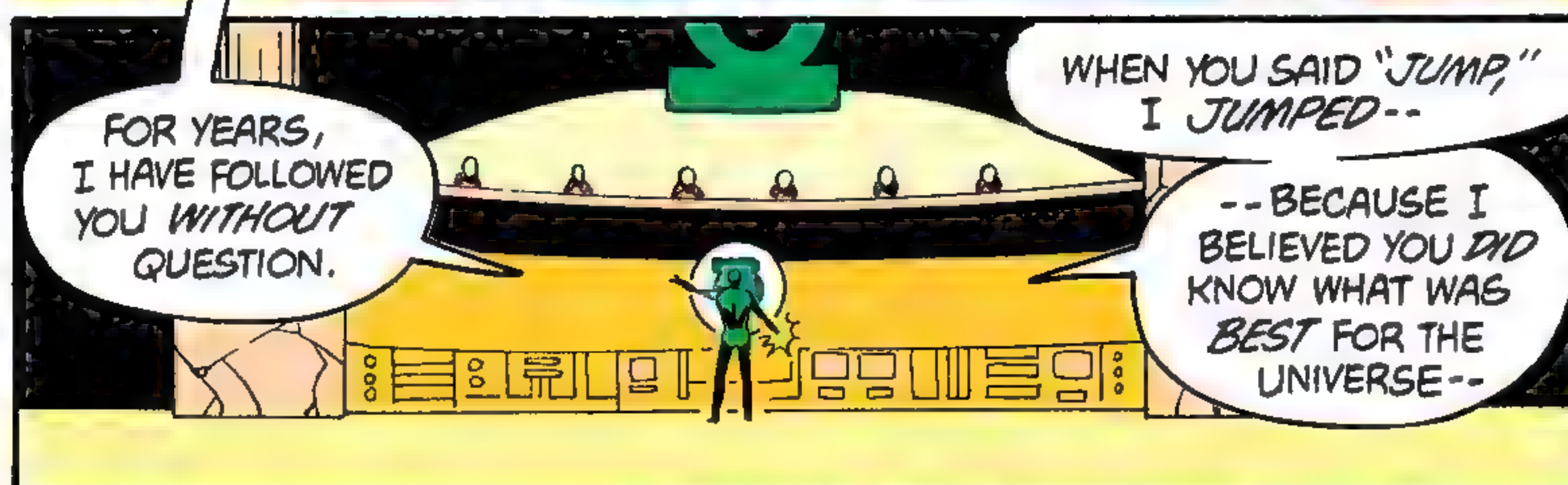
YOU JUST NEVER  
BOTHERED TO *LOOK*  
FOR ONE.



DO YOU QUESTION OUR  
*WISDOM*, HAL JORDAN?

WE WHO WERE *OLD* WHEN  
TIME ITSELF WAS BUT AN  
*INFANT*?

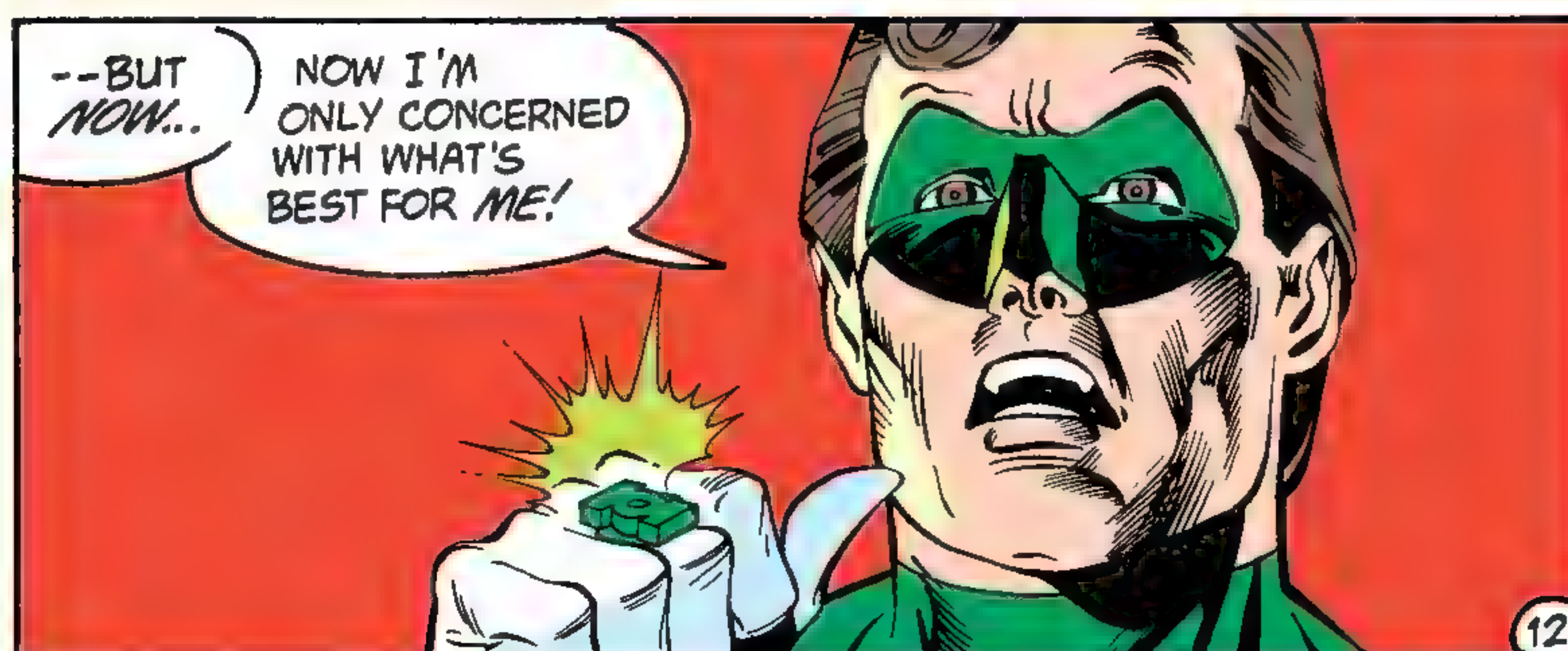
NO... I MERELY  
QUESTION YOUR  
*HUMANITY*.



FOR YEARS,  
I HAVE FOLLOWED  
YOU *WITHOUT*  
QUESTION.

WHEN YOU SAID "*JUMP*,"  
I *JUMPED*--

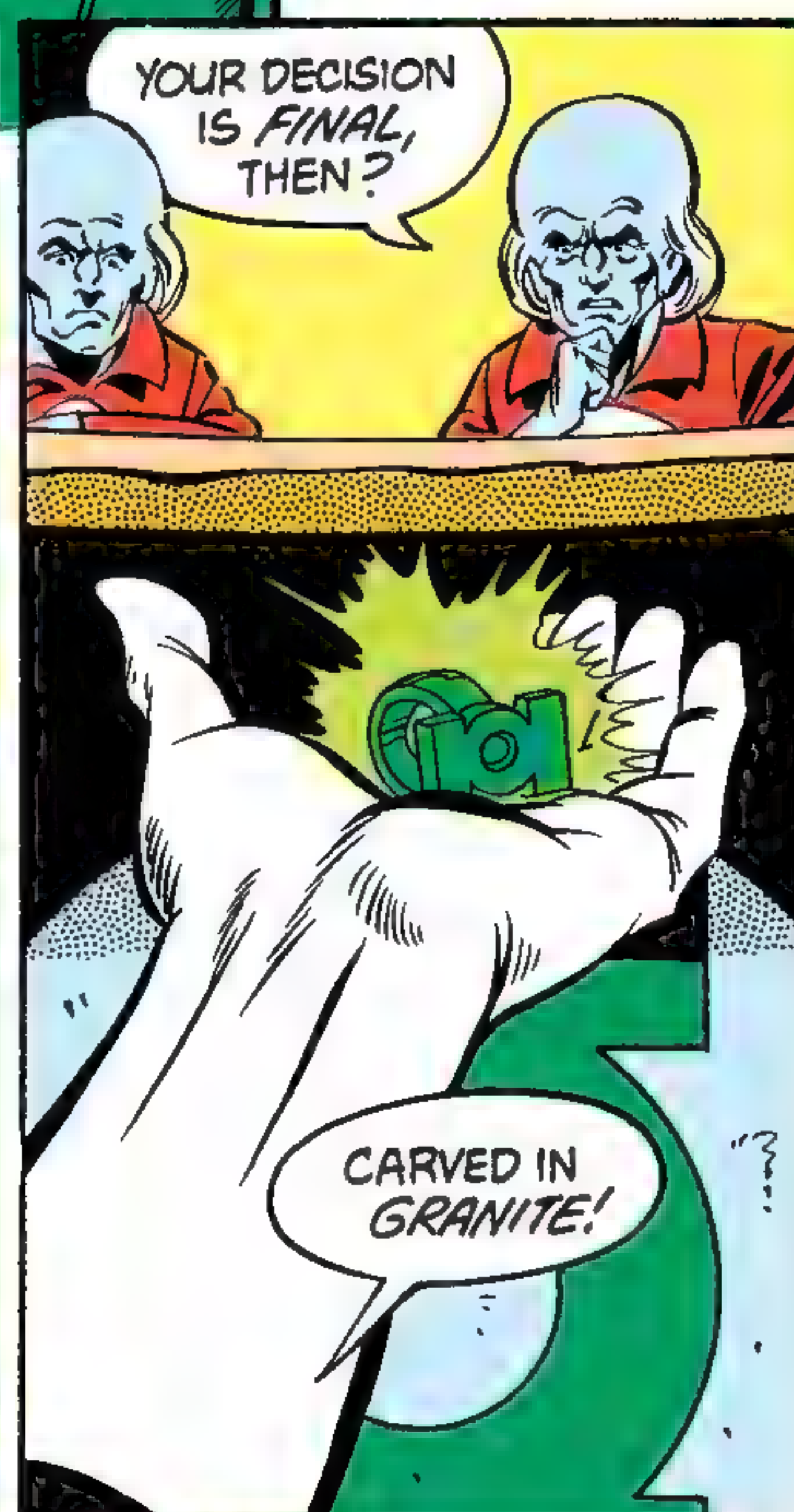
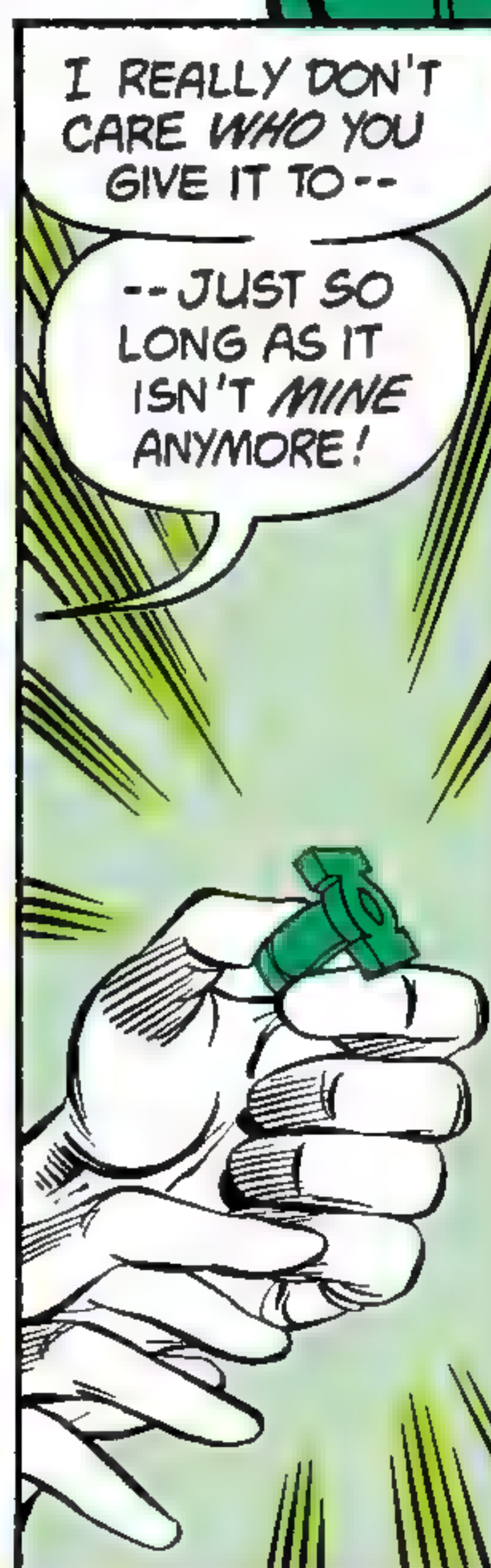
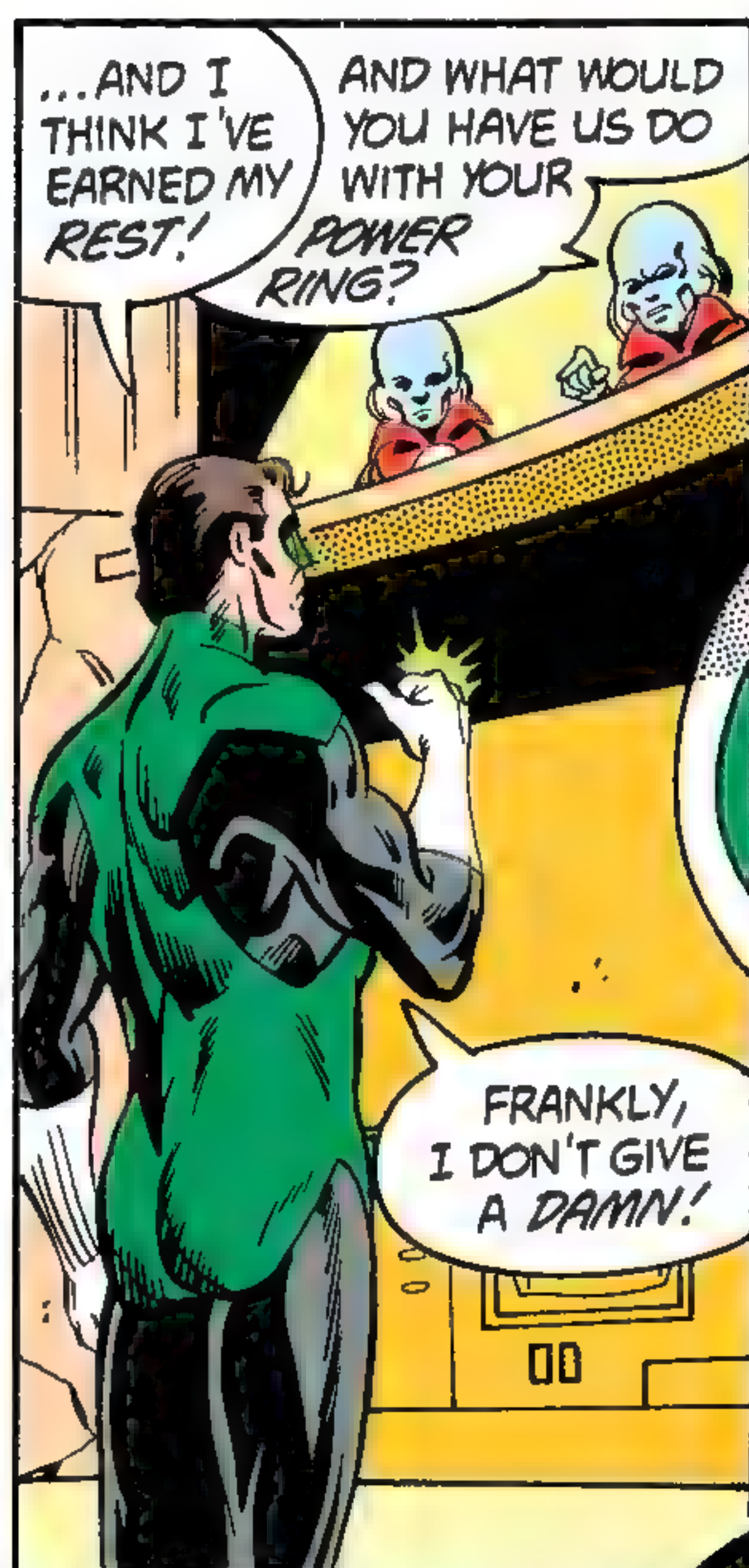
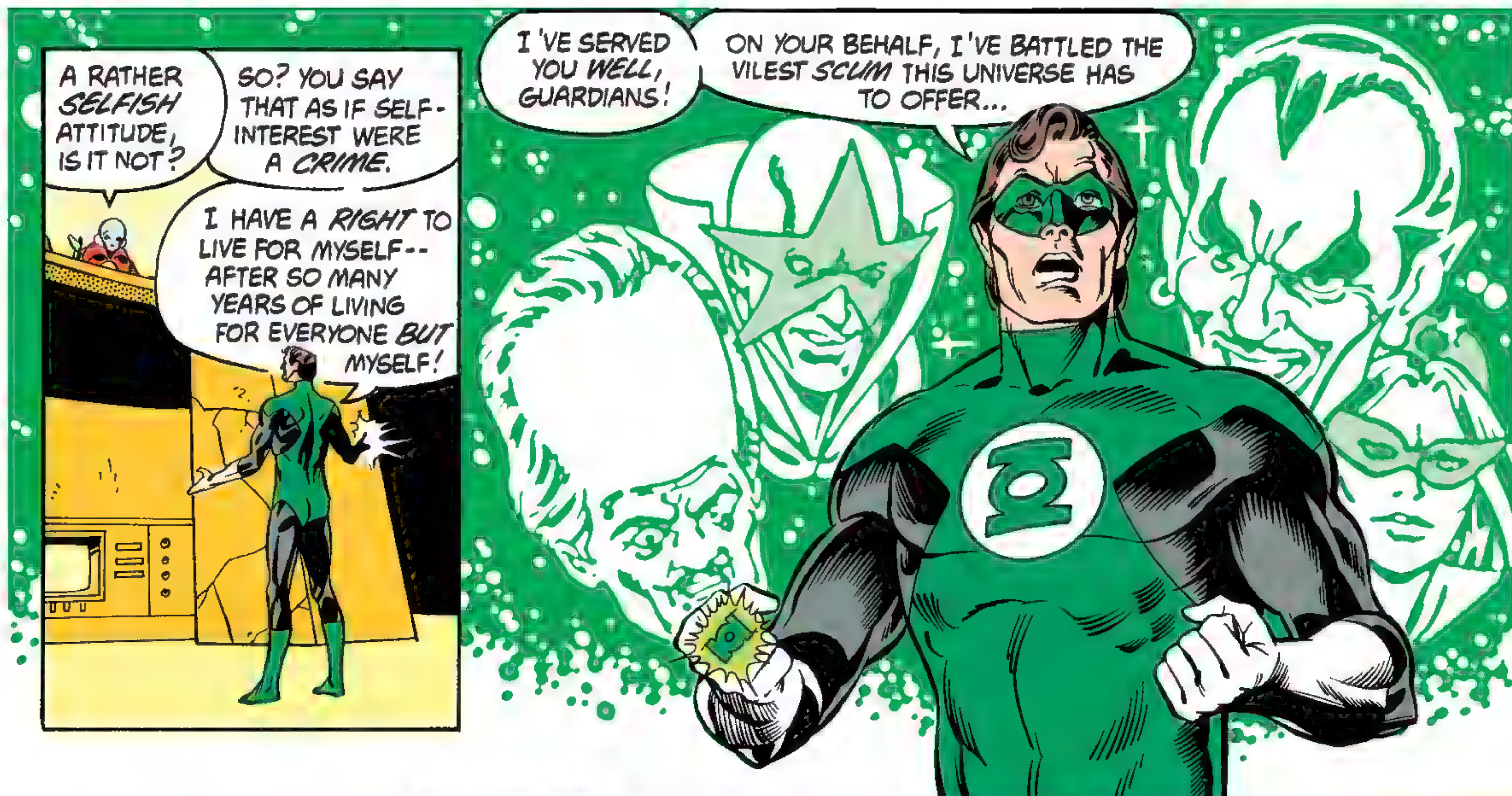
--BECAUSE I  
BELIEVED YOU *DID*  
KNOW WHAT WAS  
*BEST* FOR THE  
UNIVERSE--



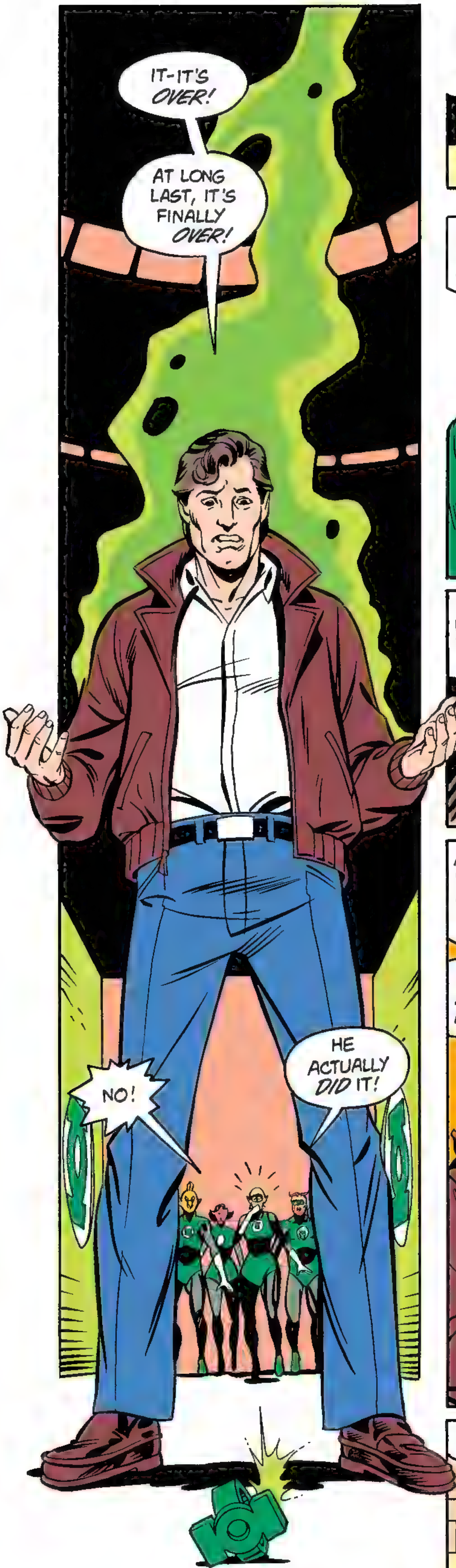
--BUT  
*NOW*...

NOW I'M  
ONLY CONCERNED  
WITH WHAT'S  
BEST FOR *ME*!





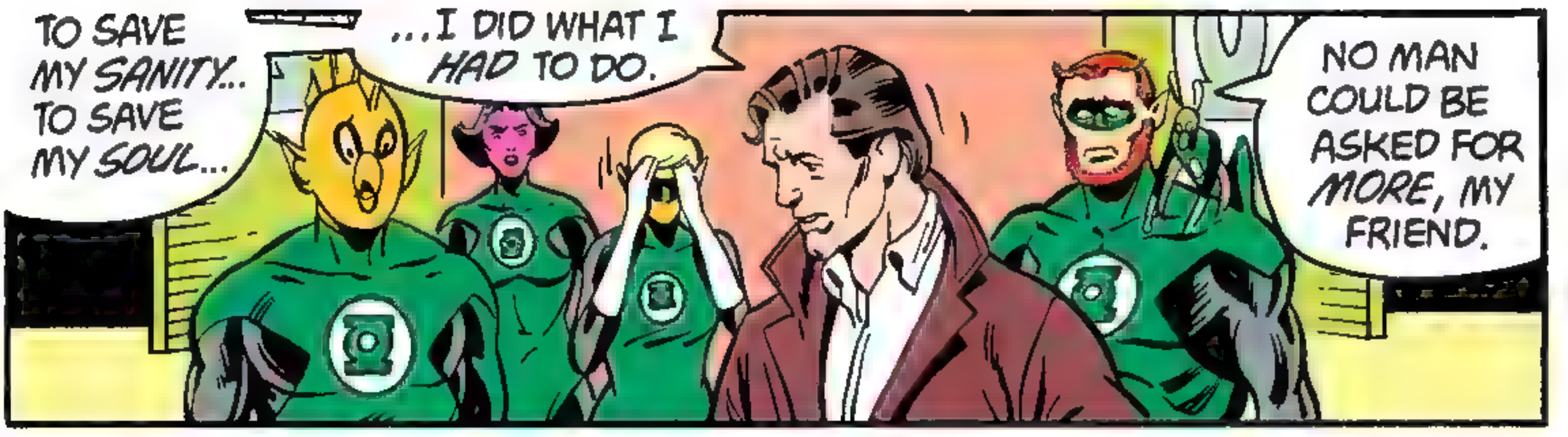




IT-IT'S OVER!  
AT LONG LAST, IT'S FINALLY OVER!

NO!

HE ACTUALLY DID IT!



TO SAVE MY SANITY... TO SAVE MY SOUL...

...I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO.

NO MAN COULD BE ASKED FOR MORE, MY FRIEND.



YOU WERE ONE OF THE BEST, HAL.

YOU WILL NOT SOON BE FORGOTTEN.

BUT YOU WILL BE HEARTILY MISSED.



KATMA TUI, I HOPE YOU WILL FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO FORGIVE ME SOME DAY...

...AND I PRAY YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.

IT WILL NOT BE EASY, JORDAN...

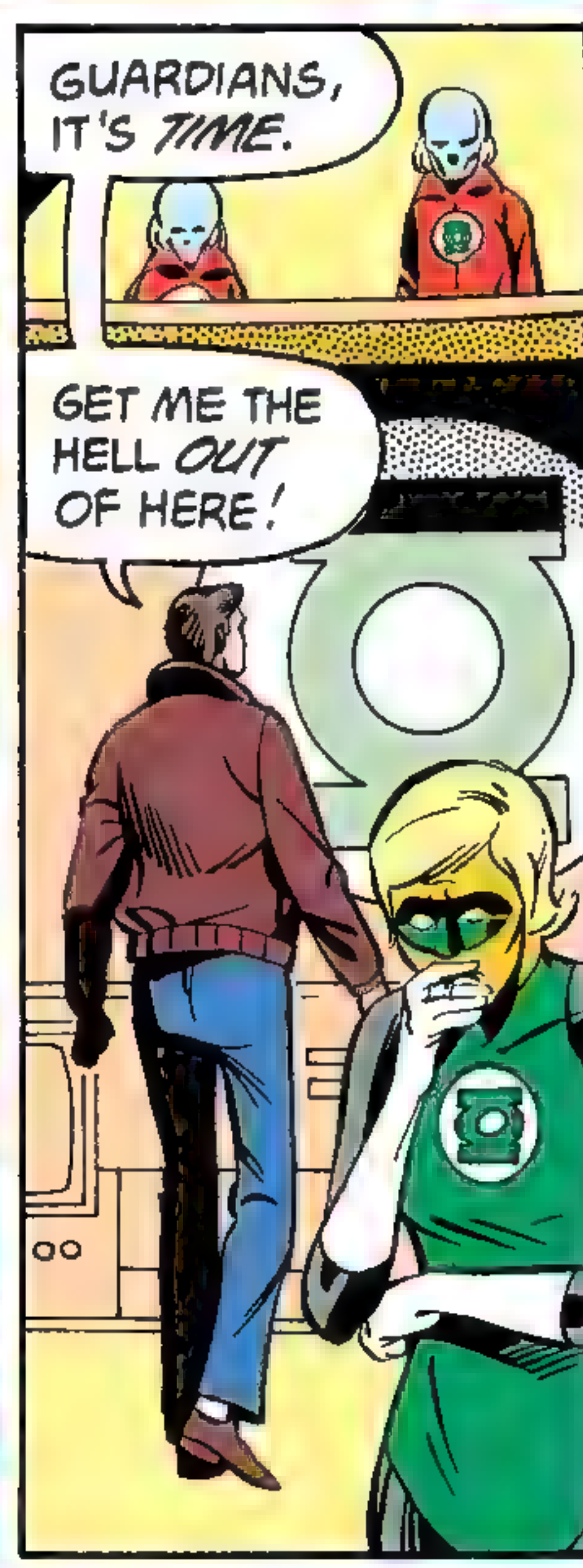
...BUT I WILL TRY.



ARISIA, I THINK I WILL MISS YOU MOST OF ALL. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, LITTLE SISTER--

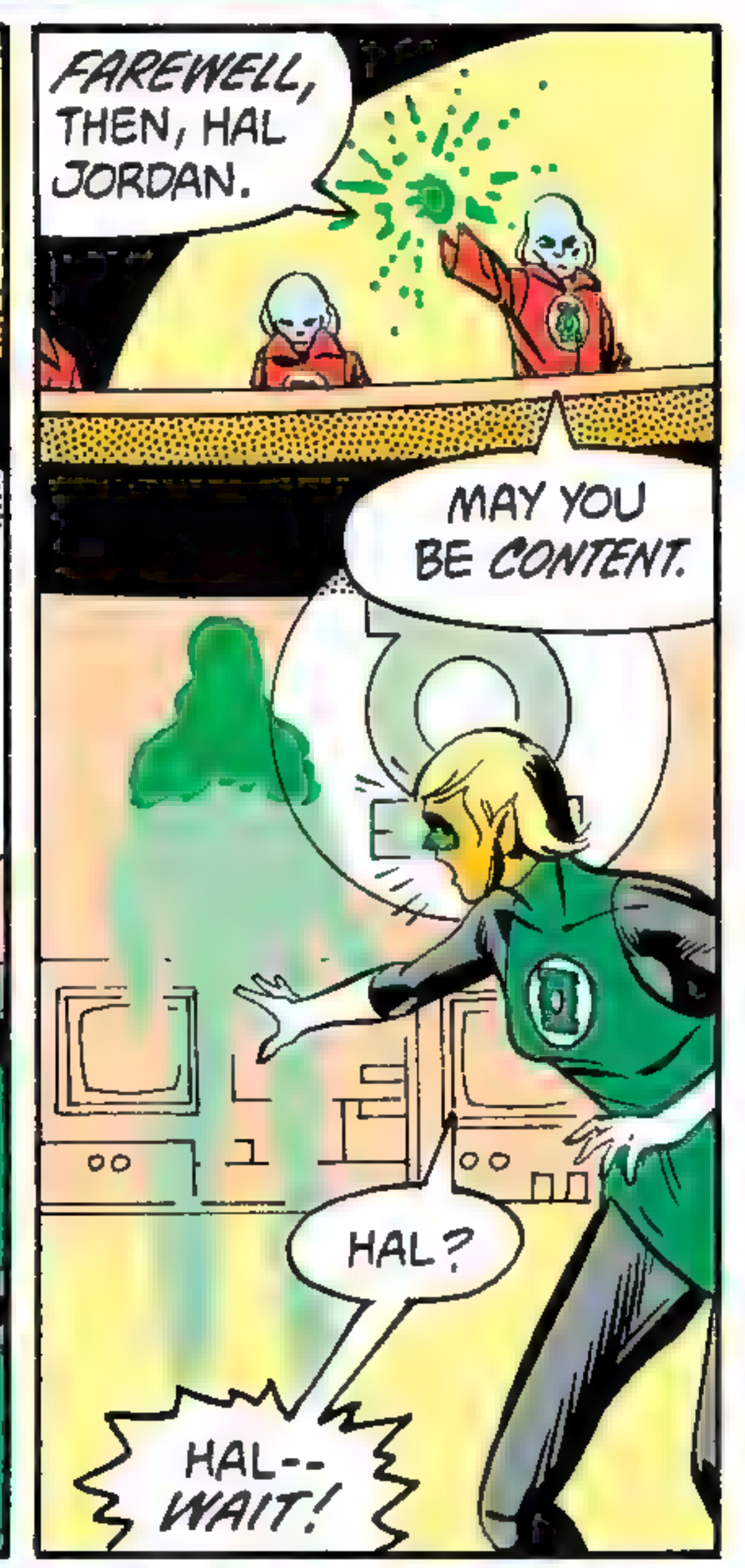
--AND REMEMBER ME, OKAY?

ARISIA?



GUARDIANS, IT'S TIME.

GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

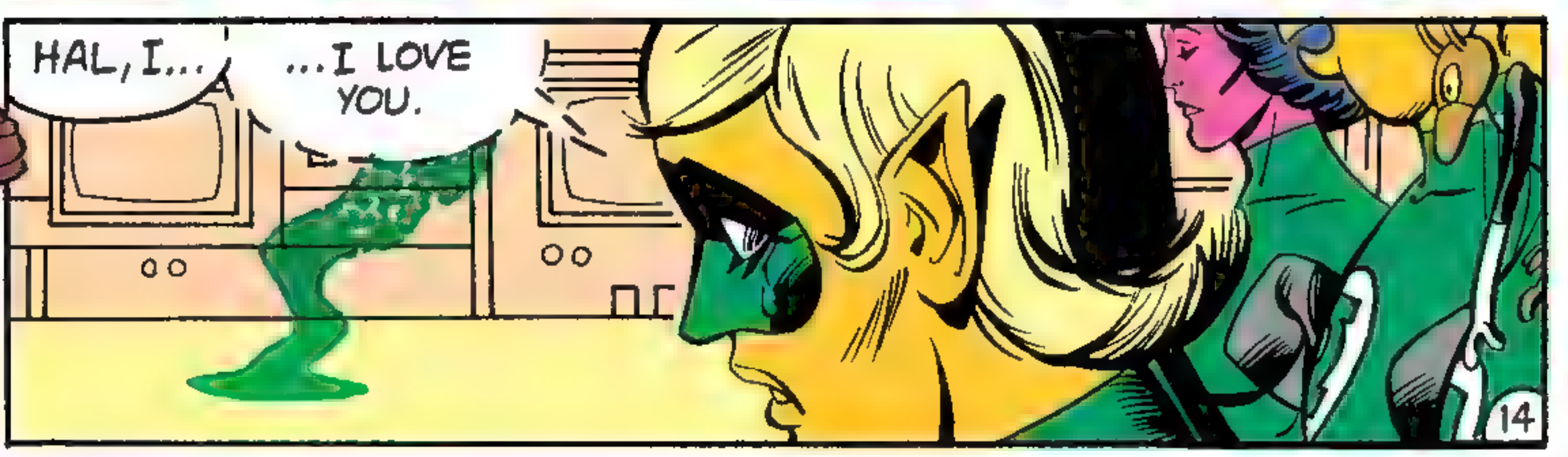


FAREWELL, THEN, HAL JORDAN.

MAY YOU BE CONTENT.

HAL?

HAL-- WAIT!



HAL, I...

...I LOVE YOU.



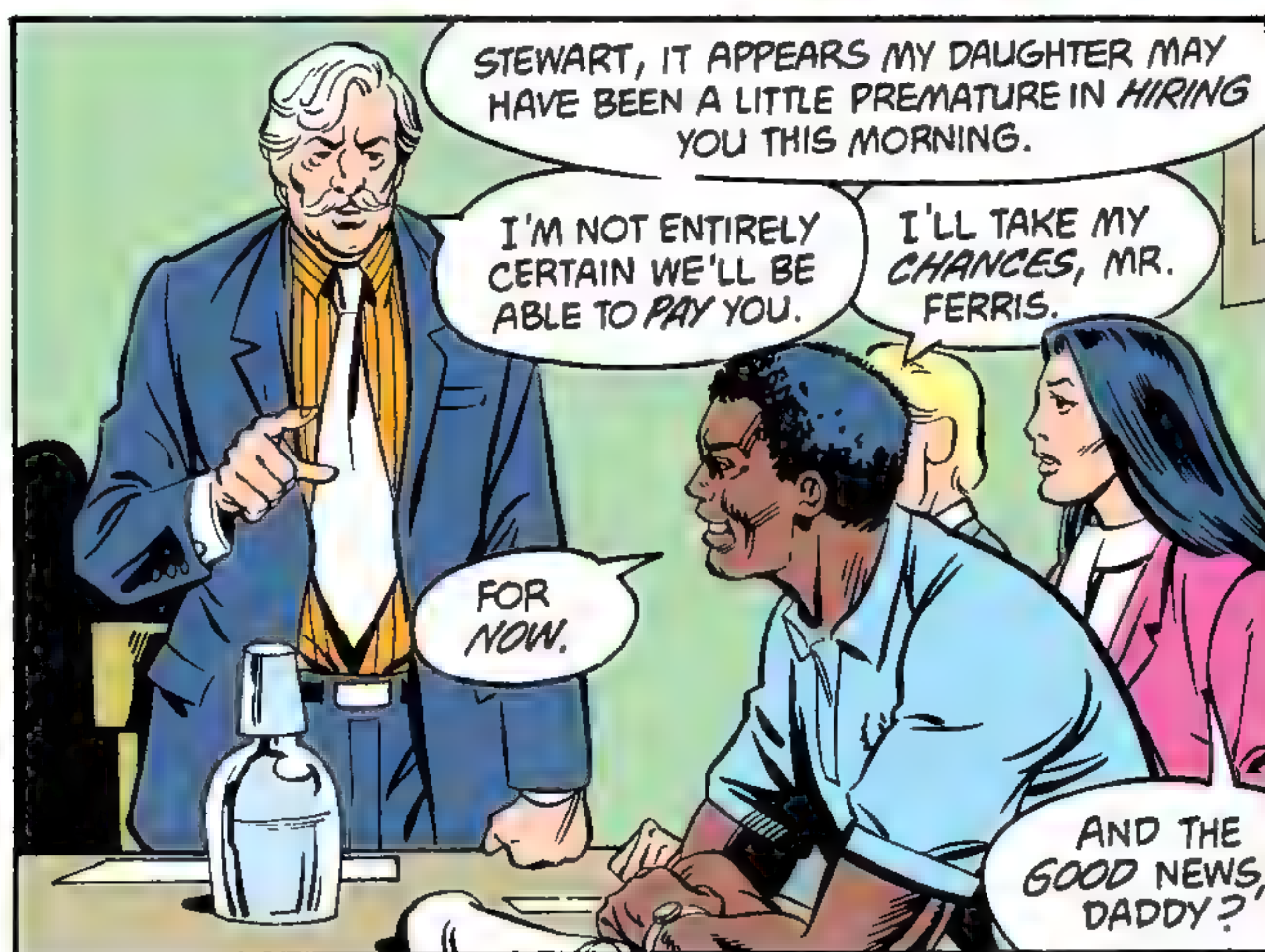


WELL, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS.

THE *BAD* NEWS IS THAT WE'RE A *WRECK* -- BOTH PHYSICALLY AND FINANCIALLY!

THERE'S HARDLY A BUILDING LEFT *STANDING* ON THIS COMPLEX, AND IT'S GOING TO TAKE US MONTHS TO *REBUILD* --

--ASSUMING, OF COURSE, WE CAN MANAGE TO *AFFORD* IT!



STEWART, IT APPEARS MY DAUGHTER MAY HAVE BEEN A LITTLE PREMATURE IN *HIRING* YOU THIS MORNING.

I'M NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN WE'LL BE ABLE TO *PAY* YOU.

I'LL TAKE MY *CHANCES*, MR. FERRIS.

FOR *NOW*.

AND THE *GOOD* NEWS, DADDY?



IF WE *CAN* FIND THE MONEY TO REBUILD, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT *BLOODSUCKER BLOCH* INTERFERING AGAIN!



APPARENTLY, SOMEBODY PERFORMED A *PUBLIC SERVICE* EARLIER TODAY--

--AND *MURDERED* THE LOUSE!

THAT'S ONE PROBLEM *DOWN*-- AND ONE TO GO, THEN!



WELL, PERHAPS I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU *SOLVE* THAT FINAL PROBLEM!

HUH?



WHO IN *BLAZES* ARE YOU?

I REPRESENT CERTAIN INTERESTS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO *CONTRIBUTE* TO YOUR COMPANY'S *RECOVERY*, CARL FERRIS.

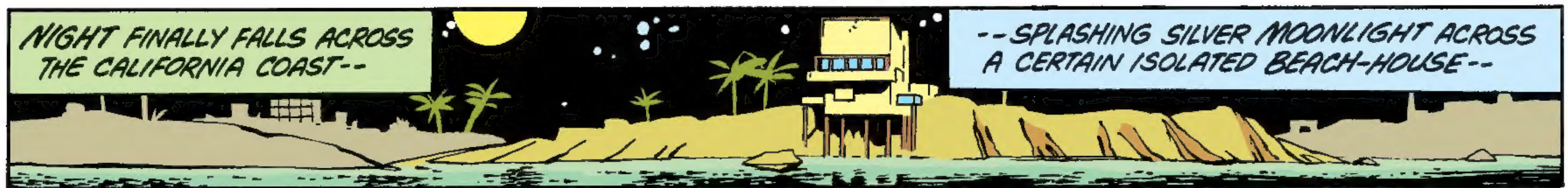


MY NAME?

JUST CALL ME... *SMITH*.

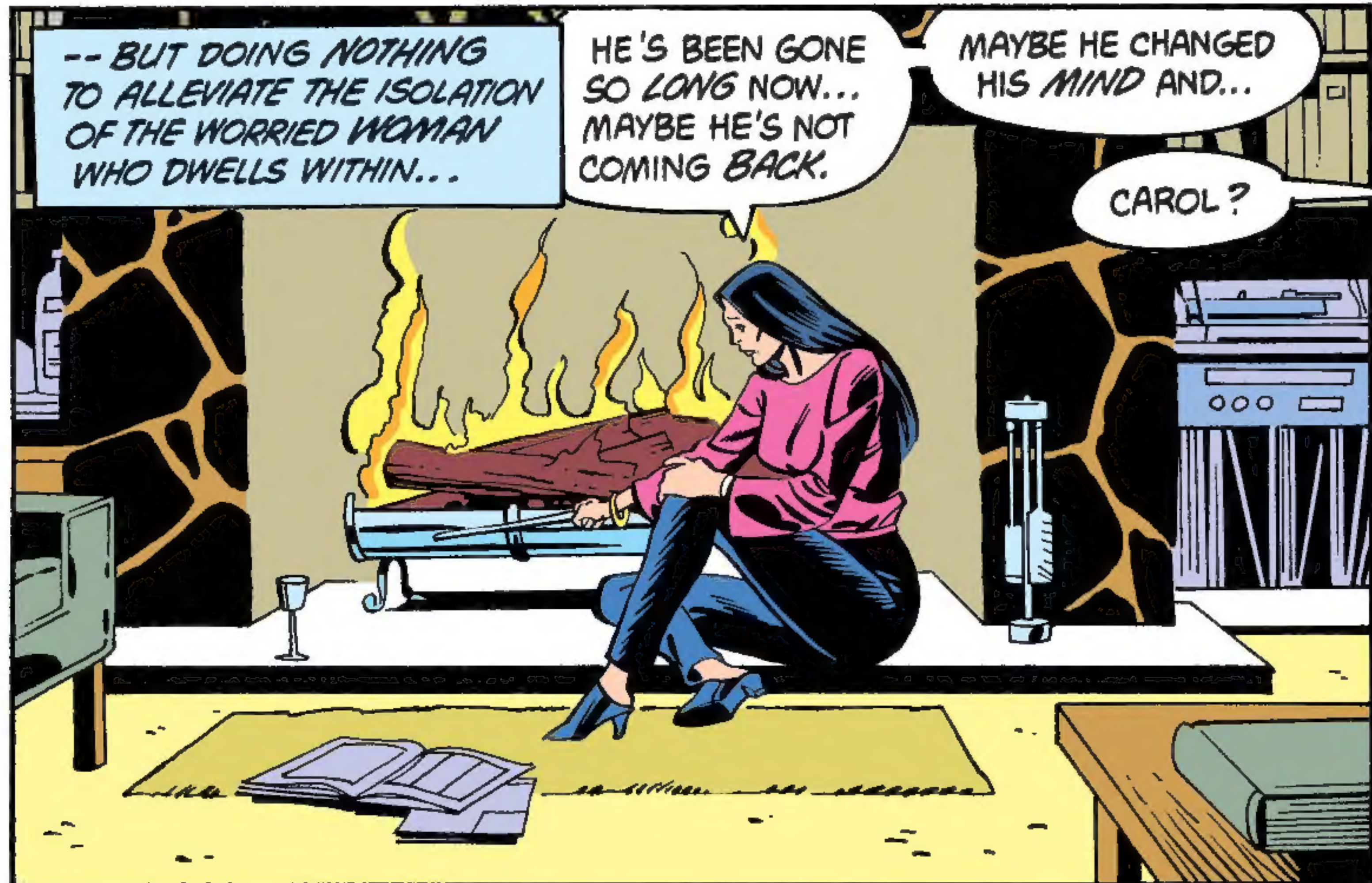
15





NIGHT FINALLY FALLS ACROSS THE CALIFORNIA COAST--

-- SPLASHING SILVER MOONLIGHT ACROSS A CERTAIN ISOLATED BEACH-HOUSE--

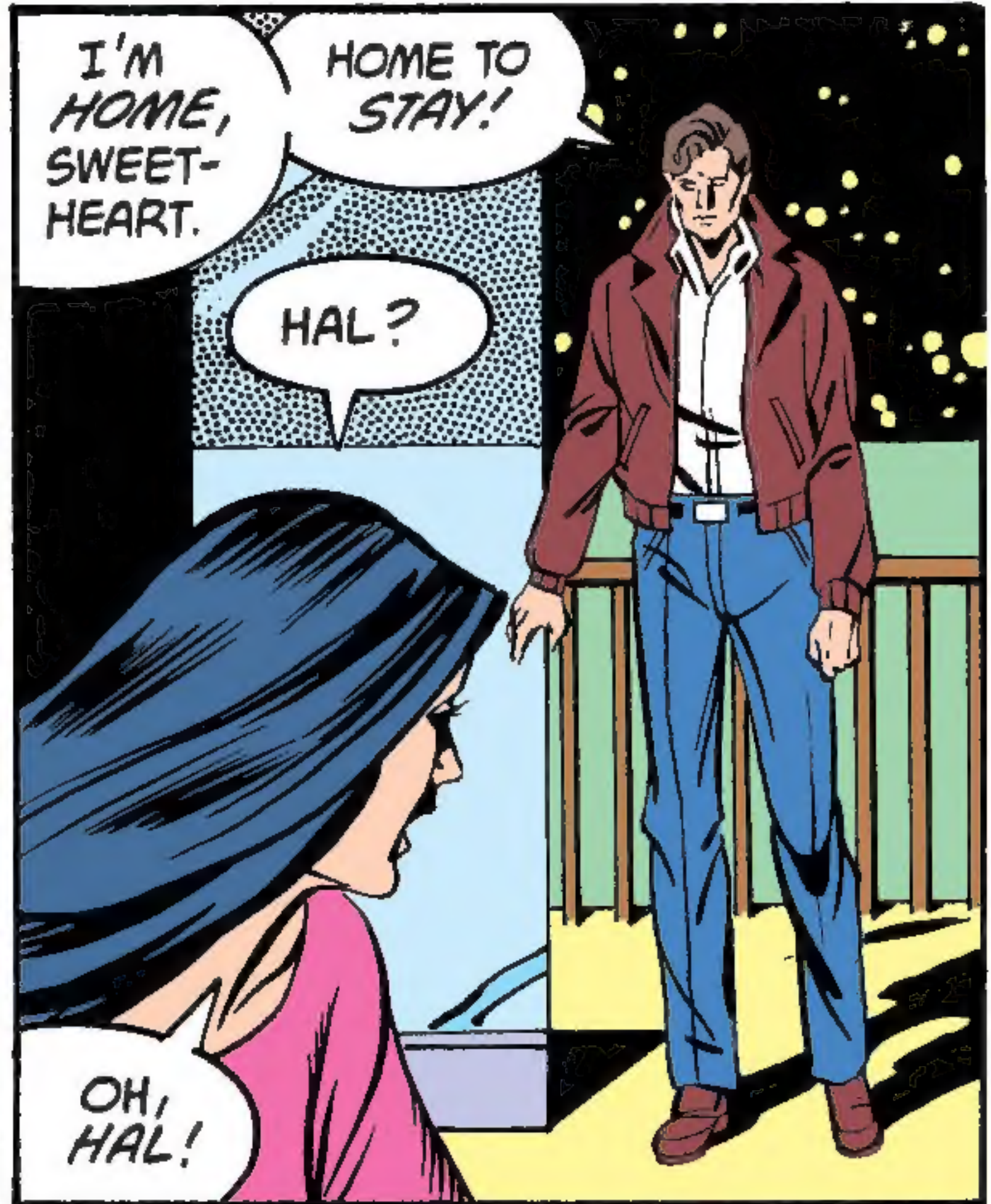


-- BUT DOING NOTHING TO ALLEVIATE THE ISOLATION OF THE WORRIED WOMAN WHO DWELLS WITHIN...

HE'S BEEN GONE SO LONG NOW... MAYBE HE'S NOT COMING BACK.

MAYBE HE CHANGED HIS MIND AND...

CAROL?



I'M HOME, SWEET-HEART.

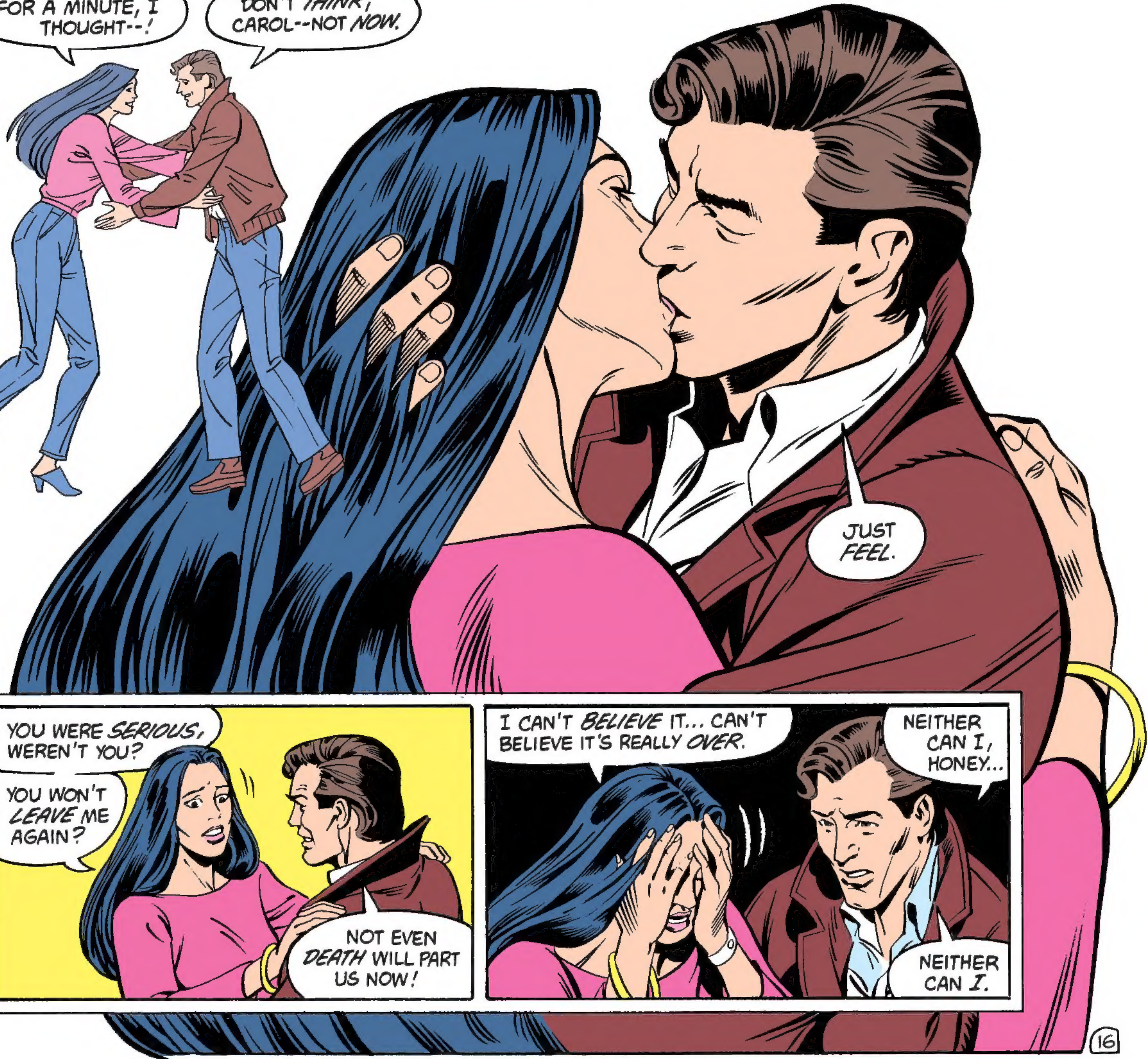
HOME TO STAY!

HAL?

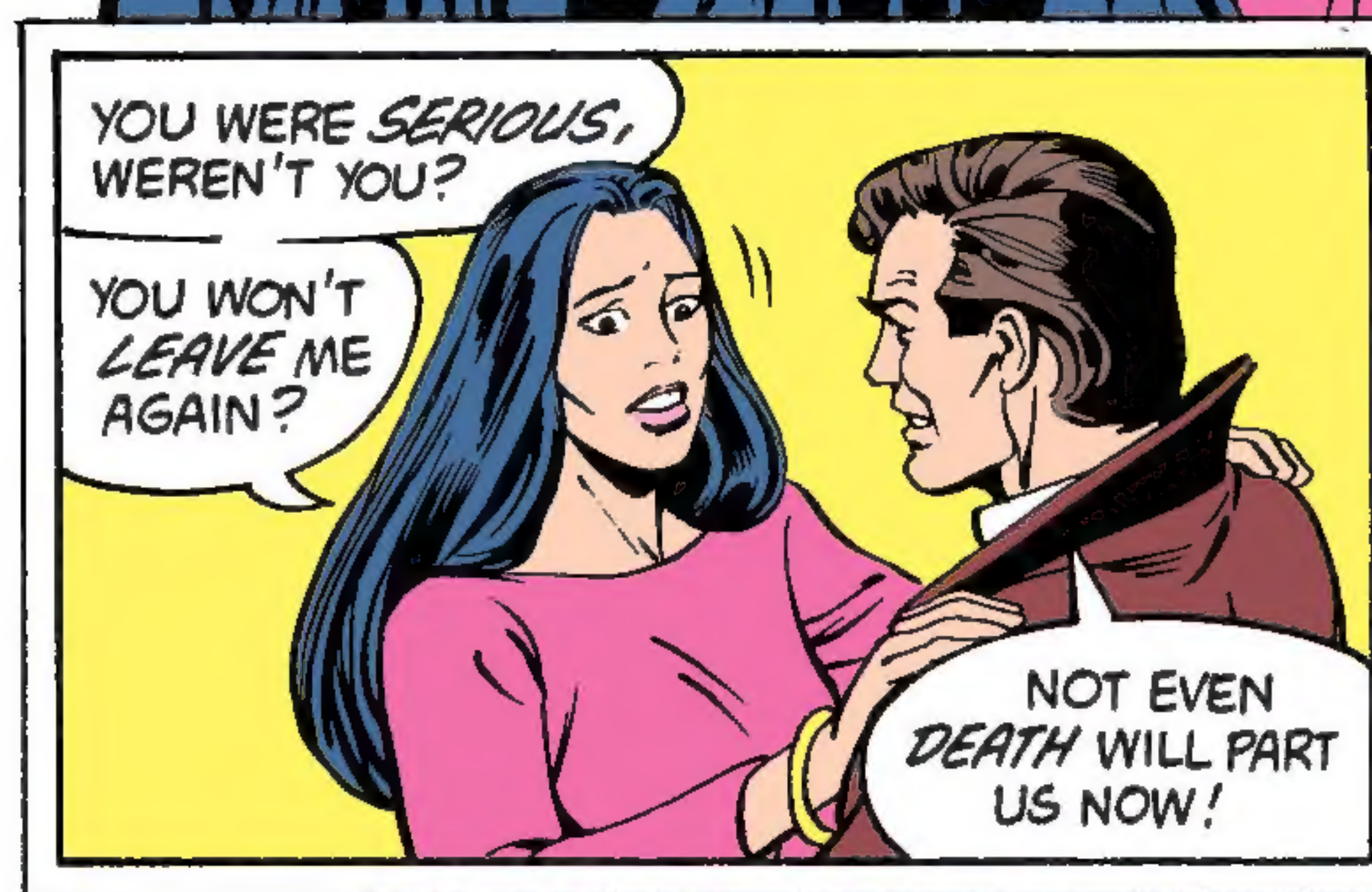
OH, HAL!

FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT--!

DON'T THINK, CAROL--NOT NOW.



JUST FEEL.



YOU WERE SERIOUS, WEREN'T YOU?

YOU WON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN?

NOT EVEN DEATH WILL PART US NOW!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY OVER.

NEITHER CAN I, HONEY...

NEITHER CAN I.



NOW STOP CRYING, CAROL. THIS SHOULD BE A TIME FOR CELEBRATION!

I KNOW IT SHOULD... BUT I JUST CAN'T HELP FEELING A LITTLE SAD.

YOU'VE GIVEN UP SO MUCH FOR ME... SO MUCH I'M AFRAID YOU'LL COME TO REGRET.

I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO HATE ME, HAL... I COULDN'T LIVE WITH THAT.

DON'T BE SILLY, HONEY--

--I COULD NEVER HATE YOU!

THE CHOICE WAS MINE TO MAKE, AND I KNOW I'VE MADE THE RIGHT ONE...

...HAVEN'T I?

BUT THERE ARE NO EASY ANSWERS, IN THE NIGHT, IN THE SILENCE--

-- ONLY THE FAINT WHISPER OF UNFULFILLED PROMISES CARRIED ON THE SOFT CELESTIAL WINDS...



# JUDGMENT DAY

In a startling chapter in the extraordinary life of the emerald crusader, Green Lantern Hal Jordan goes before his peers in the Corps and the Guardians of the Universe to plead for the chance to return home to Earth. Jordan was exiled into space for a year by the Guardians in order to prove his loyalty to the Green Lantern Corps, having been accused of paying too much attention to Earth when he had an entire "sector" of the cosmos to patrol.

But upon his return, he faces a new foe hired by Congressman Jason Bloch to bring down Ferris Aircraft — the Javelin. To make matters worse, Hal must also take down the fiendish Shark, a radiation-enhanced super villain. In a shocking turn of events, The Green Lantern falls into a coma, leaving Los Angeles open and ripe for Bloch, who calls upon the deadly Demolition Team to ravage the unwitting metropolis.

In the end, Hal must face a life-changing decision that will determine his fate as a Green Lantern.

*One of the most important stories in the history of the Green Lanterns, brought to you by the creative team of **Dave Gibbons** (WATCHMEN) and **Len Wein** (X-Men), **GREEN LANTERN: SECTOR 2814** tells a tale of the emerald crusader and his ultimate test of faith and skill that will send shock waves through the Corps. Collecting issues #172-176 and #178-181.*

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

